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JANUARY 1968 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY



HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

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1968


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PLAYBILL

THIS FOURTEENTH HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY issue is 230 pages fatter—and will be purchased by close to 5,000,000 more readers—than the first undated **PLAYBOY**, which appeared on newsstands in December 1953. A goodly share of the credit for this bright circumstance belongs to those writers who make the magazine a compendium of thought-provoking and lighthearted entertainment month after month—which is why, for more than a decade, we have annually awarded bonuses of \$1000 to the authors of the previous year's best articles and stories. The editors' award in fiction for 1967 goes to Isaac Bashevis Singer for his powerful December tale, *The Lecture*. The 63-year-old author's first story with a New World setting was his third **PLAYBOY** contribution and appeared as accolades poured in from every major literary review for his fifth novel, *The Manor*. Irwin Shaw, Gerald Green and Len Deighton, too, were singled out for especially brilliant fictional efforts last year. Our gala December issue also produced first-prize pieces in two of the three remaining award categories: John Kenneth Galbraith's first **PLAYBOY** article, *Resolving Our Vietnam Predicament*, the editors agreed, combined the economist's elegant prose with pellucid logic on America's most explosive topic; and Jean Shepherd's *The Return of the Smiling Wimpy Doll* was deemed funnier not only than his two other 1967 contributions but also than any of the year's other pieces of humor or satire. Runners-up in the nonfiction category were Nat Hentoff (the 1966 winner in the genre), Paul Goodman and Rolf Hochhuth. Shepherd has won our top humor honors three years in succession now, confirming what our mail has shown since his first **PLAYBOY** piece was published in June 1964: The pride of Hammond, Indiana, is one of the funniest penmen in the business. Editors voted H. Allen Smith, Richard Armour and Marvin Kaplan next in order of mirth for pieces published during 1967. Last January, we initiated a fourth award: the best work—be it fiction, nonfiction or humor—by a new contributor. In close balloting, our 1967 \$1000 bonus went to Rafael Steinberg, who described a poignant Korean War episode in May's *Day of Good Fortune*. The story was the Far East-oriented free-lancer's first published fiction. Jacob Brackman, Frank Robinson and G. L. Tassone were also judged uniquely talented new **PLAYBOY** voices.

In the first of the 12 rounds for 1968's fiction award, we introduce four of America's most brilliant novelists. John Cheever's *The Yellow Room*, January's lead story, will be part of his next novel, which he hopes to follow with "seven long stories, the libretto for an opera and the life of Saint Pelagius. I will then retire." But the 55-year-old author of *The Wapshot Chronicle* and *The Wapshot Scandal* has been writing and publishing fiction since his first piece appeared in *New Republic* (when he was 18) and shows no sign—fortunately—of hanging up his typewriter. (Twenty-eight-year-old Tom Daly, creator of the haunting collages illustrating *The Yellow Room*, is a successful young New York designer-illustrator.)

PLAYBOY's publication this month of its first story by Saul Bellow, *The Old System*, marks another milestone in our long-established practice of bringing the best in contemporary literature to our readers. The Chicago-based writer is best known, of course, for *The Adventures of Augie March*, *Dangling Man*, *Henderson the Rain King* and *Herzog*, the first and last of which won the National Book Award for fiction published in 1953 and 1964, respectively. Budd Schulberg's *A Latin from Killarney* concerns one Packy O'Reilly, the great-grandfather of the central character in a novel in progress called *Sanctuary V*. The author plans to complete the book during an upcoming two-month respite from his duties as executive director of the Watts Writers Workshop, the center for creative expression in Los Angeles' ghetto that he founded after the 1965 riot and described in these pages last September. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—contributor of this issue's remaining story, a seriocomic parable of life and sex in the future called *Welcome to the Monkey House*—has seen all five of his novels reissued in the past two years, in profitable testimony to his increasingly wide appeal.

"All nightingales understand each other," Evgeny Evtushenko wrote in 1960. "Everywhere they speak the same tongue." The tall, blond, 34-year-old Siberian poet hardly evokes nightingale images when he booms out his verses before packed halls from Moscow to San Francisco, but the two new poems in this issue illustrate his metaphor: Each bridges the chasm of language and sensibility between him and us in the way that great poetry occasionally can. As word-infatuated as Evtushenko, though decidedly less serious, is one of this country's most popular contemporary versifiers, Ogden Nash, represented herein with six ribald gems in *Out on a Limerick*.

Norman Mailer, Ray Bradbury and Harvey Cox are, respectively, America's most important novelist-essayist, our best science-fictioneer and the nation's most articulate new theologian. But their three contributions to the issue at hand demonstrate that all can best be characterized as metaphysicians. In response to the informed questioning of Chicago poet and editor Paul Carroll in this month's *Playboy Interview*, Mailer considers matters as diverse as his stormy personal life and his vision of America beset by a deadly supertechnology. From *The Naked and the Dead* to last fall's *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, Mailer's books never repeat themselves and almost always chart new territory in the American consciousness; the interview, we think, is a bracing introduction to any of them. Bradbury's *Death Warmed Over* is his 20th



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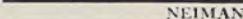
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EVTUSHENKO



MOSS



NEIMAN



VARGAS

KITMAN



SILVERSTEIN (and friend)



VONNEGUT



HOLMES



BISHOP

PLAYBOY contribution. Three plays based on assorted Bradbury stories and novels appear on stage this winter and two Bradbury films are in various degrees of production or discussion, as are three TV specials—including one about Picasso based on a PLAYBOY story (*In a Season of Calm Weather*) and starring Pablo himself. Cox, the author of a January 1967 essay on *Revolt in the Church* and of this month's insightful *God and the Hippies*, writes from Harvard that he is working on a new book expanding the themes—religion and urban man—of his seminal 1965 work, *The Secular City*. His most recent book, *On Not Leaving It to the Snake*, argues that sloth, not pride, may be man's greatest sin.

In Arthur C. Clarke's *When Earthman and Alien Meet* and R. Buckminster Fuller's *City of the Future*, PLAYBOY satisfies January's penchant for divining the future. Clarke, who proposed the concept of a communications satellite in 1945, was hailed last September for that visionary work with an Honorary Fellowship in the British Interplanetary Society. The novelist-astrophysicist (and author of 18 previous PLAYBOY articles and stories) is completing a lecture tour in this country and putting the final touches on his screenplay with Stanley Kubrick for a Cinerama production of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, which will be released this spring. At 72, designer-architect-philosopher Bucky Fuller is beginning to be recognized as "one of the most extraordinary Americans of our era," in the words of *Saturday Review*. The huge tetrahedral city detailed in his *City of the Future*—and Fuller's supporting body of theories about it—will undoubtedly take its place with the geodesic dome (such as the one he designed to house the U.S. pavilion at Expo 67) and the other concepts and inventions for which he is already world-renowned.

With *The Case for Lobbies*, U.S. Senator Stephen M. Young becomes the first repeater among the several national legislators who have discovered PLAYBOY as a potent medium for expressing their views. The Ohio Senator's defense of special-interest groups is—in its contrast with a layman's dim view of lobbyists—as outspoken as was his reasoned attack here last May on the autonomy of the CIA (*Curbing America's Invisible Government*). Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial cartoonist Bill Mauldin—our illustrator for the Young article—was on the scene in Israel last June, pursuing a second career as a photographic journalist for his base paper, the *Chicago Sun-Times*. More than a repeater in these pages is our Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, J. Paul Getty: His word of caution this month for young execs tempted to excessive agreeability—*Saying No to the Yes Mentality*—is the sapient magnate's 29th PLAYBOY article. *The War of the Tabloids* comes to us from ex-newspaper reporter Jim Bishop, whose initial PLAYBOY piece, in December 1965, detailed the haunting parallels between the lives and deaths of *Lincoln and Kennedy*. The chronicler of days in the lives of J.F.K. and L.B.J. is at present finishing four years of research for *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*. John Clellon Holmes, who analyzed *The Silence of Oswald* for us in November 1965, on a much happier tack this month, pays eloquent homage to the ultrafemininity of the Postfeminist Girl, in *The New Girl*. The eminent essayist-novelist is now in Italy looking for "indications of the future of the youth movement abroad and at home."

Serious and comic perspectives on the world of sport are provided herewith in *The Mystique of the Racing Driver*, by test driver, car columnist and erstwhile Grand Prix racer Stirling Moss; and in *Paper Plimpton*, which finds Washington columnist Art Buchwald almost as tattered, after a touch-football game with George Plimpton, as the literary lion was following his athletic and literary encounter with the Detroit Lions. Marvin Kitman—who once tried to obtain a Government subsidy for not growing cotton on the lawn of his New Jersey home and who once (for PLAYBOY, in March 1967) attempted to corner the market in czarist Russian securities—recounts this month, in *Remember the Yavuz!*, the indignities suffered when he bid for ownership of a beat-up Turkish battleship.

Still more holiday pleasures within this first issue of PLAYBOY's 15th year: Shel Silverstein (seen here with Twiggy) brings pointed pen and brush to bear on the folkways and foibles of Tinseltown in *Silverstein in Hollywood*, while Judith Wax reruns the newsmakers of 1967 through the pratfalls for which we'll remember them in *That Was the Year that Was*. The year's premier *Man at His Leisure*—another one-man show by PLAYBOY's stylish portrayer of the good life, LeRoy Neiman—captures the carnival color and action-oriented clientele of Rome's Rosati café. Delightfully unwrapped packages of girlhood also abound within: in an eight-page portfolio of *The Vargas Girl—from the Thirties to the Present*; in a second pictorial revisit with Playmate—film star Stella Stevens; and in our annual review of the past dozen pulchritudinous Playmates. To cut short that holiday-season flurry of errands, see *The Eleventh-Hour Santa*, our guide to last-minute gifting; and try *Midnight Explosion!*, by Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario, for a host of drinks guaranteed to please any guest—plus a special *Breakfast in Bed* for a very special guest—and for a plenitude of PLAYBOY toasts appropriate to all. Here's another: May the coming year be as replete with pleasure as is this gala January issue.

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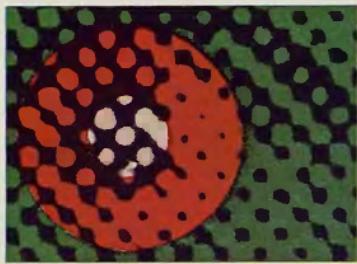
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PLAYBOY



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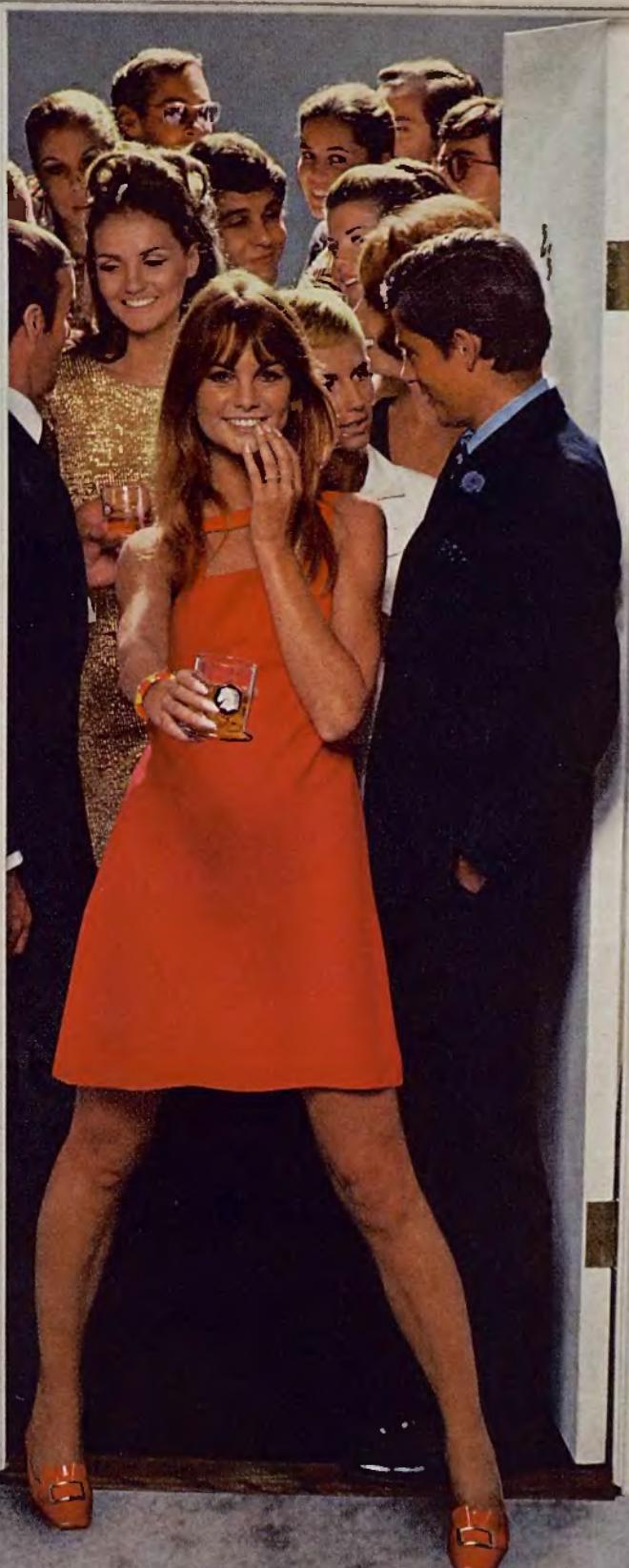
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PLAYBOY, JANUARY, 1968, VOL. 15, NO. 1. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO. INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.

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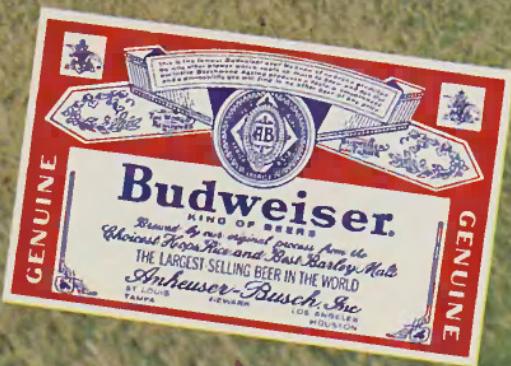
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GARRISON INTERVIEW

Your October interview with New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison—like your Mark Lane interview last February—raises many questions about the veracity of the Warren Report. But the outcome of Garrison's investigation, and even the real truth about the Kennedy assassination (if ever it becomes known), fades into insignificance when compared with the larger issue: whether, in the aftermath, there was a collaboration, either accidental or deliberate, between the Government and the mass news media; and whether dishonesty, collusion and secrecy are as pervasive in our Government as Garrison suggests.

Randall Schmidt
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Although Jim Garrison hasn't shaken my beliefs, he certainly has caused me some concern, because he's a hell of an intelligent, sincere man, a good friend, with a stable background and a brilliant future. He's not conducting his investigation for publicity or for future office.

I still believe the Warren Report is accurate, that Oswald was the lone assassin, that there was no connection between Oswald and Ruby. Of course, Jim believes that Oswald didn't fire a shot, that Ruby and Oswald were both patsies and intimately knew each other, and that the whole assassination was engineered by a right-wing Dallas group using former CIA men. Jim doesn't say the CIA was involved or that President Johnson was involved. But he does enlarge upon the viciousness of the establishment, the power structure and the money people in Dallas.

Personally, I feel that Dallas and its money are an unholy source of trouble now and for the future. I'm certainly more willing to listen to Jim's case after hearing him and a lot of off-the-record facts that I can't report—and that he can't report because of pretrial problems. I certainly respect Jim for not divulging his case before trial—even to rebut the charges that have been leveled against him, by NBC and others. And I know the CIA's capacity for doing the damnedest cloak-and-dagger "un-American" activities that can be imagined, even up to

declaring war, which until recently I thought was solely within the province of the Congress and the President—and the American people.

Melvin M. Belli
San Francisco, California

What Garrison has to say about the assassination and its aftermath is of vital interest to all Americans.

Representative George V. Hansen
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

I read PLAYBOY's Garrison interview with perhaps more interest than most readers. I was an eyewitness to the shooting of policeman Tippit in Dallas on the afternoon President Kennedy was murdered. I saw two men, neither of them resembling the pictures I later saw of Lee Harvey Oswald, shoot Tippit and run off in opposite directions. There were at least half a dozen other people who witnessed this.

My wife convinced me that I should say nothing, since there were other eyewitnesses. Her advice and my cowardice undoubtedly have prolonged my life—or at least allowed me now to tell the true story. I marvel at your courage in printing your interview with the New Orleans D. A., and I imagine you have heard from the CIA. If you have, perhaps this letter will end up in McLean, Virginia, and not in your letters column. Since I presently live on the East Coast (you'll see that my envelope is postmarked New York City), I am not too worried about being traced.

If Garrison and truth-seeking publications such as PLAYBOY continue to search for what *really* happened in Dallas, the result will truly be a profile in courage, one that will duly honor our late President.

Eyewitness
(Timid but Still Alive)

While we're always willing to honor legitimate requests to protect a correspondent's identity, unsigned letters like this one usually wind up not with the CIA but in a wastebasket in the Playboy Building. But because of the possible importance of this letter, we forwarded it to Garrison. The district attorney's reply: "As I pointed out in my interview, the

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men who killed President Kennedy are being protected by certain agencies of the U.S. Government. It is a commentary on the hypocrisy that now exists in Washington that the Justice Department is playing a major role in concealing the truth about the assassination and in obstructing our investigation. Despite all this help from the Federal Government, the best thing the assassins have working for them continues to be the fear of those who witnessed the assassination—and events that followed it—about becoming 'involved.' If the man who wrote this letter really knows anything about the murder of Tippit, if he really cares about the memory of John Kennedy, if he really cares about his country, the time has come for him to prove it—by calling, writing or wiring me immediately at the District Attorney's Office, 2700 Tulane Avenue, New Orleans, Louisiana 70119."

ALL HONEST CITIZENS APPLAUD YOUR PUBLISHING GARRISON AND LANE INTERVIEWS—A NATIONAL DUTY SUPERBLY DONE.

J. R. KEISTER
GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

I would like to congratulate you for striving to present District Attorney Garrison and his office in a neutral light. I am currently involved in Garrison's case as a state's witness, and I have seen few, if any, national reports concerning the assassination conspiracy that were not colored by editorial sentiment. We must all remember that whether or not Garrison has anything to back up his charges, he should be allowed to investigate and seek prosecutions based on whatever evidence he uncovers. Few national media have been willing to let him do this.

Walter Sheridan's credentials for truth and objectivity do not alter the fact that he came to New Orleans not to investigate Garrison's case for NBC but "to destroy Garrison." These are his own words. I am usually one to accept the published truth that Federal agencies and national news media present us. However, since I have come into contact with a representative of one of these, Walter Sheridan, I have discovered that NBC, ex-Government worker Sheridan and others do not know what truth or objective reporting is. This nation is in sad shape when we cannot turn to our Government or to our national news media for the truth. But so it seems to be. I congratulate PLAYBOY for having the courage to allow Garrison to rise or fall solely on his own evidence.

Perry R. Russo
New Orleans, Louisiana

Correspondent Russo is one of the two key witnesses in Garrison's case against New Orleans businessman Clay Shaw. Russo has testified before three New Orleans judges that in mid-September

1963 he attended a meeting at David Ferrie's apartment where Shaw, Lee Harvey Oswald and Ferrie plotted the assassination of President Kennedy. In the NBC television special on Garrison's investigation, reporter Walter Sheridan said that Russo had failed a lie-detector test concerning his supposed association with Shaw and Oswald. When subsequently given time to rebut the NBC charges, Garrison said Russo had passed the test.

By giving District Attorney Jim Garrison an opportunity to present his side of the most explosive case in our lifetime, I believe you have presented your readers the first chance to really see what Garrison is attempting to do. If just one tenth of his claims are fact, then the United States is in worse trouble than anyone imagined. My greatest fear is that not one tenth but *all* of Garrison's claims are true. The greatest service your magazine can perform is to continue to grant Garrison the opportunity to let all Americans know what he is doing.

Richard M. Findtner
APO New York, New York

I don't know the merits of Mr. Jim Garrison's charges against the CIA and the various far-right groups who, he says, killed the President and used my son Lee Harvey Oswald as the pawn. Only time and trial will determine the accuracy of those allegations. But as one who lived through, and still lives through, the same Coventry and pressure as Garrison has been experiencing since he opened that investigation, I have a profound sympathy for what he is doing. I know what it is to have a hundred accusations thrown at me, as he has had at him. He only plays "Second Fiddle" to me in that respect!

I may have sounded shrill in those early days after the President's death when I stood virtually alone against the powers and said my son was innocent of the charges against him. I pitted my lone voice against their combined might, and they made me the lady leper of the land.

Now I see Jim Garrison accused of high crimes: of attempted bribery, bad faith, of political ambition, sensationalism—as I was accused, even vilified, when I said my son was a CIA agent and that men in high places used him as their patsy. Garrison has uncovered evidence of that every way he has turned, as indicated in his lengthy interview with PLAYBOY.

Four years have passed since they took my son's life, prevented him from having a fair trial, prevented him from throwing his accusations back at the Dallas police and others. Watching how that tide of doubt and revulsion against the "Warren Report" has swept the Country, I wait, and I work—so that the false accusations, hearsay, distortion and

errors can be corrected someday. NOW, IN OUR LIFETIME!

It takes time for a nation to overcome a brainwash. I have lived to see a poll showing two thirds of the land reject that my son killed the President and Officer Tippit, and shot at General Walker. I have lived to see and hear sobered thousands say my son had nothing to do with either murder.

I have even lived to see the spirit of fair play arising again in this country. I see PLAYBOY fairly and objectively presenting Garrison's case. I hear the people on radio talk shows fighting over the merits of the cause, and everywhere, because the President's death has brought us all closer to nuclear confrontation, I see a greater quest for the truth about that episode, as if, once finding it, it might help to alleviate the world's tensions.

But the slayers of the President and my son slew the morality of the nation with the same enfilading shots. And what has happened has happened. President John F. Kennedy and my son Lee Harvey Oswald were of one mind on many important issues. It is my opinion that they were both murdered for the same reasons. I am thankful I no longer have to fight alone for my son's vindication. I am truly grateful and wish to thank all Americans and people of all lands who contribute to the finding of the TRUTH. What else can I feel for what Jim Garrison is doing but sympathy and elation? I know the lonesome feeling Mr. Garrison must sometimes have, fighting the powers that be. I salute his courage.

Marguerite C. Oswald
Fort Worth, Texas

Your interview with Jim Garrison was superb. I'm sure it was the first time he was able to express himself freely and completely, in an objective setting. On the door to his office, Garrison has replaced the seal of the State of Louisiana with a motto that, unfortunately, not many public officials adhere to: FOR THE PEOPLE—NO COMPROMISE.

Lester Traub
Beverly Hills, California

For the sake of those of us who really care, I hope there will always be magazines like yours, with the courage to print the words of men like Garrison—men who seem genuinely concerned with the fate of our nation at a time when false pride, gross nationalism and blind trust in the establishment threaten our very existence.

Larry Bates
Boston, Massachusetts

Jim Garrison is a very clever lawyer; his interview paints a very convincing picture for his case. But he reminds me

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of a whirling dervish, lashing out in all directions at everyone within his reach. He points an accusing finger at some—and blames the rest for ruining his case. Most New Orleanians I know have not seen or heard anything from Garrison that convinces them that he has a valid case. If, as he claims, "my staff and I solved the assassination weeks ago," then I suggest that he "put up or shut up"—now.

Mrs. Mary Ann Long
New Orleans, Louisiana

Garrison says he won't shut up until he's given a chance to put up—in a court of law. He has refused to disclose his evidence against Clay Shaw, because it might violate Shaw's civil rights and give his attorneys a possible means of voiding the trial due to "pretrial publicity." Shaw's attorneys recently requested a six-month postponement of the trial, and a compromise was reached that delayed it until early February. Shaw's attorneys have also asked for a change of venue and have challenged the bona fides of the grand jury investigating the case.

Considering that Garrison claims to know the identities of the "precision guerrilla team of at least seven men," of those "fanatic anti-Communists" and "Cuban exiles" and of those "former employees of the CIA," isn't it rather strange that all these alleged conspirators—who could so easily kill a President—allow Garrison to live? This is one reason I can't go along with any of Garrison's theories. It doesn't make sense to me that these skillful "conspirators" haven't conspired to do away with the one man who threatens to expose them.

Edmund C. Perry
New Bedford, Massachusetts

Garrison's reply: "I think I took out an insurance policy for myself—and for Clay Shaw—when I spelled out the CIA's involvement in all this. The last thing the CIA would want now is to see anything happen to me. And they know that my staff knows everything I know and is ready to take over for me at any time and carry the investigation to its conclusion."

After reading your October interview, I'm more convinced than ever that Garrison is a demagog in the tradition of Huey and Earl Long and that his "investigation" is nothing more than a freak show staged for the benefit of New Orleans' many anti-Cuban bigots. Garrison's tactics will probably win him nothing in court, when Clay Shaw and the other "plotters" in Garrison's sensational conspiracy are finally tried. But, of course, Big Jim will blame the evil Federal Government and those outsiders, the Cubans. Anti-Negro prejudice is no longer profitable for Southern politicians with national ambitions, so new targets are needed. And come electiontime, he'll be

assured of victory at the polls. Garrison should feel right at home with the motley assortment of weirdos his probe has brought to light.

Ricardo Brown
Hartford, Connecticut

PLAYBOY has rendered an invaluable service to Americans by offering Garrison a podium. He seems to be one of that rare breed—human beings who think, speak and act with integrity. As a young American who sees a great deal of sickness in our culture, I am anxious to believe in Jim Garrison, because he speaks of and subscribes to human values. Yet *Life* magazine, in a recent series on mobsters in America, reported that Garrison spent several days in Las Vegas—as the guest of New Orleans-area gangsters. I wish PLAYBOY—or Garrison himself—would help me resolve this shrill and frightening contradiction.

David S. Ogden
Hayward, California

*Garrison says the *Life* charges are "sheer crap."*

BULLY FOR MAILER

Just a note to express my appreciation for Norman Mailer's very fine memoir, *The Crazy One*, in the October issue of PLAYBOY. I was living in Mexico during Amado Ramírez' brief flair in the Mexican plazas during 1954 and 1955. Mailer's memoir is not only an accurate description of *El Loco* but it also captures the true spirit of *la fiesta brava*.

Luis Gugel
Santa Monica, California

Olé El Loco, Norman Mailer and the sweet moment of truth.

William J. Robinson
Newburgh, New York

For further moments of truth with Norman Mailer, see this month's "Playboy Interview," on page 69.

Damn, that Norman Mailer can write. But ask him, please, to go back to war and sex and stuff like that and leave bullfighting alone; he's just too good, and it's too tough an act to follow.

Barnaby Conrad
San Francisco, California

A PLAYBOY contributor and sometime matador, Conrad has authored several bullfight novels, in addition to his well-known "Encyclopedia of Bullfighting."

RIPPLES OF APPLAUSE

My compliments to Ray Russell for his *Ripples* in your October issue. It was the most mind-bending short story I've read in years.

Clifford Holland
Pontiac, Michigan

Ripples was one of the cleverest and most intriguing stories I've read in a long time. It even prompted me to get out my

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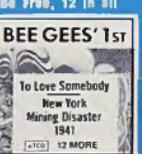
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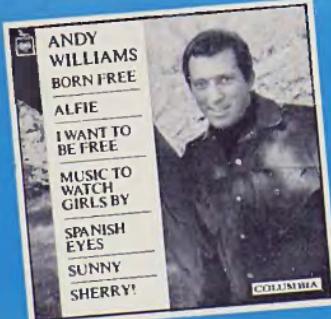
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dusty Bible and read with renewed interest the first chapter of *Ezekiel*. Many thanks for another fine piece of fiction.

David Neverman
Menominee, Michigan

GOLD DIGGERS

As I read Herbert Gold's *The New Wave Makers* in your October issue, I became increasingly astonished. At the end, I had to conclude that he had accomplished in a short space what no other writer has even attempted—a Cook's tour of the entire scene, from free-sexers to New Lefters, from frivolous hippies to serious experimental institutes. Gold's breath-taking feat put it all in perspective. Congratulations.

George B. Leonard
San Francisco, California

The New Wave Makers is a literary and sociological masterpiece. It should be required reading for all college students and professors. Keep it up!

William Bergstrom
Peoria, Illinois

Herbert Gold's enlightening look into the world of the wave makers has convinced me that the hippies, Diggers, et al., have some very worthy things to say. Most people seem to judge them by their unorthodox appearance and not by their primary goal—universal brotherhood. If the scoffers would venture into history, they'd discover that during the decline of the Roman Empire, the early Christians were looked upon with the same disdain; and most people today wouldn't deny that they had something worth while to say.

John L. Klintworth
Clemson University
Clemson, South Carolina

The wonderful style of Gold's writing imparts an *ambiance* of vitality to *The New Wave Makers* that is misleading. If the hippies and the members of the New Left had the drive, wit and intelligence of Mr. Gold's prose, the United States Air Force would by now have begun to drop flowers on Hanoi.

Earl Shorris
San Francisco, California

COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHEF

While reading Thomas Mario's *The English Hunt Breakfast* (PLAYBOY, October), it occurred to me that it's been a while since you published a letter giving Mario the praise he so richly deserves. His articles are always liberally sprinkled with ideas for meals a bachelor can serve without breaking his back. Mario's colorful asides and his insights into the origin of various dishes make fascinating reading for anyone who enjoys food. And the recipes! My mouth never fails to water, even while reading them and, more

important, I have never known one to fail. I herewith offer Mario long-overdue congratulations for a job well done—and my thanks for giving me dishes I might never have known existed.

Trevor M. Paller
Clarion, Pennsylvania

A CALCULATED SUCCESS

I read with great interest the paired articles on mechanical brains, by Max Gunther (*Computers—Their Built-in Limitations*) and Ernest Havemann (*Computers—Their Scope Today*), in your October issue. Those of us who don't understand computers and sometimes tend to worry about them at night should be especially grateful to Gunther—it's reassuring to know that computers are, indeed, no smarter than the hand that feeds them, only a little quicker.

James Harrington
Boston, Massachusetts

As a computer programmer myself, I was delighted with Havemann's article. He managed to transcend the cliché that computers are no smarter than the people who run them. Computers are quite correctly designated "thinking machines" and Havemann just as correctly appreciated their immense promise.

Ronald Fairley
New York, New York

I typed both of your computer articles into an all-knowing IBM and got this back:

MAX GUNTHER IS RIGHT

Robrick Granhold
Chicago, Illinois

Again your computer package: The other morning, a bright young engineer in our office was trying to program a very simple problem but could get nothing but gibberish back from the machine. Exasperated, he finally entered the instruction, *GO TO HELL*. Reverting immediately to its usual efficiency, the computer typed back that *HELL IS NOT DEFINED*—and then signed off.

Julius Zimmerman
Brooklyn, New York

POP-OP TOAST

Accolades to PLAYBOY for publishing William F. Nolan's *The Pop-Op Caper* in the October issue. We liked it so well that we've just signed Nolan to expand Bart Challis' toughness into at least three book-length capers. The first, *Death Is for Losers*, hits the stands in March.

Shelly Lowenkopf, Editor
Sherbourne Press
Los Angeles, California

PENNY WISE

Three cheers for Harlan Ellison and Haskell Barkin for their excellent short



Here's another kind of liquid refreshment most people would enjoy this Christmas.

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Try France's exciting after dinner coffee... Grand Marnier Coffee...it's easy to make... 1 oz. Grand Marnier, 1 glass hot black coffee, top with whipped cream. Elegant...smooth.

story, *Would You Do It for a Penny?* (PLAYBOY, October). I'm sure many a bachelor must praise Arlo, the Great White Hunter, for his undaunted prowess in successfully stalking—and capturing alive—the age-old game.

Michael Larsen
Alexandria Bay, New York

The next time Arlo sets out on a late-night girl-hunting expedition in the fertile fens of Los Angeles, he might have even better luck at the Alpha Beta Acme Market. The slogan there is: "You get a little more of everything."

Ruk Fluegel
Irvine, California

PLAYBOY IN VIETNAM

I think you and your readers will be interested in this story that appeared in a recent edition of *The Washington Post*, under the by-line of foreign correspondent Ward Just. It describes, in rather eloquent terms, just how much PLAYBOY means to the boys who are fighting in Vietnam: no matter what reservations many of us may have about the war, I think PLAYBOY deserves to be congratulated for its unique contribution to the morale of the young men who are serving their country far from home.

RACH KIEN—There had been fighting Tuesday and the day before that, and now Alpha Company has again lined up on the dusty road awaiting helicopters to take them to more fighting. A Vietnamese reconnaissance unit was sweeping a hamlet ten kilometers away, and Alpha was waiting word to reinforce.

The men stood in the sultry heat of midday in this grim sniper-ridden outpost 20 miles south of Saigon and cursed. . . . There had been nothing but bad news so far that day, but then the company commander walked over and said the operation was scrubbed. The Vietnamese unit had no contact with the Viet Cong, so there would be no need to reinforce. That was good news, and when Melvin F. Smith, the 24-year-old platoon leader from Marshall, Missouri, got back to the C. P., there was very good news.

The April PLAYBOY had arrived. If World War Two was a war of *Stars and Stripes* and Betty Grable, the war in Vietnam is PLAYBOY magazine's war, and the centerfold Playmate is everybody's girlfriend, mistress or wife. In the Rach Kiens of Vietnam, the Playmate of the Month is as ubiquitous as the Viet Cong.

The April PLAYBOY came to the First Platoon, Alpha Company, Third Battalion, Thirty-Third Regiment of the Ninth Infantry Division in a large box, along with other

Why the Mercedes-Benz 250SL costs \$6,897

From hand-fitted body panels to final hand-sprayed enamel coat, the 250SL is meticulously assembled on one of the world's least frantic automobile production lines.

Exquisitely well built as it is, the 250SL is no brittle showpiece. It is a highly virile machine: "This combination of absolute security, complete stability, and plain old hell-raising fun must be driven to be believed," states *Car and Driver*.

Not a 300SL

The 250SL's road-holding abilities are almost inexhaustible. This smaller, lower car even eclipses the legendary 300SL in sheer handling prowess.

Some clues: the 250SL stands a mere 4 feet, 4 inches high—yet overall width is almost 6 feet. Its track is so wide-stanced that those chubby, 14-inch radial ply tires seem to bulge out from the body sides to straddle the pavement. You ride on a fully independent, low-pivot rear swing-axle suspension—a design proved on the world-champion 300SLR.

The 250SL's 4-wheel disc brakes stop you squarely, smoothly, without pulling or fading, even in repeated hard panic stops.

Mit Einspritzer

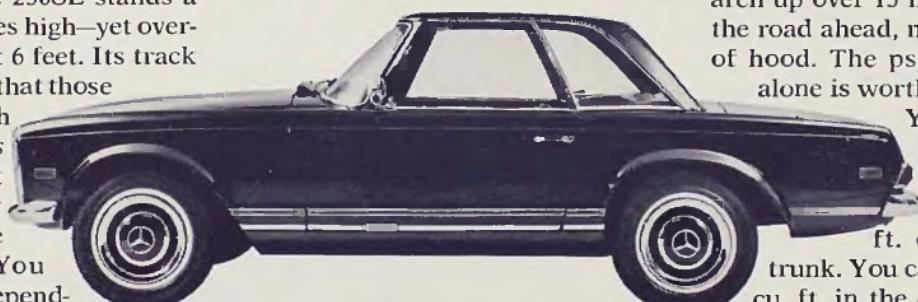
The 250SL is only stretched to its peak when the speedometer needle nudges 124 mph. You could level off at 100 mph and stay there until it became boring or illegal.

A 6-cylinder, single overhead camshaft engine turns the trick (while turning 6500 rpm). There are few stronger or more potent 2.5 liter engines known, and one secret is an *Einspritzer*—fuel injection

system. Another secret: a high-speed bench test before it leaves the factory.

Exotic but solid

At 3000 lbs., the 250SL is one of the world's most solid two-seaters. The body is welded up, not bolted to



gether. It is also hand-filed, sanded and buffed before painting. Slathered with 20 lbs. of undercoating. Coated with two primer layers. Painted, then painted again—by hand-spraying.

Hardly Spartan

The 250SL may never qualify as a

pure sports car, simply because it is too comfortable. You're cradled in a contoured, thickly padded driver's seat that resembles an armchair more than a typical sports car "bucket."

"They grip, support, relax and ventilate your body supremely well," reports Britain's *Motor* magazine of these seats. They also recline. Thousands of tiny holes in the upholstery material keep air circulating. Two slots on the rear of both backrests allow pent-up heat to escape from *inside* the seat structure.

Visibility in the 250SL is so airy it's almost eerie. You sit high. The car's waist is low. Side windows arch up over 15 inches. You watch the road ahead, not a vast expanse of hood. The psychological edge alone is worth an extra 5 mph.

You can actually pack luggage in this car. There is room for 7 cu. ft. of duffle in the trunk. You can stow another 5 cu. ft. in the carpeted area behind the seats.

Options

The world's best power-assisted steering and a remarkable, 4-speed automatic transmission are two of the few optional extras you may feel you need.

There are 3 models to choose from: the Roadster, with convertible top; the Coupe, with an all-weather removable metal hardtop that neither feels nor looks removable; and the Coupe/Roadster, which offers both and is illustrated here.

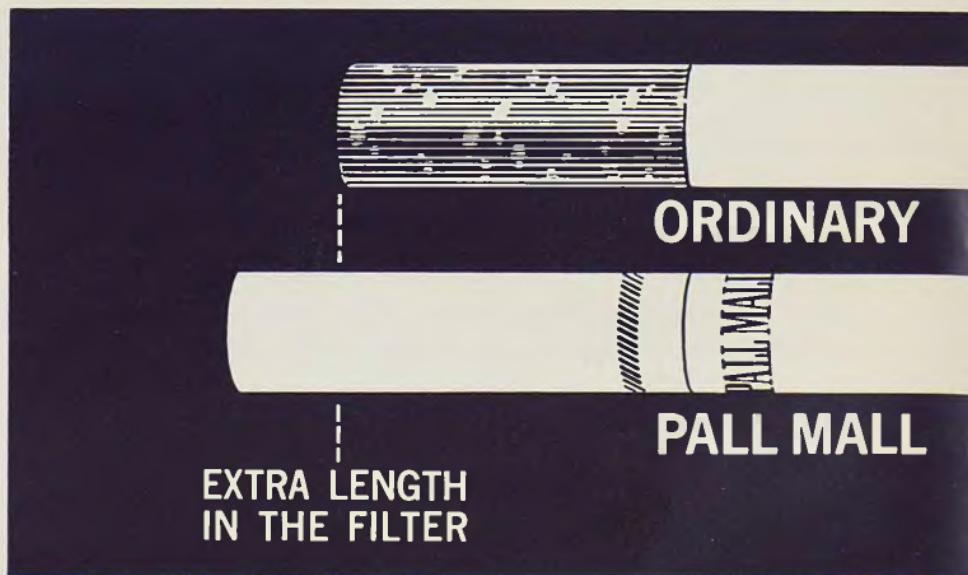
Your authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer will be glad to furnish a 250SL for a thorough test run.



Price quoted, 250SL Coupe/Roadster, p.o.e. New York, exclusive of optional equipment, state and local taxes if any. ©Copyright 1967, Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., N.J.

Pall Mall Gold 100's filters farther for a milder smoke

It's extra long at both ends. Not just more tobacco. But an extra long filter too. So Pall Mall Gold 100's travels the smoke longer, filters the smoke farther, and makes it milder. Puff for puff, milder than ever.



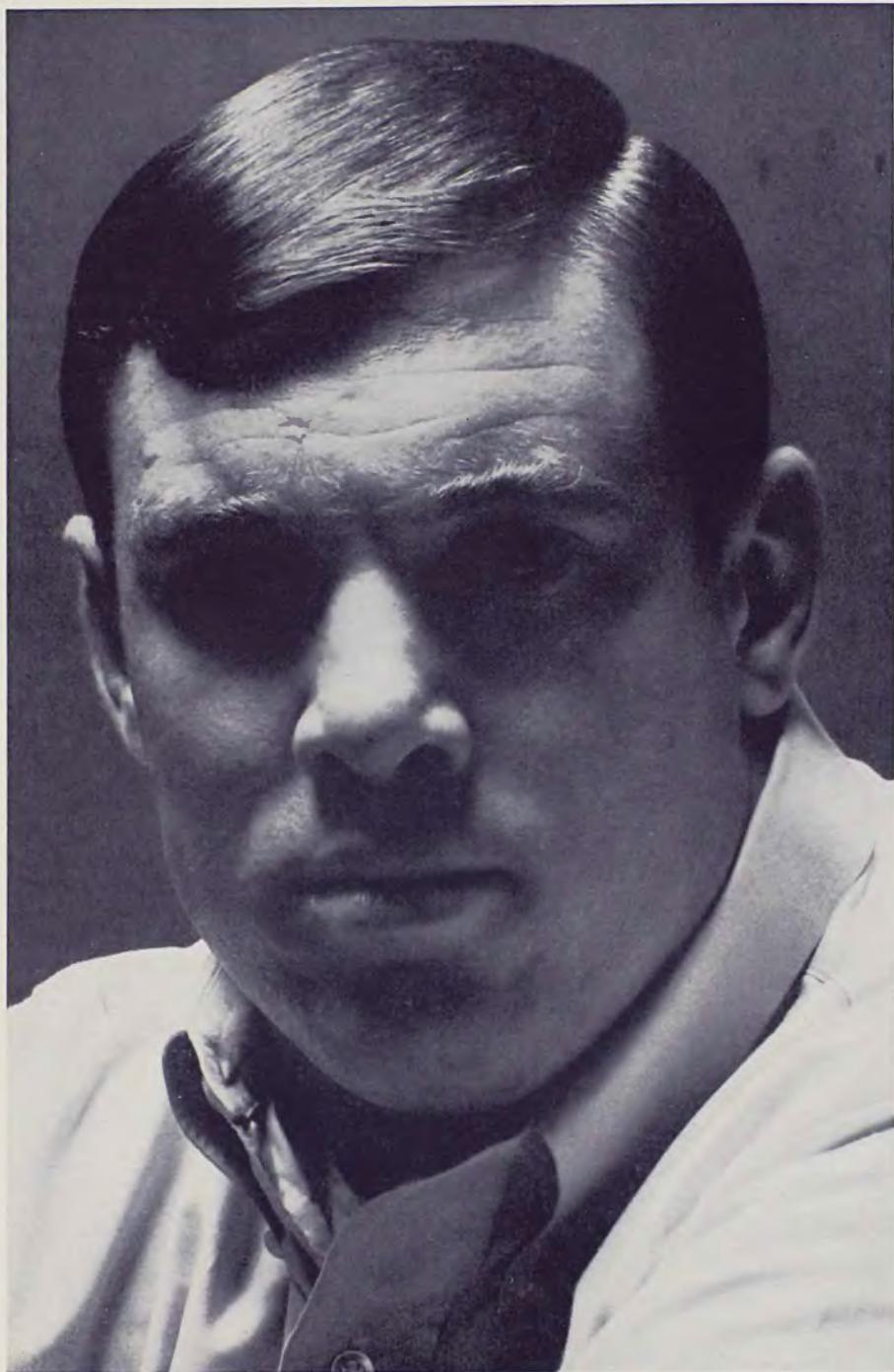


**Puff for puff,
milder
than ever**

FILTER KING

GOLD 100's

**EXTRA LENGTH OF
PALL MALL TOBACCO**



Tom Keating, Defensive Tackle for the Oakland Raiders, goes for non-greasy Dep for Men

Tom Keating just had his hair styled. Wanna make something out of it?

At 250 lbs., Tom's no sissy. But he gets his hair styled. Because if Tom's hair is shaped to fit his face, he looks slimmer. Here's how it works. First, Tom's stylist shampoos his hair. Then he shapes it wet, leaving the sides a little long, and adding some height. Finally, he styles it with Dep for Men, a clear, non-greasy gel, and adds a shot of Dep for Men Hair Spray to hold the line. All Tom has to do to keep this neat look is use Dep for Men each morning. How about you? Why not try a /

Dep for Men Gel is available in both Regular and new Dry Hair formulas.



goodies, including packaged Kool-Aid and Bing Crosby recordings.

Lieutenant Smith, the platoon's fourth leader in as many months (one predecessor was killed, one wounded, one transferred), carefully lifted it out and leafed through the magazine until he came to the centerfold. He folded the top page halfway down, and there was a moment of respectful silence from the men gathered around. Then he folded her up again and began to leaf through the magazine from the beginning. . . .

By now, four or five men in fatigues had grouped around Smith, watching him turn the glossy pages, in the hard heat of the Vietnamese Delta. . . . Finally, [he returned to] the centerfold, whose name was Gwen and who wore a green miniskirt and no blouse.

Smith began to carefully ease Gwen out of the magazine by bending the staples. He held her up and the men laughed and someone said, "She's OK."

Smith nodded and handed Gwen to one of the men. "OK," he said, "put her up." The soldier went inside and put Miss April on the wall next to Miss March, Miss February, Miss January and Miss December. There was no Miss November or Miss October, because December was the month the battalion arrived in Vietnam to fight the war.

Roger M. Williams
Washington, D. C.

WASPISHNESS

Congratulations on your final solution to the ethnic-joke question: the WASP joke (*Playboy After Hours*, October). Here's one you missed: Q—What do you call a WASP girl who makes love three times a year? A—A nymphomaniac.

Lawrence Damato
Chicago, Illinois

It's a wonderful thing to be able to laugh at oneself. It's even better to get insights in the process. For me, your WASP jokes brought a sudden realization of the injustice—as well as the truth—to be found in this type of humor. This WASP has learned his lesson: No more Polish jokes for me—I'm too vulnerable.

John Greenman
Carleton College
Northfield, Minnesota

Q—How can you tell a WASP at a Roman orgy? A—He's the one washing the grapes.

Robert Perry
Boulder, Colorado



Below: The season's most richly ornamented tree was photographed in the Beverly Hills home of Harold Lloyd



For holiday giving...nothing else quite measures up

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THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

Holiday decanter or regular fifth, both gift-wrapped at no extra charge.

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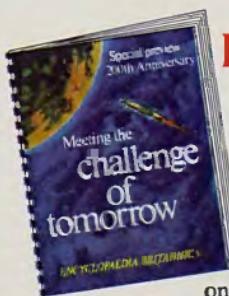
In the new edition of Britannica, you will find thousands of subjects that you and your family will refer to in the course of your normal day-to-day affairs. For example, you'll find special articles on household budgets, interior decorating, medicine and health, home remodeling, and child care.

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10,300 of the world's great authorities—Britannica is the largest, most complete reference work published in America.

Also, may we send you our special new 200th Anniversary Preview Booklet which pictures and describes the latest edition? For your free copy and complete information about this amazing offer available only during our 200th Anniversary year, simply mail the attached postage-paid card now.



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Watch National Geographic's "The Amazon," brought to you by Encyclopaedia Britannica, in color on CBS-TV at 7:30 p.m. (E.S.T.) Tuesday, February 20.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Once again, our *Eleventh-Hour Santa* (on page 187) is an auspicious assemblage of lavish last-minute Christmas bounty. Should your shopping list, however, include a few hard-to-please types who deserve a token of your esteem even more original than those pictured in that feature, we present herewith our annual supplementary list of offbeat booty designed to delight the most jaded recipient.

This year, Neiman-Marcus, that Texas bastion of bagatelles, is offering his-and-hers dromedaries, a gift aimed at couples who'd like a camel without walking a mile for it. Upon receipt of your order, Neiman's will promptly pick a pair and air-freight them wherever you desire, to whomever you wish, with no additional charge for meals en route. At \$4125 (not including care-and-feeding directions), the supply is limited; so hump to it. Another Neiman-Marcus trifle that'll set someone's tongue to wigwagging is a 24-kt. solid-gold wig, custom made by Joseph Marshall of California. No shampooing is necessary: just mail it to the maker for a periodic professional touch-up. The price is \$35,000, not including comb.

A hot bagel, as we all know, is hard to hold while cutting and even harder to cut while holding. Should a bagel buff on your list complain of being burned by her choice of piping-hot buns, set her up with an adjustable bagel holder. After the two of you have eaten your fill, you can repair to the lawn with leftovers for a far-out game of frizbie. All this for one dollar plus postage to Elko Products in Northridge, California. Or, if your girl has always wanted a six-foot hero in her life, feed her fantasy with a 72-inch hero sandwich from Manganaro's in New York. Tucked between layers of French bread is 15 pounds of such succulent stuffing as prosciutto, mortadella, capicollo, provolone, gruyère, Genoa salami, ham, tomato, lettuce, anchovies and pimentos. The price is only \$34.50, with a free bread knife thrown in. Tums not included.

If you've a friend who digs insects—but only when they keep their distance

—thrill her with a genuine underwater ants' nest that's ensconced—for reasons best known to the manufacturer—in its own aquarium. No need to worry about the mites drowning; a silicone-rubber membrane ensures their safety and also transfers oxygen from the water to replace what's inhaled by the hard-breathing little workers. For \$16.70 sent to Edmund Scientific Company in Barrington, New Jersey, you get nest, aquarium and a free box of ants. Another item from Edmund you may wish to consider is a plastic "low-friction air puck" (five inches in diameter) that operates on the same principle as Ford's experimental air-glide cars. When placed on a flat surface and nudged gently, the puck glides gracefully hither and thither with almost no drag. The perfect gift for a desktop athlete; only two dollars.

Jet setters who have winged their way across six continents can now chop their way to the seventh aboard the luxurious icebreaker M. S. Magga Dan. It's all part of the fun on a Lindblad Travel tour that leaves San Francisco on January 30 for that garden spot of the southern seas—Antarctica. Fair-weather sailing, swears the brochure, is virtually guaranteed; the temperature this time of year rarely drops below 30 degrees Fahrenheit—but if it does, your fortunate friend can always rub on whale blubber to keep warm. During shore leave, there'll be ample time to chip enough crystal-clear ice for a Scotch on the tundra; but the high point of the journey will be a formal reception at a penguin rookery, with all members of the receiving line sporting tailcoats. Parka, pants and mittens are included in the tour price of \$6195—but you must provide your own long underwear and mukluks. If the price—like the trip—is out of sight, someone you know may prefer an 11-day sojourn to serene Easter Island, located a scant 2300 miles off the coast of Chile. A round-trip air ticket, including meals and lavish tent accommodations (rest rooms within walking distance), is only \$1270, with a dinner given by the Chilean governor included at no extra cost.

Well-barbered chaps who have outgrown the greasy kid stuff will appreciate a three-ounce bottle of genuine bergamot-scented bear-grease hairdressing available at two dollars from Caswell-Massey. In your accompanying note, you may wish to caution the recipient that just a little dab will do him. And for big wheels who've never tired of playing with trains, an opulently appurtenanced three-car private unit (including Victorian-style diner, sleeper and classroom car) is available from Johnson & Johnson. The bargain price of \$250,000 includes closed-circuit TV, satin settees and delivery to the railroad siding of your choice.

For executive raiders who've lost their touch, we suggest an imitation head-hunter set, handmade in Taiwan, that comes with a collapsible spear, bow and quiver with two arrows, sheath knife and scalping tomahawk. All from Cost-Plus for \$10.98 (not including shrinking kit). Or, for a friend who likes to stroll in the park on balmy summer nights, there's a blowgun walking stick available from Westport Way in Kansas City, Missouri. It's quicker than a tear-gas pen and there's no need to worry about wind direction. The \$24.95 price includes a fistful of five-inch darts—but no curare.

As a giftie for a young lady whose apartment lacks the accoutrements for a cozy fireside tête-à-tête, we suggest a Riviera stereo console, which (right hand up) also features a built-in bar and a marbleized Masonite fireplace complete with electrified birch logs cleverly centered between the speakers. The price of \$278 includes a set of bar glasses. And for the girl who has *almost* everything, shops in Greenwich Village are now selling dangling earrings made of intrauterine devices, complete with a set of instructions on how to detach the earring clamp and put the bangles to their original use. Price: two dollars a pair.

Hedonist exhibitionists will enjoy a transparent-crystal and marble VIP bathtub made by Michel de Lacour, the Parisian purveyor of splashy bathroom built-ins. Prices begin at \$9317 for a

prosaic model; but most purchasers prefer to customize their selection with such exotic extras as rubies affixed to the tap and indirect lighting beamed from beneath. The Shah of Iran owns two tubs for his-and-hers peekaboo scrubdowns, one decorated in amethysts, the other in jade. Installation and soap are extra.

This year, Finders Inc., a Chicago-based firm that specializes in bizarre baubles from near and far, is offering a mixed-up bag of Christmas goodies. For aging roués who have decided it would be nice to have a madam around the house, there's a mechanical six-foot gypsy fortuneteller housed in a glass cage. Cro's Finders' palm with \$450 and Lady Luck is all yours. For sentimental types, there's a tiny tableau featuring two fleas—one male and one female—dressed up as bride and groom and placed in a mini-chapel measuring two inches wall to wall. The price (including magnifying glass) is only \$250. Last and probably least, for those who march to the beat of a different drummer, a used timpani filled with 15 gallons of matzohball soup (\$149.95) should create quite a stir—and a memorable case of holiday heartburn.

Birds of a feather: T. S. Goosey runs a pub next door to a grocery owned by G. W. Gander, in Cobham, England.

Graveyard Humor Department: On a highway at the outskirts of Memphis is a sign reading, FOREST LAWN CEMETERY—DEAD AHEAD.

Movie titles often promise more than the films deliver, but customers at a Glendale, West Virginia, drive-in theater—according to the Williamsport, Pennsylvania, *Grit*—had no grounds for complaint on that score when high winds demolished the screen. Left standing was the marquee, bearing the poignant title *Gone with the Wind*.

Incidental Gourmandial Intelligence: There's a restaurant in Hong Kong called Fuk Yuen.

The "Personal" columns in Chicago's newspapers are often dotted with devotionals from devout Catholics expressing gratitude to Saint Jude "for favors granted." These pious folk have finally received an acknowledgment, spotted among the classified ads in the Second City's underground newspaper *The Seed*: "You're all welcome—Saint Jude."

Can utopian thinkers make it in the world of pragmatic politics? Consider the platform of Thomas S. Hastings, a bearded, 36-year-old University of Minnesota alumnus who recently campaigned for a seat in the Minnesota State House: "I propose legislation to lower

the voting age to 16 and the drinking age to 14 (but forbidding females less than 18 in bars unless married or accompanied by parents or guardians); to legalize gambling and establish state-owned casinos, a lottery, horse racing, etc., for revenue; to transfer selection of the University of Minnesota Regents to the faculty and students and abolish tuition; to legalize private sexual relations between consenting adults; to allow a citizen to sue the government and public employees to strike; to outlaw the polygraph." He lost the election.

Ominous listing in the Manhattan telephone directory, at 79 West 125th Street: the German American Exterminating Company.

Worth 10,000 Words Department:



A new lapel button at Stanford University reads, LSD—BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY.

Underwear Undercover Intelligence: The *Boston Traveler* ran the headline, "FEDERAL AGENCIES CHECK BRA: FBI AMONG PROBERS." We were disappointed to learn that BRA stands for the Boston Redevelopment Authority.

Sign seen in the window of a Chicago dress store: WE CARRY MINISKIRTS IN ALL THIGHSES.

BOOKS

Speaking volumes for the intelligence of both the giver and the recipient is the gift of a book. And no area of Christmas largess can cater to so wide a variety of interests. Herewith, a select sampling to help one celebrate and cerebrate:

New York: The New Art Scene (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is as close a look as you're likely to get, without renting a loft on East Tenth Street, at the unnatural habitat of Warhol, Rauschenberg,

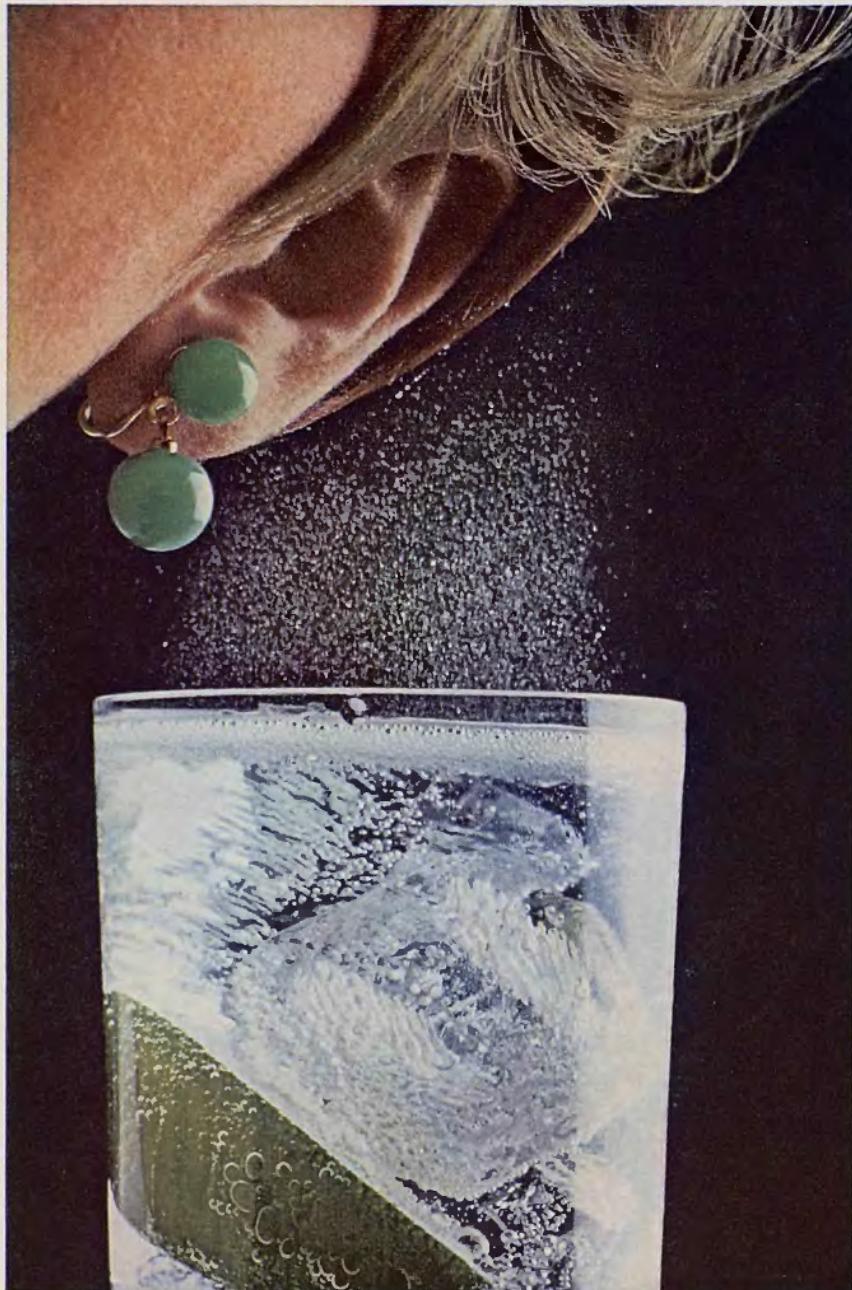
Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, et al. The hundreds of *in situ* photographs by Ugo Mulas and the intimately informative comments of Alan Solomon proffer an unburdened view of what's happening among the painters and sculptors who have occupied stage center in the art world for a decade and a half. Warhol himself has put out the put-on of the season in *Andy Warhol's Index (Book)* (Random House), an assortment of peculiar pictures from the Warhol factory, snatches of inane dialog in odd type faces, a playable phonograph record, an automatic Bronx cheer that cheers, and diverse and exceedingly pop pop-ups. Indubitably indispensable for anyone who digs Warhol. *Picasso: The Blue and Rose Periods* (New York Graphic Society) represents not only the fruits of a massive undertaking—the gathering and annotating of all of Picasso's works from 1900 to 1906—but, in terms of quality of reproduction and in sheer quantity (there are over 60 color plates and 770 black-and-white illustrations), the total effect can only inspire awe. Pierre Daix and Georges Boudaille have supplied a text that provides a knowledgeable and thoroughgoing complement to the artist's work. An art book of major importance.

The Age of the Grand Tour (Crown) brings together portions of the letters and journals of the grandest tourists of the 18th and 19th Centuries, scores of charming illustrations and engravings and 16 full-page color plates (a full page measuring roughly a foot by a foot and a half) to remind us of an adventure that was *de rigueur* for such well-reared young men as Gibbon and Goethe, Shelley and Stendhal, Byron and Boswell. With a literate introduction by Anthony Burgess and notes on 18th Century art by Francis Haskell, this imposing volume provides a deservedly elegant treatment of a surpassingly elegant subject.

In New Orleans Jazz: A Family Album (Louisiana State University), longtime fans Al Rose and Edmond Souchon unveil 500 photographs of the New Orleans jazz scene, accompanied by word sketches of more than 1000 musicians who made that scene, from the glittering Sidney Bechet to such local lights as Sidney Behrenson, most of whom were personally known to the authors. There are also comprehensive lists of the town's jazz and brass bands and the spots where they've done their things for the past 80 years. It's a jazz buff's buffet.

Tending the flame of our classical heritage is one of the poet's high responsibilities and it is amply fulfilled by Richmond Lattimore's new translation of *The Odyssey of Homer* (Harper & Row), which, moreover, richly realizes the expectations aroused by Lattimore's brilliant version of *The Iliad* published some years ago. Never archaic, yet not so idiomatic that it betrays the spirit of its

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Sprite. The soft drink with
a message: tingling tartness.
Switched on. Exuberant. Noisy.
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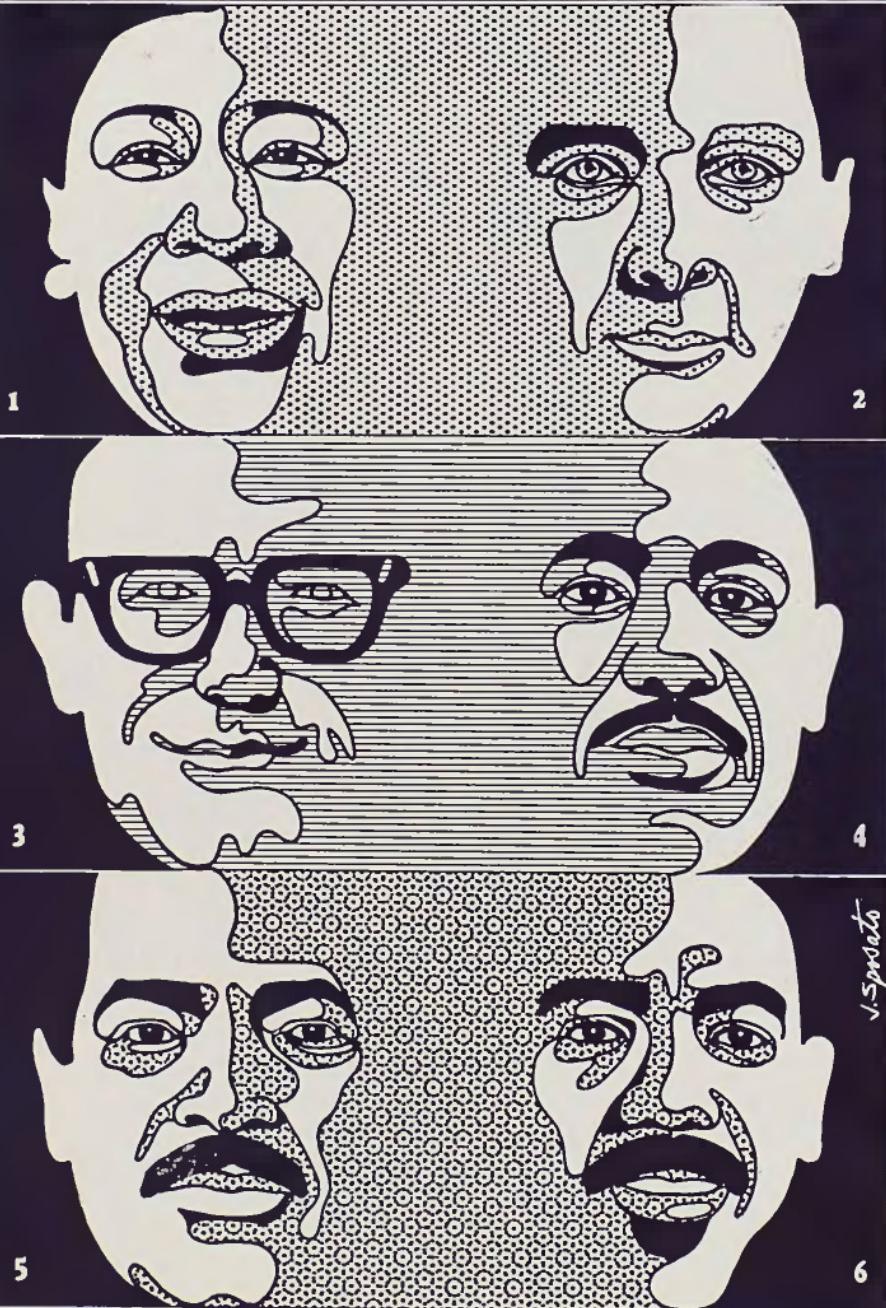
1- The Best of Ella Fitzgerald	V/V6-8720
2- The Best of Stan Getz	V/V6-8719
3- The Best of Cal Tjader	V/V6-8725
4- The Best of Wes Montgomery	V/V6-8714
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6- The Best of Jimmy Smith	V/V6-8721

Perfect last-minute gifts for the hippies
on your list. Like maybe even yourself.

The Sound of The Now Generation is on

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great original, Lattimore's *Odyssey* is a living rendering of a work that after so many centuries still throbs with life.

Skiers' Paradise (Putnam), as the subtitle tells us, has to do with the "100 best ski runs in North America," and a solid, no-nonsense job it is. Assisted by a well-chosen assortment of black-and-white photographs, enthusiasts Morten Lund and Bob Laurie give the history, characteristics and flavor of their favorite slopes, from Mad River Glen, Vermont, to Snoqualmie, Washington. A boon for the itinerant schussboomer.

It should be a merry Christmas for the car buff who can settle down beside the hearth with any of the following. *The Great Cars* (Grosset & Dunlap) by automotive expert and enthusiast Ralph Stein, with admirable color photography by Tom Burnside, is a large and lovely tome. Stein defines great cars as those that "feel alive when you drive them," and has not restricted his coverage to the classics. Among the fascinating marques delineated: Invicta, Hispano-Suiza, Stutz, Isotta-Fraschini and Frazer Nash. While modest in dimensions, Anthony Bird's *Antique Automobiles* (Dutton) is a visual delight. The flat-tone color drawings are marvelously meticulous in their attention to detail and Mr. Bird's accompanying text proves both informative and entertaining. *Classic Car Profiles* (Profile Publications), in three volumes edited by Anthony Harding, is actually a series of 12-page takeouts on individual cars that have been bound together under hard cover. The first volume (1 through 24) sells for \$13.50; the other two (25 through 60, 61 through 96) cost \$20 each. The texts have been written by noted English automotive and auto-racing authorities and the portfolio-type color drawings that accompany the copy and black-and-white photos are almost uniformly first-rate. The scope is absorbingly diverse, encompassing the likes of the Vanwall Grand Prix, the Fiat Tipo 508S, the Model T Ford and the M.G. Magnette K.3. The books, printed in England, can be ordered only by mail from J. W. Caler Publications (7506 Clybourn, Sun Valley, California), but are well worth the effort.

The 18th Century penchant for mocking the foibles of men and society with pen and ink is generously evidenced in *Hogarth to Cruikshank: Social Change in Graphic Satire* (Walker). Two hundred bawdy, bitter illustrations by such brilliant Britishers as Hogarth, Rowlandson and Gillray and a lively text by M. Dorothy George remind us that our own age and clime have no monopoly on the venality, hypocrisy and downright madness that have been the stuff of satirists since society began.

Columnist Herb Caen and painter Dong Kingman have collaborated to produce the handsome *San Francisco: City on Golden Hills* (Doubleday). Through

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1769: Gordon's Gin

Alexander Gordon gave hosts (and hostesses) of Christmases past a new taste-tingler. Deceptively delicate in flavour. Extraordinarily smooth. Dry as the English wit. He called it, of all names, Gordon's Gin. Biggest seller in England, America, The World.



1967: Gordon's RuddyMerry

The English have done it again. They created a cup of Christmas Cheer that you might just want to drink all year. Take 1 1/2 oz. of glorious Gordon's Gin, 3 oz. tomato juice, juice of 1/2 lemon, pinch each of celery and onion salt, dash of Worcestershire sauce. Shake well with cracked ice. Garnish with greenery.



What will the English think of next?



Only The Music Is Missing*



All A & M Records available in stereo tapes.

But it is all on record—the missing music, the absent faces and those who smile through the sunshine—Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass, The Baja Marimba Band, Tommy Boyce & Bobby Hart, Claudine Longet, Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66, The Merry-Go-Round, Liza Minnelli, Wes Montgomery, and The Sandpipers...all A & M and all for you; on record.

*(*and Burt Bacharach, Procol Harum, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Herbie Mann, Chris Montez, The Move, Jimmie Rodgers, Robin Wilson, The Parade, & Phil Ochs, who, because they are with A & M Records, were there in spirit)*



Caen's affectionate words and Kingman's evocative halftones, line cuts and paintings, the inimitable town is put before us, full of color and diversity. So take this vicarious turn around a city with a knack for turning people on. Ex-PLAYBOY photographer Don Bronstein and syndicated travel writer Tony Weitzel have collaborated on *Chicago: I Will* (World), an artful appraisal of the Windy City's virtues and vices, with the former getting the lion's share of their efforts. But almost no aspect of the square-jawed metropolis has escaped them—the North Side's lush Gold Coast and the South Side's ghettos, the industrial and municipal titans and the denizens of Maxwell Street's open-air "flea market," Chicagoans at work and play and just trying to stay alive, urban decay and renewal. The book is, in a sense, a love story, but it is by no means a blind infatuation. As Weitzel says, the city "still has its civic fleas, though the flea powder gets stronger every year."

Avast there, me hearties! *The Great Age of Sail* (New York Graphic Society) will warm the cockles of your heart. Edited by Joseph Jobé, the mammoth undertaking—replete with tipped-in color plates—ranges from the 15th Century's Age of Discovery to the last of the 20th Century's giant square-riggers, with loving attention being paid to all the glorious sailing epochs in between. The galleons, the clipper ships, the men-of-war are vividly brought to life; one can practically feel the salt spray rising from the pages.

In *The Courtesans* (World), British biographer Joanna Richardson celebrates 12 queens of the demimonde of Paris during the Second Empire. Known as *la garde*, this dirty dozen incited turmoil in the bemaled breasts of gallants of the time. Writers, artists, noblemen—all fell to their formidable charms. Precisely what these charms were, the delicate authoress leaves a trifle vague (and the photographs of the damsels do not clear up the mystery). Still, these pages are full of good gossip about bad women. For a close-up glimpse of a fabulously successful turn-of-this-century courtesan, see Arthur H. Lewis' *La Belle Otero* (Trident), a book written, the author explains, out of his dejection "over the depths to which contemporary harlotry has sunk." *Fille de Joie* (Grove) is subtitled "The Book of Courtesans, Sporting Girls, Ladies of the Evening, Madams, and a Few Occasionals & Some Royal Favorites," which does away with any doubt as to the book's contents. The book roams around the globe and back and forth through time in random fashion—picking up a chapter from Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves* here, reprinting PLAYBOY'S *The Pros of Paris* there, serving up dollops of the *Kama Sutra* and trollops from Dr. Harold Greenwald's

The Call Girl. The "visual aids" range from Pompeian wall paintings to ancient woodcuts to grainy photos of Hamburg's hookers displaying their wares behind the Herbertstrasse's first-floor picture windows. A unique chronicle of the world's oldest profession.

Readily understandable and eminently useful for the man about town and kitchen is *The Night Before Cookbook* (Macmillan). Paul Rubinstein (the son of piano virtuoso Artur) and his wife, Leslie, have set down in the simplest terms, gourmet recipes that in large part can be handled 24 hours in advance, thereby allowing the host-chef the opportunity to fully enjoy both his feast and his company. The Rubinstein's proceed in logical sequence, starting with appliances and equipment needed, moving on to hors d'oeuvres, appetizers and soups, and winding up with beverages and suggested menus. The dishes are sophisticated; the approach unintimidating.

"I used to have nightmares," Jakov Lind has said, "but then I became a writer, and now the reader has nightmares." In his third book, *Ergo* (Random House), Lind moves beyond the Nazi terror to the post-War world—but finds that "nothing has changed"; life is still a shriek in the night. Summing up the plot is like synopsizing madness: Wacholder and Würz, the principal characters, nestle perfectly into each other's obsessions. Würz never leaves his house (the cat next door might be armed) and finds his haven threatened by dust, by air, by atoms, which he tries to trap in empty tin cans so he can clean them. If so much order is insanity, so is Wacholder's disorder—"What do you expect for three dollars a month?" he screams, looking around at the filth and garbage, the heap of leavings that make his house a home. Driven by a kind of eschatology in which even God is an obscenity, he attempts to achieve psychic balance by destroying Würz—"stealing vitamins" from his food, injecting "nerve foam" into his water, "subtracting" him from existence. But just as Würz cannot escape the threat of dirt, so Wacholder fails to destroy the threat of order; and finally he digs a hole in the ground, climbs in and buries himself alive. Such gratuitous grotesques may seem a parody of a caricature of a delirium, yet in their hermetic fixations, blind hostilities and aimless megalomanias, Wacholder and Würz represent the all-too-human inhumanity of men who, tired of waiting for Godot, take out their bitter frustrations on each other. In Lind's fables of evil, the void is not merely an unnamed fear but the fourth dimension of his dark vision.

Five years ago, an expert in mathematical probability, Edward O. Thorp, devised a scientific system for winning at

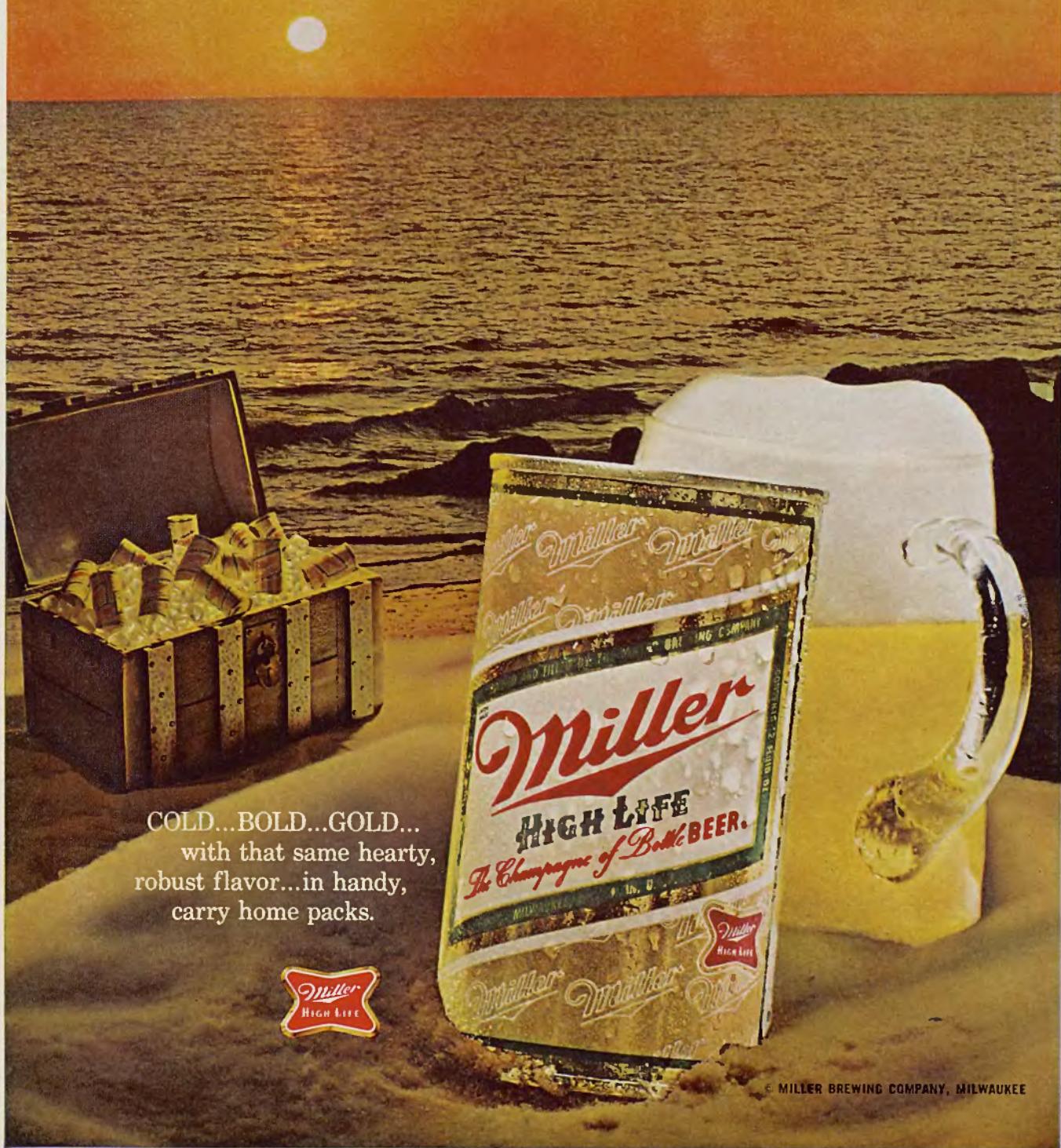
blackjack. His book, *Beat the Dealer*, had Nevada casino owners in a tizzy and gamblers dizzy trying to remember which cards were out. But winning at blackjack only whetted Thorp's appetite for computerized money-making. In a coincidence that may leave its mark on Wall Street, Thorp started teaching at the University of California at the same time as Sheen T. Kassouf, a mathematical economist. Joining forces, Thorp and Kassouf claim in their book, *Beat the Market* (Random House), to have devised a system for making stock-market profits at an average annual rate of 25 percent, with virtually no risk. Before you rush to call your bookstore and your broker, however, be warned that this system requires extensive knowledge of a highly specialized area of speculation, as well as a flair for figures. It is not unfamiliar to experts in the arcane art of arbitrage—buying something on one exchange and selling it on another, where the price is a fraction higher. Thorp and Kassouf concentrate on "convertible" securities—particularly stock warrants that may be converted at a certain time and price into a share of a given company's common stock. Essentially, their system consists of hedging—selling the warrants short while simultaneously buying the common. Having computed the possibilities for all warrants listed on the New York Stock Exchange over the past 20 years, Thorp and Kassouf arrived at a set of guideposts that identify those issues that will, they claim, virtually guarantee a profit. In graphs and charts, the book shows what and when to buy and sell. Theoretically, the system works whether the market as a whole is rising or falling. One of the authors claims to have more than doubled an investment of \$100,000 in five years. The biggest risk to their system, the authors admit, is that if too many people start using it, the fundamental computations will be thrown out of whack. But even if greedy investors destroy your chance to find happiness through hedging warrants, you may still be able to turn to convertible bonds, convertible preferreds, puts and calls, strips and straddles and similar games—all of which are, presumably, now being run through the authors' computer.

In all his work of recent vintage—poems, plays, essays, fiction—LeRoi Jones has been trying to define a black consciousness. He is primarily addressing other black men, because he is convinced that the values and culture of the white West are irredeemably corrupt. An exception among his monochromatic broadsides against Whitey are his penetrating essays on Negro music; and his new collection, *Black Music* (Morrow), stands with A. B. Spellman's *Four Lives in the Bebop Business* as the best available guides to the black experience in the

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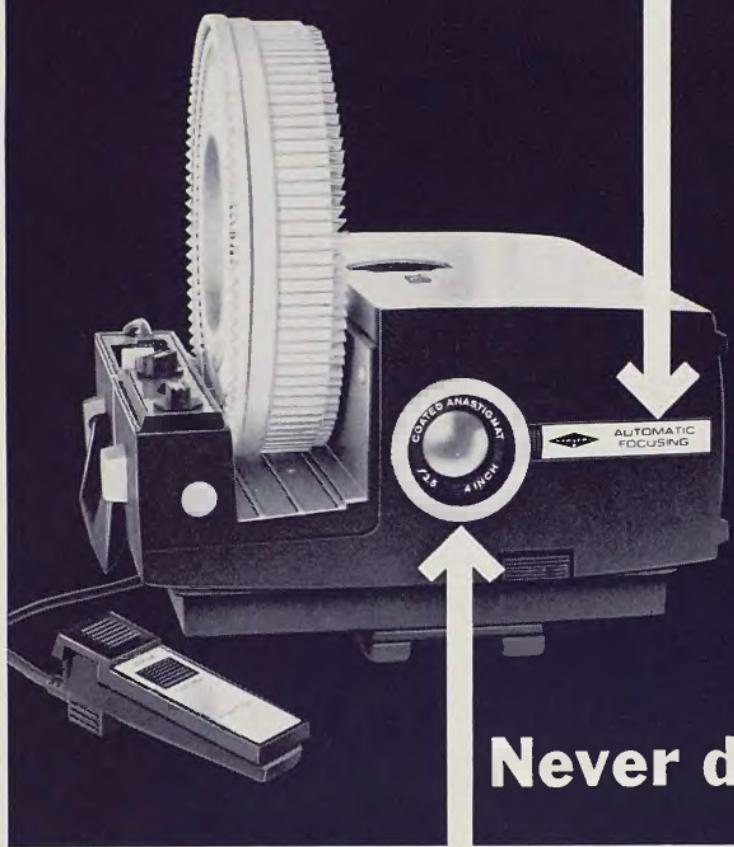
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new jazz. There are profiles of musicians, record reviews, liner notes, straight musical analysis and coruscating impressions of concerts and club scenes, from 1959 to the present. Through the years, Jones' critical prose has become much more personal, electric, rhythmically charged; and there is little stylistic or psychic distance now between Jones the poet and Jones the interpreter of black music. But it is in his poetry and fiction that he has remained an artist. His newest work of fiction, *Tales* (Grove), presents more of the painful, private Jones, in contrast with the public honky bather. In raw slices of childhood, in jagged memories of adolescence and young manhood, in the smoldering life of now, Jones has actualized the struggle of one man for self-confrontation. It is not only fiercely convincing, but it tells more of how hard it is to be black in white America than any of Jones' polemical exhortations.

As critics, Kenneth Tynan and Eric Bentley are both committed to what Bentley calls *The Theatre of Commitment* (Atheneum). In his new anthology of essays, Bentley lists the playwrights who qualify for enshrinement: "Brecht, Sartre, the social playwrights of modern England, such as John Osborne, and the new generation of German playwrights. . . ." Those who don't qualify, by his lights, are the absurdists (Ionesco, Genet), except for Beckett. To Bentley, Brecht is the great god; and in his new collection, *Tynan Right & Left* (Atheneum), Kenneth Tynan makes it clear that he agrees—not because of what Brecht says but because of how he says it. Nothing offends the two critics more than misguided messages. Reviewing Baldwin's *Blues for Mr. Charlie* and Miller's *After the Fall*, Tynan says that "each is the work of a liberal conscience in headlong flight from reason." Outside of differences in intensity of reaction (with Tynan usually the more mercurial), B. and T. seem to agree on what they see. What they write is another matter entirely. In style, they are opposites: Tynan's prose soars, glides, darts in for the kill; Bentley writes like an academician. He is in favor of insolence and outrage in theater; but when he knocks someone, you can almost see his tears of apology. "To write theater reviews," he says, "is worse than walking on eggs; it is to walk on live bodies and make them bleed." Eggs, actors, playwrights—Tynan steps on them all. *Tynan Right & Left* (several pieces from which first appeared in these pages) makes it clear that among contemporary critics, the ascerbic Englishman has no peer as phrasemaker, pun-turner and put-downer. "When you've seen all of Ionesco's plays," he writes, "you've seen one of them." After watching five productions of *The Playboy of the Western World*, he quips acidically, "It is possible



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to have too much of a good Synge." Tynan's collection, unlike Bentley's, is an omnibus package, not just on theater but on everything from ballet to buttocks. His paean to the female bottom is monumental in its cataloging of synonyms and literary allusions—a truly assiduous piece of work.

Who takes LSD, and why? What happens to them? How great a risk of serious emotional and physical harm do they run? Authoritative answers to many questions about the nature and effects of psychedelic drugs can be found in *LSD, Man & Society* (Wesleyan University), edited by Richard C. DeBold and Russell C. Leaf. A number of replies, however, necessarily prove frustrating, because they say, in effect, "We don't yet know." This volume includes papers presented by nine scientists at a Wesleyan University symposium in March 1967, as well as a transcript of tape-recorded exchanges between the experts and members of the audience. Among the authorities, the sharpest difference of opinion pitted research psychologist Frank Barron against Dr. Donald B. Louria of New York's Bellevue Hospital. Barron, while stating, "LSD is unquestionably very dangerous in some persons," believes that "in some unknown but probably considerable percentage of cases, the psychedelic drugs do lead the individual toward further exploration of consciousness *without* further use of the drugs." Dr. Louria, however, sees the unsupervised taking of LSD as a kind of Russian roulette and he asserts that when the risks are weighed against possible gains, it becomes a fool's gamble. Dr. Louria also flatly denies the claim that LSD is a potent aphrodisiac. The experts, without exception, spoke up for controlled use of the drug and for additional research as a basis for intelligent legislation. They were critical of the tendency in the mass media to glamorize the hallucinogenic drugs, particularly for the young. An old axiom expresses the book's message about LSD: It's not what we don't know that kills us; it's what we know that isn't so.

MOVIES

When a movie sets out to lampoon war, war heroes and patriotism in general, as does Richard Lester's *How I Won the War*, it has to be better than just good; it must be superbly satiric to avoid the long knives of the jingoists on the one hand and the hatchets of disappointed sympathizers on the other. Unfortunately, Lester's new film is so far from even good that he is bound to get it from both sides. After the flash and panache of *A Hard Day's Night* and *The Knack*, he seems to feel that his freewheeling narrative form is appropriate to all themes and occasions; and the lamentable flattening of

the fun in his *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* apparently has not caused him to think otherwise. There is an arrogance here, a determination to be clever at all costs—but neither arrogance nor cleverness is quite the proper psychological ground for launching a bitter exposé of the stupidities and brutalities of modern warfare. Based on a novel by Patrick Ryan, the film follows the adventures of a British platoon led, ineptly, by young Michael Crawford from the rigorous desert campaign in North Africa to the crossing of the Rhine in France. Although Crawford keeps a sparrowlike eye cocked for the safest way to win the War, somehow his best-laid battle plans always end up with somebody—usually one of his own men—getting killed, and generally gorily. Even John Lennon, on temporary leave from the Beatles, dies suddenly and ingloriously in action—before he's had a chance to prove his capabilities as an actor—his guts ripped open by enemy gunfire. This may be what passes today for black comedy, and Lester obviously thinks it is; but Charles Wood's heavy-handed script, for all its iconoclastic barbs at Churchill, Montgomery, Patton, et al., is written all wrong to make it work. And Lester relentlessly stages an ultrarealistic version of combat; his men die too vividly to make the film anything but fitfully funny. Add to this an almost unintelligible sound track—even the English are said to be having difficulty understanding it—plus some color tricks that seem egregiously out of place, and the picture becomes more an experiment in tasteless exhibitionism than the scathing antiwar statement that Lester, as generously quoted in the press, apparently intended. "If I were hit by a truck tomorrow," he stated in one such interview, "I'd wish to be judged on this film." We wish him better than that.

As might be expected, the movie version of Carson McCullers' haunting novel *Reflections in a Golden Eye* misses some of the author's finely phrased insights, but for the most part, the creepier implications of her story are intact. Entangled in the tale are five characters whose seemingly monotonous lives on an Army post provide thin camouflage for a Gothic web of lust, cruelty, latent and overt homosexuality, impotence, exhibitionism, self-mutilation, fetishism and hate. Such a film belongs, of course, to its actors. Marlon Brando marshals his emotional fire power to limn a fierce portrait of wretched Major Penderton, who, as Miss McCullers put it, "had a sad penchant for becoming enamored of his wife's lovers." Despite a Deep Southern accent too authentic to be understood at times, Brando—ramrod straight and faintly prissy—doesn't miss a beat of the man's

anguish. He is a rock slowly crumbling as latent homosexuality widens the fissures in his mind. Between tantrums triggered by semi-impotence and sexual envy that extends even to his wife's stallion, he contrives chance encounters with the strange young soldier he would like to know better if he dared. The soldier (movie newcomer Robert Forster) has the odd habit of slipping into Mrs. Penderton's bedroom by night to sniff her silk lingerie while she sleeps. Though she gets off to a faltering start, Elizabeth Taylor seems ideally shrill, callow and provocative as the somewhat simple-minded wife—and that does not imply an insult to her growing talent. Brian Keith exudes warm but shaky strength as the stolid lieutenant colonel next door, a neighborly stud who satisfies every wife but his own (Julie Harris, well up to par in one of her drab/sickly roles). Where *Golden Eye* fails, its failure can be traced to director John Huston. His cast is top-chop, his script intelligent and faithful, yet many scenes have a curiously stagy air, as though he hoped to preserve the novel's elusive horror without dulling any of the Hollywood varnish. Perhaps his feeblest inspiration was to film it through a golden filter. Had Huston spent more of his energy bringing out nuance rather than star quality, this compellingly unwholesome melodrama might have been a movie of genuine distinction.

Yves Montand, Annie Girardot and Candice Bergen form a familiar French triangle in *Live for Life*, and their situation would yield precious few surprises if this were a story told in conventional style. Fortunately, director Claude Lelouch proved with *A Man and a Woman* that love is whatever a many-splendored movie can make of it. *Life* studies the *affaires de coeur* of a philandering film journalist (Montand) who forsakes his wife to keep house, briefly, with a sumptuous young American girl (Miss Bergen). When their affair doesn't last, he tries to retrieve his wife from a new life that has obviously brought back the best in her. Such a standard marital merry-go-round might lose momentum fast, but Lelouch's knowing film sense lends to every little meaning a movement all its own. Superficial though they seem at first, we begin to care about these three Beautiful People. Montand's relaxed egotism has seldom been more effective, and Annie Girardot repeatedly touches the soft core of wifely intuition as a woman who says nothing but knows all. Abed or just effervescent, Candy is dandy, too, in a role tailored to her cool beauty. The film has little dialog, but little is needed, for Lelouch unreels his pictures at a jet pace without omitting a shred of important information. During shifts of scene from Paris to Africa to Amsterdam, a rush of impressions carries



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the story along like a twirling prism catching just those crucial moments when passion begins to sizzle—or love goes strangely stale.

A self-conscious emphasis on symbolism prevents the demonic tale of *The Fox* from being as persuasive on the screen as it was in D. H. Lawrence's novella. Nonetheless, director Mark Rydell graphically projects the central idea of the work—that the male animal's natural phallic energy is a force as powerful as fate. At hand to test the theory are two young women (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood), who are getting away from it all on a remote farm, where they feel bewitched and bothered by a red fox whose "legendary cunning" depopulates their chicken coop. A fox in human form (Keir Dullea) shows up one winter night, his frosty blue eyes snapping with possibilities, and the girls soon have themselves a handyman. Sexually ambitious, he ultimately bends Anne's female responses to his will while Sandy wages a losing battle that turns out to be the death of her. Unfortunately, Rydell overdoes the atmosphere of doom and puts the phallic significance of every act—whether it be chopping a tree or cleaning a shotgun—into unmistakable italics. Several of the movie's embellishments, though, are eye openers. As evidenced in our pictorial on the film last October, there is more than enough indoor activity to explain why the windows steam up—glimpses of nudity and masturbation, a fairly explicit orgasm and a Lesbian kissing sequence that's not in the least ambiguous.

No wars, plagues or natural catastrophes occur to break the slow and steady pace of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, a drama that has few of the big moments one expects from a cinematic spectacle nearly three hours long. Filmed in Dorset by director John Schlesinger, with his photogenic *Darling*, Julie Christie, prettily assuming the attitudes of a Thomas Hardy country lass, *Madding Crowd* puts its best footage forward in Nick Roeg's superlative camerawork—a detailed, finely textured panorama of provincial life in 19th Century England. Through sheep meadows, manor houses and disreputable country fairs, a gallery of ruddy rural types passes in review, while the bleak majesty of the surrounding hills dwarfs all human aspirations. This is Hardy's home ground, certainly; but what is good for Hardy may be a handicap in making movies that grab the mind and heart as well as the eye. Julie Christie, as Bathsheba Everdene, infuses her role with charismatic appeal though she lacks the juice and color of a willful, provocative English rose whose admirers travel a thorny path. Terence Stamp, as the rakish soldier Bathsheba marries on impulse, and

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Peter Finch as the unstable Mr. Boldwood, hew to the highest standards of formula acting. But the film's surest performance is by Alan Bates as Bathsheba's rashly scorned suitor, the patient, faithful Gabriel Oak. Bates forcefully projects the rough charm and rustic nobility of the shepherd who calls himself "an everyday sort of man." In this everyday sort of spectacular, some first-class talent does everything possible to make an old-fashioned scenario a match for the scenery.

Four reigning international beauties casually strive to fill out a royal flush called *The Queens*, one of those pleasantly inconsequential omnibus comedies in which a quartet of Italian directors, with time and talent to burn, demonstrate their open-mindedness about sex. Never mind which directors; all are competent and united in their conviction that woman often plays the role of sexual aggressor. First, loose-limbed Monica Vitti shows an unexpected flair for crackpot fun as a hitchhiker and prototypical tease who slithers from car to car explaining, with gestures, all the dreadful things men try to do to a girl in a skimpy wool dress. Claudia Cardinale, as a tempestuous guttersnipe, brings some color into the life of a staid physician; while Raquel Welch—her performance enlivened a bit by voice dubbing—tires a young businessman (Jean Sorel), but makes him wonder whether all the wives of the neighborhood, including his own, aren't using their needlework as a front for love in the afternoon. Though clearly devoted to ogling its female stars, not a bad idea at all, *The Queens* has its ace in Alberto Sordi, cast as a valet-chauffeur bedeviled by his employer's wife, Capucine. Sordi wriggles delightfully through the barriers of class distinction while learning to get on with milady, who insists that her servants know their place when she is sober—but only then. This hand is very deftly dealt.

The specter of black power becomes a palpable menace in *The Comedians*, adapted by Graham Greene from his thriller about Haiti under the dictatorship of "Papa Doc" Duvalier. To avoid sticky compromises with Duvalier's regime, Dahomey, a squalid territory in West Africa (from which most of the Haitian population was brought in slave vessels), effectively impersonates Port-au-Prince and environs, while France's ace cinematographer Henri Decae spends his wizardry trapping the oppressive air of a land plagued by fear, corruption and spiritual decay. Trouble is, the movie comes slowly unglued whenever director Peter Glenville cuts away from the ruling class of thugs in sunglasses to focus on handsomer figures in the foreground, mainly Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and Alec Guinness. All are potent

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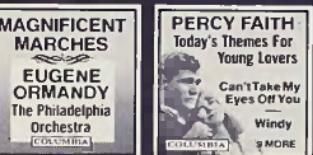
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personalities, larger than life and larger than the script that identifies them as foreigners doomed to lose the games people play on one of the world's current news fronts. Burton is a world-weary hotel owner who has lost heart for everything save sullen sexual response. "You fling yourself at me like a suicide," groans Liz, who, as the German-born wife of a British ambassador (Peter Ustinov), mangles an accent that ranges from Upper U to lower sauerkraut. So listless is their passion that languor soon seeps into every scene. And there is something amiss with a drama that allows Guinness—playing a bogus British-army type—to flee to the embassy disguised in blackface drag as a Haitian fat momma. There's a tendency to cuteness here, a need to remind us that Sir Alec is up to his old quick-change comedian's tricks. Such are the little Glenville touches that take an audience out of anxious Haiti and into showbiz.

The definitive put-down of *Camelot* during its original Broadway run was attributed to Noel Coward, who reportedly described the Lerner-Loewe musical as "longer than *Parsifal*, but not as funny." Magnified on a giant screen, with Richard Harris and Vanessa Redgrave valiantly singing their heads off as King Arthur and his faithless Guinevere—while a muscular Italian newcomer, Franco Nero, fills the space between them—the show more than ever resembles grand opera adapted for an afternoon tea dance. The splendid title song and one or two others help a little to enhance the Arthur-Guinevere-Lancelot triangle; but elsewhere, Hollywood big-think brings out the worst in Alan Jay Lerner's awkwardly told screenplay of chivalric ideals undone by infidelity. Credit producer Jack Warner with \$5,000,000 worth of sumptuous sets and royally rich costumes, all looking like rent-outs from Walt Disney's Fantasyland: nothing is omitted, save a flock of twittery bluebirds to lift the hem of Arthur's cloak when he storms into the great dark forest. Never guilty of any effect that might be called subtle, director Joshua Logan makes sure that every scene is belted out for the bleachers, every song smothered under such monstrous close-ups that an audience can easily imagine itself back at Cinerama, bobsledding into a gorge of sonorous lips, teeth and nostrils. Arthurian legend, which has survived for nearly 1400 years, will live to see better days.

RECORDINGS

A profusion of sumptuous sounds this season makes the giving and the getting of recorded bounty delightfully simple and simply delightful. Foremost and most formidable among the offerings is Westminster's two-volume, 12-LP production of *Mozart's Symphonies* performed by

the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London under the baton of Erich Leinsdorf. Although rechanneled for stereo, the recordings are sonically splendid. But for dazzling reproduction, we recommend William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra playing the nine *Beethoven Symphonies*. The eight-LP Command package is overwhelming in its aural impact. *Handel's Organ Concertos* (Archive) is yet another treat for the ear. Eduard Müller is the organist and the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis is under the direction of August Wenzinger. The five-record set is exceptional in performance and packaging. Equally engaging is *Vivaldi's "La Cetra"* (Philips)—12 concerti for strings and continuo (in this case, organ)—which features the chamber orchestra I Musici and the solo violin of Felix Ayo. The works are exquisitely perfected miniatures.

Opera aficionados are in luck this Noel. The only problem is to pick and choose from the surfeit on hand. Mozart's monumental *Don Giovanni* (Deutsche Grammophon) showcases the peerless Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Birgit Nilsson. Recorded in the city that saw the opera's premiere, Karl Böhm directs the company and the Orchestra of the Prague National Theater in a performance of the first magnitude. Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Leinsdorf conducting) and Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Jonel Perlea wielding the baton, continue Victor's practice of etching its opéras in Rome, using the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus. The former opera is highlighted by the performances of Americans Leontyne Price, Robert Merrill and Shirley Verrett; the latter, again with Miss Verrett, has the incredible Montserrat Caballé in the title role. Both albums are fine additions to any opera lover's library. Wagner devotees need not feel slighted. Deutsche Grammophon's outstanding presentation of *Die Walküre*, with Régine Crespin and Jon Vickers, has Herbert von Karajan directing the Berlin Philharmonic, and is filled with superheroics. Appropriate to the season is the Philips proffering of the complete *St. Matthew Passion* by Bach. It is a triumph on all levels. Eugen Jochum conducts the Concertgebouw Orchestra and the principal roles are sung by Ernst Haefliger and Walter Berry. Included in the album are reproductions of 13 Rembrandt drawings of the Passion story. All in all, a beautiful presentation.

The potpourri of recorded miscellany to help celebrate the holidays is both diverse and diverting. There is Caedmon's album of avant-garde playwright Eugene Ionesco's *The Chairs*, starring Siobhan McKenna and Cyril Cusack, with the author as the noncommunicating Orator. It is farce suffused with stunning tragedy. *Allen Ginsberg Reads Kaddish / A 20th Century American Ecstatic Narrative Poem* (Atlantic)

—a poignant and provocative hymn to life and death, highly personal yet universal in statement—cannot leave one untouched. *Carl Sandburg Sings His American Songbag* (Caedmon) is a fine distillation of the late historian-poet-balladeer's love of this country's musical antecedents. His husky stage whisper of a voice is the perfect vehicle for his material. An album to quicken the pulse is *The World of Flamenco* (Mercury), performed by The Romeros, a marvelously facile guitar-playing family, and singer Maria Victoria. A chorus provides the necessary singing, dancing and finger snapping that accompany true flamenco. Here, also, are two García Lorca poems, recited by Celedonio Romero, that capture the innate melancholy of Spain. Capitol has kept the pop fan firmly in mind this Christmas with giant-sized goodies consisting of a number of the best LPs by some of its star performers. *The Jackie Gleason Deluxe Set*, a three-LP package, finds The Round One in variegated formats—twin string orchestras, twin brass aggregations and an orchestra set up in the usual fashion. Featured soloists are trumpeter Pee Wee Erwin and tenor man Charlie Ventura. *The Beach Boys Deluxe Set*, another three-LP compendium, is made up of *Pet Sounds*, *Summer Days* and *The Beach Boys Today! Groovy*.

Nancy Wilson continues her winning ways on *Lush Life* (Capitol). The charting chores are divided among Billy May, Oliver Nelson and Sid Feller, who provide plush backgrounds for Miss Wilson's silk-smooth warbling. *Midnight Sun*, *When the World Was Young* and *Sunny* are on Nancy's agenda and they alone are worth the price of admission.

Stan Getz may be heard in an unusual setting on *Voices* (Verve). The voices referred to in the title are in a chorus that augments Getz' usual rhythm section (a group that here contains such jazz notables as Herbie Hancock, Jim Hall and Ron Carter). Getz waxes lyrical on the likes of *Nica's Dream*, *I Didn't Know What Time It Was* and *Where Flamingos Fly*, and makes listening a positive pleasure.

Limpid and lucid jazz floats from *MJQ Live at the Lighthouse* (Atlantic). John Lewis and Company tackle a couple of originals by the pianist, another pair by vibist Milt Jackson, two standards (*What's New* and *The Shadow of Your Smile*) and *Intima*, a tone poem by Yugoslavian composer Miljenko Prohaska. The MJQ's ability to successfully combine creativity and discipline is nowhere more apparent than on this disc.

Joe Turner and T-Bone Walker, both blues titans of the past, prove themselves very much with it on their respective BluesWay albums, *Singing the Blues* and



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Stormy Monday Blues. With jazz pianist Patti Bown filling the shoes of the late Pete Johnson, Big Joe ably updates some of his own classics, including *Roll 'Em Pete* and *Big Wheel* (the "Hi-ho Silver" song). Walker, whose recording career began in 1929, unleashes a modern, Latin-soul sound on such numbers as *I Gotta Break Baby* and the instrumental *Flower Blues*.

Fitting and proper for the season and a joy to the ear is the Crossroads pressing of Benjamin Britten's *A Ceremony of Carols* (with Bohumil Kulinský conducting the Prague Radio Children's Chorus and harpist Libuše Váchalová) and Arthur Honegger's *Christmas Cantata* performed by the Czech Philharmonic Chorus, the Kühn Children's Chorus, and the Prague Symphony Orchestra under Serge Baudo (Jindřich Jindrák is the baritone; Jaroslav Tvrzský, the organist). The works, contemporary yet deeply rooted in tradition, have the timeless quality about them that invites repeated listenings—especially as interpreted here.

Lush and lovely are the words for Antonio Carlos Jobim's new LP, *Wave* (A&M). The brilliant Brazilian plays piano, guitar and harpsichord in front of a string-loaded full-sized orchestra. The tunes are his own and relatively unknown (but obviously not for long), and the orchestrating by conductor Claus Ogerman is right up Antonio's alley. Jobim has only one vocal—on *Lamento*—delivered in his *sotto voce* style.

THEATER

Harold Wonder (Jerry Orbach), the hero of Bruce Jay Friedman's first play, *Scuba Duba*, thinks of himself as a "warm, glandular human being," an expert on pressure points and erogenous zones and a liberal on racial matters. Actually, Harold is a flop—even on erogenous zones. He and his wife have rented a villa on the Riviera, and as the play begins, she has run off with a scuba diver, a Negro scuba diver. His masculinity challenged, his liberalism put to the crucial test, Harold responds by blowing his cool. "Spade frogman" is the nicest thing he calls the diver, and his other epithets would make Lester Maddox blanch. Desperate for commiseration, he phones his mother in New York and an analyst friend in France (who comes running over with a fat tart in tow) and finally settles down to converse with the girl (Brenda Smiley) in the villa next door. While wearing a tiny bikini that keeps threatening to disappear, she regales him with wild tales of her Candyish sex life. This is a grab bag of a play, not so different except in language from many Broadway comedies

and a cut below Friedman's black-comic novels. It stoops, too often, for the easy laugh and the "in"-name drop. In the second act, however, Friedman gets down to business—the business of showing up Whitey. The wife returns—with two Negroes: the sassy scuba diver (who is Harold's wish fulfillment of a cuckold) and the real rival, a mild-mannered poet named Ambrose. This loss of a target unnerves Harold, until the poet coughs. "He's colored and he's coughing," says Harold, and with true Friedmanish logic, he accuses, "He's a colored cougher!" Novelist Friedman is still a playwright-in-progress, but his star is a fully formed comic. Charging around the villa in a floppy bathrobe, waving a scythe to ward off future invaders like Father Time in a fit of paranoia, Orbach captures the essence of the hapless Harold, the self-made loser whose only real weapon is his tongue. At the New Theater, 154 East 54th Street.

Harold Pinter's first full-length play, *The Birthday Party*, was a critical and commercial failure when it was first produced in London in 1957. Since then, Pinter has happened; he is an influence, and the play is now on view in New York. But his concerns and devices are the same today as then: the lurking fears in everyday life (what he calls the "weasel under the cocktail cabinet"), his use of pauses, ritual, repetition, the skip-beat dialog ("Madam, you look like a tulip." "What color?"). *The Birthday Party* is about an English seaside boarding-house. All we see at curtain is a gray, dingy living-dining room; the insanity is all subsurface; the room is filled with Pinterish portent. The landlady (Ruth White) asks her husband, more out of habit than concern, how he likes his cornflakes—"Nice?" Very nice. Her mind is on other things, such as their only boarder, Stanley (James Patterson), a slothful former pianist and current dropout who is completely turned off and turned inside himself. Enter Goldberg and McCann, the one hearty, the other taciturn, both exuding malevolence. Who are they? Gangsters? Stanley seems to know them. Or does he? Hints, allusions, omens. It is only clear that whoever they are, they have come to get Stanley (for what crime—being Stanley?). They give him a birthday party, although he protests that it is not his birthday, it is his doomsday. The two toy with him, taunt him and finally lead him off stage to an unknown but frightful fate. The production is an all-American one, better than one might expect (the accents are all in place), but not really good enough. Alan Schneider's direction is sure but slow-footed. There is a curious lassitude through at least the first act, which is no way to feel about a comedy of menace. Part of the problem, of course, is with the play: It is simply not as richly

characterized nor as grimly humorous as *The Caretaker* or *The Homecoming*. It is Pinter pure, but it is also Pinter plain. The playwright has grown since his *Birthday Party*. At the Booth, 222 West 45th Street.

Nobody knows which one is which. Immemorable, expendable, peripheral and nearly interchangeable, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern float around the edges of Elsinore. Are they conspirators? Pawns? When word returns to Denmark that *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, no one gives them a second thought, because no one gave them a first thought. With all Shakespeare for the plundering, Tom Stoppard, in an act of incredible audacity, has elected to steal the lowly R. & G., thereby creating a marvelous piece of theater, a play that is funny, tragic, lyrical, stimulating and thought-provoking. As Stoppard sees them, before R. & G. are dead, they are led. They are fools who are pulled from one situation to another, never knowing what they are doing or why they are doing it. Like Beckett bums, they loll around the stage waiting for someone to notice them. To pass the time, they indulge in word plays, toss coins, describe the scenery ("a nice bit-of planking") and try to figure out what's the matter with their old school chum Hamlet—besides the fact that his mother has married his uncle right after his father's death. "He's depressed," says R. to G., or is it G. to R.? Their wait is interminable, the tedium intentional. Finally, the scream to the wings, "We know you're out there. Come out talking!" Enter Claudius and Gertrude, brushing past R. & G. as if they were potted plants. "Why can't we go by them?" asks one. But of course they can't go by anyone, and since they haven't seen *Hamlet*, they don't know what's going to happen. They are minor players, inconsequential, with no free will, little men destined to be acted upon. "We don't doubt," says R. to G. "We don't question. We perform . . . without the possibility of reprieve or the hope of explanation." Stoppard's play is a disquisition on the nature of death. It is also a commentary on Elizabethan times and on itself as theater. And it is a satiric hymnlet to *Hamlet*, with delicious notes and comments on the play that is taking place mostly off stage. Derek Goldby has reproduced his English staging in America, and everything—lighting, sets, costumes—is tiptop. There are minor weaknesses in the casting (particularly the *Hamlet* players), but the leads are superb: Paul Hecht as the chief player, a sort of Mephistophelean commentator, and Brian Murray and John Wood as R. & G. Credit Shakespeare for the source material, Stoppard for the inspiration. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How does one tell a girl he loves her without sounding like the script of a Rock Hudson-Doris Day movie?—D. N., Gainesville, Florida.

If you mean it, your sincerity will come through loud and clear. Few people have difficulty distinguishing between real life and most movies.

In many bars, liquor bottles are spout capped for fast—and accurate—service. Isn't the quality of the liquor impaired when the bottle is left open?—J. S., Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

Not noticeably. Some slight evaporation of alcohol may take place, but the amount lost won't be sufficient to appreciably weaken the spirit.

A month ago, my wife and I were divorced—after two years of marriage. I realize that the only way to overcome my pain and resume living again is to begin dating. But it's hard for me to get started; I feel shy with girls I don't know well. In my bachelor days, I was quite extroverted and sexually active. Do you think marriage and divorce have permanently damaged my personality?—H. V., Portland, Oregon.

No. Shyness is common among newly divorced persons, as Morton M. Hunt points out in "The World of the Formerly Married": "Although dating is the necessary means to a desired end, the [formerly married person] views his first dates with uneasiness. . . . But much of the expected discomfort is due to the fear of not being able to revive and play a youthful role successfully; that fear usually vanishes with a little experience." You've been divorced only a month; it would take a broken leg longer than that to heal. In six months, you will probably be looking back on your present phase as ancient history.

I'm planning to drive through Europe next spring in a rented car. Do I have to go through the rigamarole of getting an International Driver's License, or can I just drive on my state driver's license?—N. C., San Francisco, California.

You may drive in some European countries—England, France, Switzerland and the Netherlands—with your state license, but why draw a border line to your roving? International Driver's Licenses, unlike U.S. driver's licenses, are recognized in all countries. To obtain one, all you need is a valid U.S. driver's license, two passport-size photos, signed on the front, and three dollars. For more information, visit any American Automobile Association office.

My girlfriend has a rather strange emotional hang-up on so-called obscene words. Every time we hop into bed, she starts asking me, "What are you doing?" and I'm supposed to tell her, not in polite language but in the vocabulary of the street. I know this turns her on sexually, but—perhaps because of my middle-class background—I find it repugnant. Sometimes I suspect that she needs psychiatric help; then, at other times, I wonder if my own prudery about these words indicates that I'm the one who should see a shrink. Your opinion?—M. C., California, Pennsylvania.

Relax. Each of you is overreacting, in opposite directions, to one of society's sillier taboos. According to psychiatrist Renatus Hartogs, in his new book "Four-Letter Word Games," your girl's behavior "is by no means confined to persons so severely disturbed as to require psychiatric aid. On the contrary, [this] attitude . . . is endemic to our culture." We suggest that you and your girl curl up with a good book—namely, Dr. Hartogs' entertaining and enlightening volume—and then freely ventilate your feelings about this issue. You'll probably realize that you're both engaged in a kind of antic semantics that deserves a good laugh, not a flight to Freud, and that one of you can conquer your hang-up easier than the other. If both of you are so rigid and compulsive about the matter that a compromise cannot be reached, then by all means go together to a professional counselor.

How do Mylar, polyester and acetate recording tapes differ?—D. P., Southfield, Michigan.

Acetate is cheaper than Mylar and polyester and is generally used for sounds that are retained temporarily; acetate usually becomes brittle after a year or two and eventually may crack. Both Mylar and polyester are superior tapes, about equal in quality, and should be used for permanent recordings.

Ordinarily, being rich is not a problem. As a college student in the South, I meet all kinds of girls and have no trouble snowing most of them. I just pour them some Chivas Regal, sit around in a \$50 sweater listening to my \$800 stereo and wait for them to race me to bed. But my money has all but ruined me with one sweet, beautiful goddess I think I'm in love with. She won't even go out with me. My roommate heard her say, "I wouldn't date that spoiled aristocrat for anything!" What bugs me is that this is the kind of girl I want to marry. It may not be she, but I want my wife to be

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someone like her, and I'm afraid her feelings may be shared by other girls with principles, morals and standards. What can I do to change my image? My roommate suggested I switch to dungarees, a transistor radio and beer. I told him to go to hell. Can you give me better advice?—R. C. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

Judging from the tone of your letter, you could wear rags and carry a beggar's bowl and you wouldn't make it with girls who have "principles, morals and standards." First, you'd have to acquire these qualities yourself, and this would require considerably more self-renovation than a mere change in "image."

My girl and I like intimate candlelit dinners, either *à deux* or in the company of convivial companions. Can you shed light on what types of candles are correct for what occasions and, in addition, pass on a few helpful rules of candle etiquette?—A. C., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The setting up of candles is governed more by common sense than by convention. If your dinner is to be a sumptuous formal affair, dripless long white tapers add a sparkle of elegance. However, when a casual meal, such as hamburgers or pizza, is in the offing, you might want to illuminate the table with a candle set in a chianti or other wine bottle. An antique candelabrum loaded with colored candles can also lighten an occasion, but try not to let it—or the color of the candles—clash with the decor of your pad or with the color of your tablecloth. In general, candles should be friendly but functional; they'll heighten an evening, provided you don't let them steal the show.

A very attractive girl has thrown me into a quandary. She is white but claims to be totally uninterested in white men as sexual, or even dating, partners. Only Negro men attract her; and although she feels terribly guilty about it, she can't abstain from dating them. I'd like to assist this sincere and troubled girl, for her own good as well as mine (she regards me as a good friend; but since I'm white, she won't go out with me). How can I help her?—M. S., Los Angeles, California.

By persuading her to seek psychological counseling, which will presumably be aimed at eliminating her reverse prejudice (with its concomitant guilt feelings) and will enable her to enjoy other males, regardless of race. As for trying to date her yourself, cool it until she weathers this troubled period.

I am currently serving with the U. S. Army in Vietnam. Many of the shops over here sell attractive ivory pipes at



Playboy Club News



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JANUARY 1968

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Here is my application for membership in The Playboy Club. I enclose £3.30 being the Initiation Fee for charter members. I understand that the Annual Subscription for charter members will be £5.50, payable upon notification of acceptance.

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very reasonable prices. Is an ivory pipe only for show, or can I smoke it?—J. K., APO San Francisco, California.

Leave your souvenir pipe on the shelf. Ivory reacts badly to high temperatures and, should you puff a bit too heartily and overheat the bowl (poor treatment of any pipe), the chances are that a crack will develop.

For the past year or so, whenever a coed I've dated more than casually has become pinned to somebody else, I have sent her a dozen roses and an amiable "no-hard-feelings" card. Several of my friends have questioned this practice, contending that it is likely either to embarrass the girl or to enrage her boyfriend. I prefer to think of it as a gentlemanly gesture that adds a touch of class to the drab undergraduate world. What say you?—L. W., Austin, Texas.

We don't think embarrassment or rage is particularly pertinent (if either occurred in excess, you'd surely have heard about it by now). We do think you ought to take another look at this practice of yours to see if it may be part of a personality that is failure prone. The undergraduate world would be even less drab if you sent the roses in time to win a victory, rather than to celebrate a defeat.

I'm baffled by the various numerical markings, such as 6 x 30, found on binoculars. Inquiries to local merchants bring vague answers. Can PLAYBOY help? —G. S., Key West, Florida.

We'd be pleased to bring this subject into focus. Taking your own example, the 6 indicates that the viewing field is being magnified 6 times; therefore, an object 1200 feet from you appears to be only 200 feet away, as seen through the glasses. The second number, 30, is the diameter of each front (objective) lens in millimeters. The smaller this number, the wider the field of vision, and vice versa.

This may strike you as odd, but my relatively active sex life is occasionally disturbed by the fear that I may fall victim to a type of physical trap I have read about and heard stories of from friends. As I understand it, it is possible for the muscles surrounding a woman's vagina to spasmodically contract during intercourse, thus holding the penis captive. This could be very painful—and humiliating if outside aid were required to effect release. I keep wondering whether next time it will happen to me. I have seen, as I said, references to this phenomenon, but never an authoritative discussion of it. Can such a thing happen; and if so, what can be done about it?—R. G., Portland, Maine.

Penis captivus, a well-known phenomenon among canines, is impossible

in humans, because the soft tissue of the vulva is not capable of holding the male organ tightly enough to lock it in. Moreover, the presence of humiliation, pain or fear during intercourse would almost inevitably cause a loss of erection and thus permit the penis to escape. In spite of the widespread acceptance of this myth, there are no authenticated medical records to support it.

Here's my problem: A bachelor friend has decided to tie the knot. A few of us would like to throw a party for him. We don't expect it to be a ribald affair, but we'd like to show him a good time and we certainly don't want him to spend any money during the evening. We had planned to invite a group of his friends, including the guys who are part of the wedding party. The catch is this: His brother is the best man and he, after checking an etiquette book, is insisting that such an affair must be in the form of a bachelor dinner, paid for by the groom. At present, our plans are stilled. How can we have the party without causing friction? Is such a party in good taste, or is the best man correct? Would it be all right to ask everyone attending (except the groom) to contribute toward expenses?—B. Y., Green Bay, Wisconsin.

According to a strict reading of etiquette rules, the best man is correct: The bachelor dinner is given at the groom's expense, with the best man making all the arrangements. Many men, however, prefer to throw a dinner party for the groom, with one person picking up the tab (the best man is a likely candidate) or the guests sharing equally. There's no reason your group can't do the latter—unless the best man stubbornly continues to object. We suggest you talk to him again, pointing out that etiquette books should be read as guides to reasonable behavior, not as compendiums of unbreakable commandments. And tell him we said so.

The miniskirts in my office have become so numerous and so short that I find myself distracted from work. Any advice on how to adjust to the situation?—R. P., New York, New York.

Sorry, we're too distracted by the miniskirts in our own office to concentrate on an answer.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



The case for a champagne party.

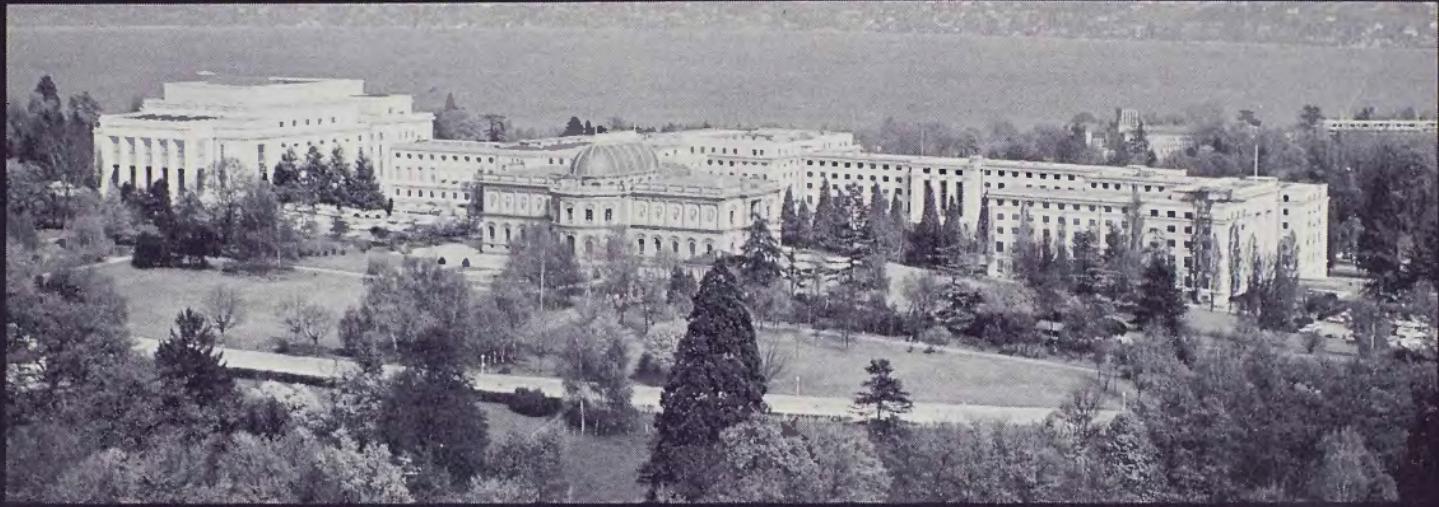
1. By serving champagne at a party, you automatically show a certain amount of dash. Guests get into the spirit of things, fast.
2. What's more, none of your guests will be served a bad drink. Nobody's ever mixed a bad glass of champagne.

3. You don't even need a champagne pocketbook. If the champagne you serve is Lejon, Extra Dry or Pink, you'll probably spend less for beverages than you would for an ordinary cocktail party.

4. In short, you can sum up the case for a champagne party in one word: Lejon. Mention it to the man at your package store next time you're looking for an entertaining idea.



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Progress

Dare we say that the United States has always found it easier to make wider, longer cars than to make better ones? Maybe this is why the leading American automobile magazine *Car and Driver* described the BMW 1600 as "the best small sedan we ever drove". May we recommend a test drive?



For sheer driving pleasure — BMW

You've already got a towel from the Negresco in Nice.

You've got a pepper-grinder from Bern's in Stockholm.

You've got a cabin key from the "United States".

You've got a tumbler from the Casa Carioca at Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

You've got an ash-tray from the Swiss Chalet in New York.

You've got a coat-hanger from the Giannino in Milan.

You've got a menu from the Hotel Pitrizza on the Costa Smeralda.

You've got a blotter portfolio from the Okura Hotel in Tokyo.

You've got a corkscrew from the Bear at Sumiswald.

You've got an oil-and-vinegar set from Los Caracoles in Barcelona.

AND NOW YOU WANT TABLE SILVER FROM SWISSAIR?

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT. And for noticing that our tableware is silver. That our plates and cups are china.

We hate eating off plastic. And putting aluminium spoons in our mouth. And drinking Whisky out of synthetic cups.

We're down on mass tourist traffic. Ourselves, we have nothing but individual guests. We love details. We love *la différence*. We're glad Switzerland has both glaciers and palm trees.

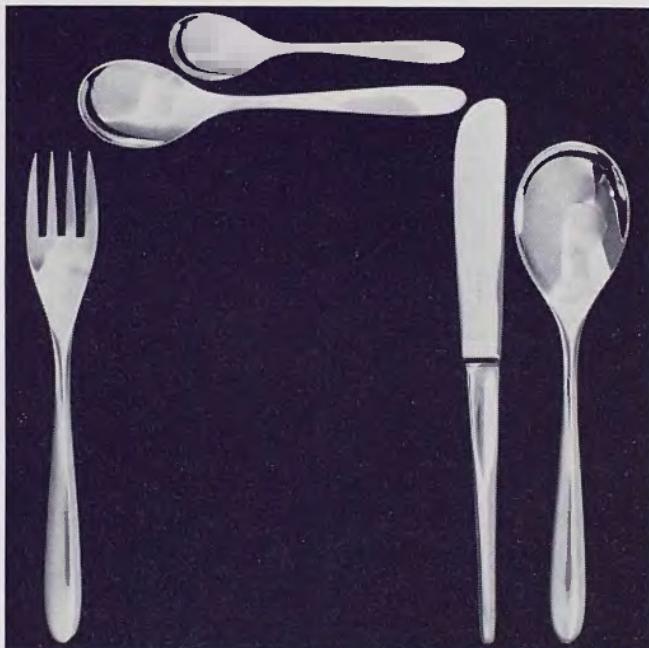
We feel lucky to be

a small country. But with lots of air space, so that all the people who won't consent to be mass tourists can come our way.

We're convinced the greatest experiences can't be organised. You have to find them for yourself. And that young people especially have realised this.

We may not be quite in step with the times. But perhaps we're so damned old-fashioned that before long we'll be coming round again.

Nothing we can do about it.



What was it we were about to say?

Oh, yes. We'd have loved to make you a present of a Swissair silver place setting. But having 2.4 million guests a year, we should have to give away 2.4 million knives, forks, spoons, and demitasse spoons. That's just plain too many.

And then again if you simply helped

yourself, you'd disappoint your hostess. Has she deserved that of you?

How about this? On your next Swissair flight, order a setting from the stewardess. A memento of your previous flight. An anticipation of your next-but-one. With

Swissair.

Be a sport, send us the coupon. So that we'll know roughly how many hundred thousand settings to order.

I like your individual silver place settings, and would enjoy owning one. I warn you, on one of my next flights with Swissair I shall order one or several. Kindly take note.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

YOU CAN STILL beat the crowds to a region whose cosmopolitan cities and white-sanded strands are destined to make it a major retreat for the international set: South America's mid-Atlantic coast. Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina have been quietly constructing elegant tourist facilities to keep pace with the area's increasing popularity; plan to jet there before the big ballyhoo begins.

As a jumping-off point for your coastal excursion, head for Rio de Janeiro, probably the world's most spectacularly beautiful metropolis. Situated on Guanabara Bay, Rio is subdivided by the cone-shaped Serra do Espinhaço mountains, which in places reach all the way to the water's edge. Getting into the social swim will hardly prove a problem: Rio's favorite sport is sunning itself, and it does so daily at Copacabana, most popular of the city's 16 beaches. Daughters of industrialists spend most days of the week sun-bathing, and from noon till two on weekdays, the city's secretarial set also changes into the briefest of bikinis and camps on the beach for lunch.

Once you're on sociable terms with a shapely *senhorita*, make the proper advance: Ask her to cocktails and dinner. For traditional Brazilian specialties, visit the Churrascaria Jardim or Bahianinha, both in the Copacabana area. Dinner done, you'll next want to sample the city's myriad after-dark *divertissements*. Until recently, Rio's late-evening entertainment consisted almost exclusively of intimate bossa-nova boîtes and small jazz galleries, but night clubs are beginning to appear on the scene; two of the most lavish floorshows in the city are staged at the Top Club and Rio 1800. (For further pointers on getting around town, see *The Girls of Rio*, PLAYBOY, February 1966.)

After a few days in Rio, continue your tour southward by air-hopping to Montevideo, Uruguay's sophisticated and relatively affluent capital. Uruguayans are big beefeaters, and for less than a dollar, one can enjoy the nation's most-favored dishes: *carbonada* (meat stew with rice), *parrillada* (a mixed grill) and *puchero* (beef with vegetables, sausages, beans and bacon). After lunch, Montevideo's social pace setters either bask in the sun or imbibe leisurely in one of the many bars along the Rambla, the main drive lining the city's beaches. Sportsmen will especially enjoy their stay: The waters off Montevideo—and down to Punta del Este—are rated by the International Fish Bureau as the best angling area in the world; dorado, the local game fish, supply fishermen with challenging afternoons.

Montevideo also offers an excellent golf course, two thoroughbred race tracks, two gambling casinos, and hunting preserves for wild boar, partridge and duck.

Life in Punta del Este, an oceanside resort 85 miles east of Montevideo, is no less sybaritic. After a few hours of beach time, you should be able to befriend a companionable Uruguayan; make an early date with her—in Latin America, around nine P.M.—before adjourning for an afternoon siesta. Begin your evening with a visit to one of the resort's two government-operated gambling casinos, located in the luxurious Hotel San Rafael and the Nogaro. Most of Punta del Este sits down to supper at midnight: When you finish dining at two in the morning, take your Latin bird in hand and repair to a night club such as I Marangatu (for pop-music pandemonium) or El Carrousel (for a more sedate floorshow and dancing). Cap off the evening at 5:30 with breakfast for two before returning to your hotel—or her apartment. After three days of good living, even the most seasoned traveler will need his batteries recharged.

You won't have much opportunity to rest up in the electric atmosphere of Buenos Aires, however, for Argentina's capital, an hour's flight west of Punta del Este, is as action-oriented as any Latin metropolis. The biggest city in Latin America, Buenos Aires is beautified by hundreds of parks, tree-lined boulevards—and *confiterias* (tearooms) into which Argentinians crowd late every afternoon to chat with friends or meet with lovers; four of the best known are the Petit Café and Del Aguila (where the moneyed social set convenes), Richmond and McGregor's. After dinner, explore the city's vivid and varied night life. For traditional Argentine dance music and stage shows, visit Achalay Huasi or Mi Rincon. Buenos Aires' most famous night spot is the Teatro Maipo, whose comely chorines account for its inordinate popularity. And at evening's end, the elegant Queen Bess will prove perfect for a nightcapping tête-à-tête.

As a final stop, fly 250 miles south to Mar del Plata, Argentina's answer to Punta del Este. Located on a faultless five-mile stretch of beach, Mar del Plata—aided by the pulling power of its gambling casino (the world's largest)—is mushrooming into a tourist center. But again, this is true for the entire mid-Atlantic strip of South America—and development of the coast has scarcely started.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

Now, from world-famous Sony, the perfect playmate for your record player—the new Sony model 250 solid state stereo tape recorder. With a simple, instant connection to your record player, you add the amazing versatility of four track stereo recording and playback to complete your home entertainment center. Create your own tapes from AM, FM or FM Stereo receivers, or live from microphones—up to 6 1/4 hours of listening pleasure on one tape! This beautiful instrument is handsomely mounted in a low-profile walnut cabinet, complete with built-in stereo recording amplifiers and playback pre-amps, dual V.U. meters, automatic sentinel switch and all the other superb features you can always expect with a Sony.

All the best from Sony for less than \$149.50.

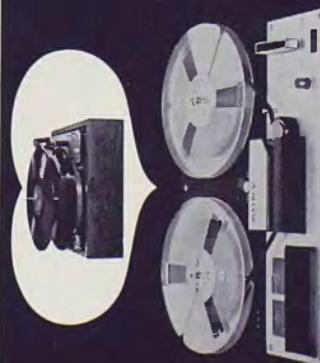
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Will the portable radio you plan to buy play your favorite records?

If your answer to our question was "no," maybe you should change your plans.

Maybe you should plan to buy the Panasonic Swing-Way instead.

At first glance the Swing-Way is a beautifully designed black and silver FM/AM portable radio.

It fools you.

Because this Swing-Way is like something out of a James Bond movie.

You push a little button and out drops a 2-speed portable phonograph.

It has a special device called Panasonic

Auto-Set™ So when you set your record on the turntable it will automatically change to the correct record speed (45, 33 1/3 r.p.m.) you're playing.

We made it Solid State—and that tells you it will last.

It has a 4" Dynamic speaker along with built-in FM/AM antennas and continuous tone control and that tells you it will sound great outdoors where a lot of other portables can't compete with birds and bees and surf sounds.

You'll have to admit that the Swing-

Way is really quite an unusual set and you haven't even heard the most unusual part yet—that's the price. It's \$79.95* (suggested list price). And that includes 6 Hi-Top Panasonic "D" batteries and an earphone jack.

The Swing-Way, Model SG-610, is worth checking into. And you can do that by going to any dealer who is authorized to carry the Panasonic line.

Ask if you can see the new Panasonic Swing-Way—or as we like to call it—The first portable radio that is capable of playing requests.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

DECENT DERRIÈRE

Charles Reagan claims that my rear was exposed to the viewing public in the film *Ulysses* (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Anyone who saw my "naked backside" in this film must have extraordinary hindsight. My behind was at all times clothed in at least a pair of trunks, and I revealed no more of my bottom than does any Olympic sportsman engaged in the lesser sports of high jumping or pole vaulting.

Joe Lynch
London, England

Our apologies to Mr. Lynch, who played the part of Blazes Boylan with distinction—and was at least partially clothed at all times, even as he leaped upon Molly Bloom in the bedroom scene. The naked backside shown in "Ulysses" belonged to T. P. McKenna, who played the role of Buck Mulligan. Letter writer Charles Reagan gives his source as Time magazine, which reported a conversation between an unnamed 20th Century-Fox executive and the Reverend Patrick J. Sullivan, director of the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. The Fox executive erroneously reported viewing Mr. Lynch's bottom to Father Sullivan, who apparently decided, without having seen it, that it was not pruriently stimulating.

PHILOSOPHICAL BULLDOZER

Robert Wicker's letter concerning my book *When Sex Is Illegal* was a joy to me (*The Playboy Forum*, August). Unfortunately, books, unlike movies, can't give credit to all those responsible for their creation. My book is merely following the path blazed by the knowledge-powered bulldozer of Hugh M. Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*. Furthermore, it was an inquiry from the Playboy Foundation about one of my client's cases that prompted me to put my thoughts on sex and the law into book form. When one is working in the vineyards of *The Playboy Philosophy*, one is blessed with luck; I found a good publisher and editor. The rest is history.

Jerry B. Riseley
Attorney at Law
Toluca Lake, California

THE DEATH PENALTY

Your editorial reply to Sharon Manrum's inquiry regarding capital punish-

ment was an excellent presentation of pertinent facts (*The Playboy Forum*, September). Many of us who are directly concerned with capital punishment are aware of the logical contradiction between the death penalty and modern penology. In recent years—since the penological mind has achieved some semblance of maturity—emphasis has been placed on the nonpunitive rather than the punitive. The aim of criminological treatment is rehabilitation, not destruction. Capital punishment is inconsistent with this philosophy, since it seeks only to destroy, based on the dubious biological theory of race purification à la Hitler.

Penology cannot continue to declare an interest in rehabilitation and at the same time conduct blood purges. As Presiding Fellow D. E. J. MacNamara of the New York Institute of Criminology says, the death penalty "brutalizes the entire administration of criminal justice."

Stan Showalter
Department of Classification
and Treatment
Indiana State Prison
Michigan City, Indiana

THE SODOMY FACTORIES

Having served one year in prison, I want to add my testimony to that of the other ex-cons who have recently written to *The Playboy Forum* about rampant homosexuality in the pen. I saw more perverted acts during my imprisonment than the average citizen witnesses in his lifetime.

The irony is that if I had been arrested, tried and convicted a few miles farther east, I would have been in Mississippi, where visits by my wife would have been permitted. What kind of a Great Society is this, where only one state has enough sense to allow a convict to lead a normal heterosexual life, while the 49 others virtually force him into abnormal acts?

Segregating a convict from his spouse is not only degrading to the husband but it also puts the wife through hell—and she hasn't even committed a crime. Is this rehabilitation?

(Name withheld by request)
Bossier City, Louisiana

The ex-cons who have written to you about homosexuality in our prisons are telling the truth; and John F. Okel, the

**Take
it
from
the top.**



California Youth Authority official who said that homosexuality cases were rare, was handing you a snow job (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Four and a half of my 18 years were spent in either Paso Robles School for Boys or Preston School of Industry. I saw more perversion in both places than Kinsey ever heard of. What else can one expect when adolescent boys—their sex drive at its peak—are deprived of all female contact? Those who won't admit that homosexuality is inevitable under these circumstances are either hypocrites or crazy.

Incidentally, I spent four and a half years in these hellholes for committing just one crime (although I did commit it several times)—running away from home.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

ADULTERY: PRO AND CON

How I pitied the misguided woman from Detroit whose letter, "Stepping Out for Fun and Profit," appeared in the October *Playboy Forum*. How terrible not to be able to keep up with the Joneses! So terrible that she simply had to go out and sell her poor, frail, underprivileged body so she and her weakling husband could pay the mortgage on a new house. How sick!

Mrs. R. J. Herbach
San Bernardino, California

At least 50 percent of the employed men and women in America today are prostitutes. They sell their bodies or their minds on jobs that are socially useless, personally meaningless and often detrimental to the survival of life on this planet. The only thing that distinguishes Mrs. Middle Class Detroit from the others is her guts and her honesty; she stands up and tells the truth about all of us when she says, "I'm a whore."

Hugh Crane
New York, New York

The woman in Detroit is doing what any sensible, nonsuperstitious human being does. Faced with problems, one finds a practical solution and then continues to live. May she always have as much fun as she seems to be having now.

Arthur L. Purchase
St. Louis, Missouri

I was revolted by the letter from the married woman who engages in extramarital relations not only for pleasure but for money. If this couple understood what marriage was all about, she would have been repelled at the thought of doing this and her husband would never

(continued on page 63)

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

BIRTH-CONTROL INJECTION

NEW YORK—"Conception control can effectively be achieved . . . by the cyclic injection of a long-acting progestin-estrogen combination administered once a month," declared Dr. Arturo Esquivel of Western Pennsylvania Hospital at a symposium of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. In a two-year study of 73 women, an experimental once-a-month contraceptive injection proved 100 percent effective.

EASY PILL TO SWALLOW

BONN—A German government report reveals that illegitimate births, which accounted for 20 percent of all births immediately after World War Two, are now down to 4.5 percent. The cause, according to the Family Affairs Ministry: the oral contraceptive. "We welcome a reduction in illegitimate births by whatever means," stated Family Minister Bruno Heck, endorsing the pill.

CLASH AMONG CATHOLICS

VATICAN CITY—Delegates to the Third World Congress of the Lay Apostolate adopted a resolution opposing the Church's ban on artificial means of birth control. The resolution said, "The choice of the means to prevent a new conception should be left to the conscience of the married couple with due consideration of medical, psychological, economic and sociological insights." The 2500 delegates, who approved the resolution, represent Roman Catholic laymen of 103 countries.

Earlier, Pope Paul VI had cautioned the delegates against asserting independence from the Roman Catholic clerical hierarchy. "Anyone who attempts to act without the hierarchy or against it in its role as father of the family could be compared to the branch that atrophies, because it is no longer connected with the stem that provides the sap," the Pope said in a speech to the Congress. Changing metaphors, the Pope then described the rebel against the hierarchy as "only a trickle of water, cutting itself off from the great mainstream, and ending miserably by sinking into the sands." Pope Paul has for some time maintained that any decision on the morality of birth control is his alone to make.

SWEDISH ABORTION-LAW REVIEW

STOCKHOLM—With the purpose of proposing "reforms and liberalization of Swedish abortion laws," a team of eight Swedish members of Parliament is conducting government-sponsored studies of abortion legislation in Poland and Czechoslovakia, according to The New York Times. The committee was set up after a national furor over revelations

that Swedish women were enjoying holidays in Poland, the "package price" of which included an abortion. Swedish law permits abortion "when it can be assumed, considering the conditions of life of the woman and other circumstances, that her physical or mental strength will be seriously impaired by the birth and care of the child." Polish law permits an abortion at the request of the pregnant woman, requiring an oral declaration of her "difficult social situation" as justification. In Czechoslovakia, the law allows abortion for a number of reasons deemed "worthy of special consideration," such as the mother's age, husband's disability, size of family and pregnancy out of wedlock.

Similar reviews of abortion laws are under way in Finland and Denmark.

FDA COMMISSIONER ON POT LAWS

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS—In a radio interview at Harvard University, Dr. James L. Goddard, commissioner of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, suggested that marijuana is not as dangerous as Federal narcotics laws would imply and said that the penalties for possession of pot are "inconsistent with the nature of the drug itself." Regarding charges that marijuana induces psychological dependency though it is not physically addictive, Goddard said, "Psychological dependency can occur with almost any drug." Goddard pointed out the lack of scientific information on marijuana and called for "some long-term studies of the effects" of the substance. In the same interview, he condemned LSD as "the most dangerous of the hallucinogenic drugs."

CHALLENGES TO MARIJUANA LAWS

Challenges to the constitutionality of marijuana laws are going forward in courts in California, Massachusetts, New York and Washington, D. C. In Los Angeles, Gridley Wright, conducting his own defense against a charge of possessing marijuana, requested that the judge dismiss a jury impaneled for the trial and hear the case himself on its constitutional merits. [Wright was convicted.] Joseph S. Oteri, defense lawyer in the Massachusetts trial of Ivan Weiss and Joseph D. Leis, accused of possessing marijuana, contends that the substance should not be classified as a dangerous drug under Massachusetts law, and that the penalties established for its possession violate the constitutional prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment. New York State's law making it a crime to possess marijuana for one's own personal use is being challenged by lawyer Harold J. Rothwax, acting for José Perez, who was found guilty of possession in New York

last year. Rothwax argues that the state has no power to punish a person for activities that do not interfere with or harm others. Rothwax holds that the law forbidding possession of marijuana is an abuse of police power, abridges the right of privacy and inflicts cruel and unusual punishment. The U. S. Court of Appeals in Washington, D. C., agreed to hear the case of Steven V. Scott, convicted in Washington in 1966 of possessing marijuana. Scott's lawyer, Ira Lowe, has declared that the District's law classifying marijuana as a narcotic drug is erroneous and therefore is "denying the defendant his due-process rights under the Fifth Amendment."

CHICAGO CENSORSHIP UPHELD

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS—Chicago's censorship of movies was upheld by a unanimous vote of the Illinois Supreme Court. Under this system, all movies to be shown in Chicago are reviewed by the police censor board, a panel of five women. Films rejected by this board are automatically appealed to a board of five "distinguished civic leaders." No other municipality in Illinois has a censorship ordinance.

POSTAL PANDERING

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Barely noticed amid the Congressional debate concerning the Postal Revenue and Salary Act of 1967 was an amendment aimed at prohibiting "pandering advertisements" for "erotically arousing or sexually provocative" material. [At this writing, the bill has passed the House and has been referred to the Senate Committee on Post Office and Civil Service.] If enacted into law as proposed, the bill would compel the Postmaster General to prevent the sender of so-called pandering advertisements from ever sending further mailings to any individual who complains. The determination of what constitutes pandering would be left to the sole discretion of the complainant. Violation of a cease-and-desist order by the Post Office could lead to imprisonment.

Lawrence Speiser, Washington director of the American Civil Liberties Union, told PLAYBOY: "It is clear from the legislative history that this bill is intended to cover nonobscene mail matter, because, under present law, an individual may already request that 'obscene, lewd, lascivious or indecent' matter be detained. I fully agree with Attorney General Ramsey Clark that this proposal would have a 'chilling effect upon the exercise of First Amendment rights.'"

The Washington Post commented in an editorial:

Given the complex system of American mailing lists, the effect, if not the direct intent, of this would be to put a serious crimp in the mail promotion of books, magazines and related materials. It is hardly feasible

Now those Bacardi® Party-ing playboys have invented a "Quickie" Eggnog!



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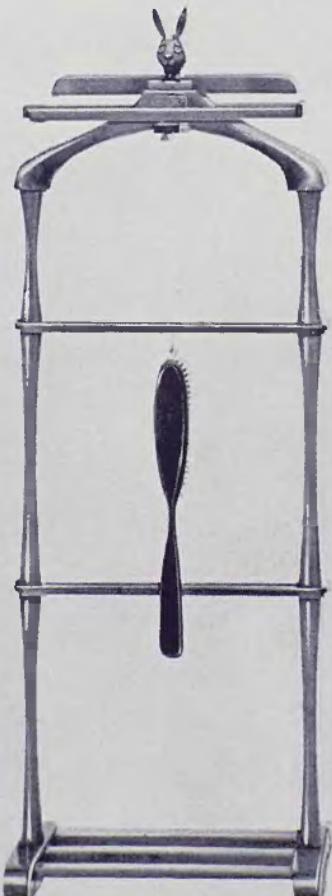
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to eliminate individual names from large mailing lists. . . .

How little the proponents of this censorship understand the constitutional principles involved can be seen from their resort to "pandering" as a handle with which to grasp what they deem improper. In the "Ginzburg" case, the Supreme Court said that the character of advertising could be considered as a factor in determining whether the advertised matter was in itself obscene. It did not, however, in any way enlarge its definition of obscenity or create a new classification of forbidden matter called "pandering advertisement." The proposed postal regulation warps and corrupts the Supreme Court ruling.

"Pandering advertisements" in the mail are an undoubted nuisance. It is not impossible to deal with them, however, in any household equipped with a trash basket or a garbage can.

Ironically, the severest critics of the amended bill are the very people who originally recommended that Congress pass legislation in this area—the postal authorities. What they wanted was a bill that, though hardly acceptable to civil libertarians, at least contained certain elementary safeguards. For example, in the Post Office version, the Postmaster General, not the complainant, would make the final decision about whether an advertisement was "pandering" (as presently written, the bill would compel the Post Office Department to take action against soap advertising, should a complainant regard soap as "erótically arousing"). Moreover, the Post Office version would have granted a jury trial, after certain administrative avenues of appeal had been exhausted. The House bill, on the other hand, allows an advertiser to be jailed without jury trial under contempt-of-court proceedings.

Not surprisingly, postal officials now regard their creation as a Frankenstein's monster run amuck. Timothy May, Chief Counsel of the Post Office Department, has described the House bill as unconstitutional. "It would destroy the mail-advertising industry," said Mr. May, "and generally place the Post Office in a state of chaos." Indeed, if the sponsors of the amendment had been undercover foes of censorship, they couldn't have done a better job of sabotaging the Post Office's big-brotherly intentions than with this mischievous bill.

"Forum Newsfront" is a monthly review of issues and events pertaining to subjects discussed in "The Playboy Philosophy" and "Forum." Readers are invited to send information about newsworthy events in their own communities to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 60)

have consented to such an arrangement. However enlightened she may think she is, she's no better than a prostitute.

Mrs. R. K. Graber
Lawton, Oklahoma

She'll regret it when she's old and realizes she sold her soul as well as her body. I've worked hard for a small salary all my life and nobody can point a finger at me now that I'm old.

(Name withheld by request)
Tulsa, Oklahoma

There are two remarks worth making about the lady in Detroit. The first was made by Jesus Christ: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." The second was by Lenny Bruce: "Any man who calls himself a religious leader and owns more than one suit is a hustler as long as there is someone in the world who has no suit at all."

Ronald Weston
San Francisco, California

After 14 years of being sexually unresponsive, my wife was aroused by another man. It was my confession of extramarital affairs that drove her to it; she sought revenge and found pure pleasure. She has now been awakened to affection and passion with me that all our years of marriage could never accomplish. Strange as it may sound, I'm grateful to my wife's lover.

(Name withheld by request)
Kent, Ohio

When I go to bed at night, I have a clean conscience. I can't imagine how a woman can carry on relationships outside of marriage and yet find that marriage and motherhood have the same wonderful meaning to her.

(Name withheld by request)
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

No matter how harmless people think infidelity is, it seems inevitable that after it occurs, one spouse will feel guilty and the other jealous. If my husband were unfaithful to me, I'd simply be miserable, believing that somehow I'd failed him.

Mrs. Sharon Cypt
Hayward, California

The institution of marriage is merely a human invention, as are the jury system, language, private property and the automobile—all of which have to adapt to new circumstances. In the 20th Century, people expect to find personal fulfillment, romantic love, dependable companionship, social standing, economic

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Barbara Rurik
Chicago, Illinois

My husband knows of and approves my affair with a married man. As a result, both my lover and I are better spouses and parents, because we are sexually satisfied. We're not robots; we have feelings that must be given proper attention. Satisfying these feelings can be good for a marriage. Life is short; let's live.

(Name withheld by request)
Darien, Connecticut

The only way my wife can be satisfied is for me to witness her having intercourse with someone else followed by my going to bed with her. I have to live with this fact; do I have to be a living corpse to satisfy conventional morality? Does my wife? Recent letters in *The Playboy Forum* have helped me feel less alone, showing me that others have problems that require unique solutions.

(Name withheld by request)
San Antonio, Texas

Hugh Hefner ought to be locked up in a nuthouse for printing in *PLAYBOY* the spewings of adulterers and whores. God will destroy you and your rotten magazine.

Alice Hindenburg
New York, New York

When I think of the thousands of loveless, sexless lives that have been sacrificed on the altar of some institution's moral code, I can't help but applaud your adventuresome letter writers who have told of their extramarital experiences. The fundamental moral question—the *real*, not the institutional, one—is two part: Is somebody helped? Is anybody hurt? It's clear to me that people who seek to enrich their lives through extramarital sex, with their partners' approval, are doing a moral thing.

Walter Fidman
Wilmington, Delaware

MY SISTER, MY LOVE

PLAYBOY is to be commended for printing in *The Playboy Forum* letters that tell of extramarital sexual relations. These letters certainly take a great burden of guilt off the shoulders of the countless individuals who, finding rigid monogamy unbearable, have formed unorthodox relationships somewhere between marriage and promiscuity—but

who think they are unique. For this reason, my story may be worth telling.

After 18 years of marriage, my wife and I agreed that I needed more than one woman to satisfy my sexual desires. My wife was able to bear this reality without neurotic jealousy. I found a woman who fit my requirements and who could also accept our unorthodox relationship. When she moved into our house, the neighbors were told she was my sister from the East. For seven years, the three of us have lived happily. The custom of taking a second wife 10 or 20 years after the first marriage was commonplace among the Plains Indians. My personal experience leads me to believe that the white man would show great wisdom were he willing to learn from his red brother on this score.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

MARRIAGE MUSEUM

Trying to convince people of the importance of sex education in the still-surviving atmosphere of puritanism is like trying to light a match in the middle of a roaring gale. But a match has finally been lit on Broadway, near Lincoln Center, in the form of New York's Museum of Courtship, Love and Marriage. The idea of such a museum was conceived in 1961 at a world medical conference in Europe, where the present director and curator, Leonard Wadler, was encouraged by scientists at the conference to establish such an institution. Many of the present exhibits were collected from various museums around the world and were offered for display at the New York World's Fair; but the idea was rejected by the Fair's president. These exhibits formed the nucleus of the Museum of Courtship, Love and Marriage.

The museum was granted its charter by the Education Department of the State University of New York and it has tax-free status. But in spite of the museum's respectability, its facade does not present a museumlike appearance. It is disguised behind a raffish storefront. "People are so shy about this subject—the subject is still under puritanical influence—that we decided to make the window more entertaining and frivolous," explains Wadler. With sex attitudes as they are today, the museum's role has to be "80 percent amusement, 10 percent education and 10 percent shocker." But, since the museum's purpose is to disseminate information, it can't afford to be too image-conscious. The window display serves its purpose by drawing people inside.

Once inside, visitors can see evidence of many of the things Hefner has discussed in his *Philosophy*—the low

position women once held and the prejudice clergymen had for so long against sex, even in marriage. Many visitors are surprised to find that the church had little part in the marriage ceremony until the 16th Century.

The museum is seeking funds from Government or foundation grants to help its expansion. But even in this fledgling state, it is unique—the world's only marriage museum. As the curator points out, "This is the one place outside the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University where this stuff is being collected." And the Indiana Institute isn't open to the public.

Nicholas Martino
New York, New York

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

William B. Mueller's letter concerning the California teacher who was suspended for conducting discussions with senior students on topics such as consumption of alcoholic beverages, smoking tobacco, the use of marijuana and LSD, premarital sex and abortion (*The Playboy Forum*, September) reminds me of the similar experience I had three years ago.

I was teaching senior English in an Upstate New York high school, where part of the school's curriculum was a unit in group discussion. My primary purpose was to give students experience in the various formats—round table, panel, forum, symposium and debate. To make the assignment interesting to the students, I allowed them to choose their own topics.

After ample preliminary planning, the various groups submitted their discussion topics to me. In addition to those mentioned in Mr. Mueller's letter, I found: integration, homosexuality and interracial marriage. Since these were the subjects the students seemed most interested in, I approved of their choices. My only stipulations were that the topics had to be thoroughly researched and presented in a mature, objective manner.

When the discussions ended, I was quite impressed by the intelligence and lack of self-consciousness demonstrated by each group. Documented facts were presented, statistics were cited and authorities were quoted in a rational manner.

Apparently, however, a couple of my students were attending religious-instruction classes where they expressed a desire to discuss topics similar to those discussed in my English class. Although I don't know what the religion instructor's reaction was, I do know that he was curious enough to call the principal and inquire about these discussions.

Naturally, I was asked by the principal to explain my unorthodox curriculum. When I told him what I was doing and why, his initial response was that sex education was not the province of the

English department. I reminded him that my students were seniors—17, 18 and even 19 years old—and that they already knew about reproduction. "We're not discussing plumbing," I argued, "we're exploring attitudes toward sex in a rapidly changing society." He countered by insisting that, as a parent, he reserved the right to instruct his own children concerning sex. "When do you expect to begin?" I asked him. "I don't know," was his reply. "Well, if you wait until they're seniors in high school," I advised him, "it'll be too late." Finally, he *ordered* me to stick to the approved curriculum as outlined in the New York State Syllabus for Secondary Schools and never to repeat such unauthorized discussions.

I agreed to obey his command, but the following year I resigned to accept a position teaching in a community college, where academic freedom is not a fiction but a fact.

Nevertheless, I deplore the puritanical stupidity of my former principal, who cannot conceive of the harm he is doing to education and the right of unrestricted inquiry by imposing a suppressive policy on the faculty and student body. I wonder if he's ever read the New York State Syllabus, which, among other works, recommends such classics as *Ethan Frome* (infidelity), *Silas Marner* (avarice, drug addiction, adultery, treason, assassination and suicide) and *Oedipus Rex* (patricide and incest). It's permissible to discuss these themes in literature, but if you dare explore them in a more dynamic and personal context, the powers will squelch you.

Fernando Valdivia
Woodstock, New York

EDUCATIONAL GAMES

As a recent high school graduate, I was impressed by Nat Hentoff's article *Youth—the Oppressed Majority* in the September PLAYBOY. I was surprised to find that much of the article applied to my own all-white, upper-middle-class high school group.

Last June, the student body refused to buy lunch, as a protest against outdated dress codes, censorship and faculty opposition to anything that wasn't traditional. This resulted in frivolous speeches from the principal and the powerless student-faculty committee. Their piece of administrative wisdom was: "Students who dress right act right."

While working on the school yearbook and the school newspaper, I discovered that censorship was bizarre. The list of taboo words was endless—and high on the list were words that might subvert young minds: sex, hippie and marijuana. Censorship also extended into the classroom. For example, several speech students produced a play that satirized the



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administration. They received an A. The following morning, the administration confiscated copies of the script and threatened to call the author into the office.

Prior to this, I had thought education was the means whereby students learned to think; however, it seems the real purpose of education is to play games—memorize the answers, keep the teacher happy and get the grades. This fall I began my first year of college, but with much doubt that there would be a difference. Your excellent article on youth has given me some hope; at least some adults are aware of this dehumanizing hoax—American education.

Carol Mitchell
Warren, Michigan

LITERATURE AND SEX EDUCATION

Today's youth are required to read literature that has no pertinence to their everyday lives. Our children should become acquainted with the changing attitudes toward sex by reading the proper books. There is no sense in having students read *David Copperfield* while bypassing *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It is also idiotic to give slum children a book such as *Ivanhoe*, which relates to nothing they have experienced. They should be reading James T. Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* or James Baldwin's *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, books that will teach them to understand their parents, their environment and themselves.

Why give students sex education from the viewpoint of hygiene exclusively? Literature has more to contribute to the correction of prejudice and unwholesome feelings than does science. Facts reach only the top level of the mind, but literature stirs one to the depths of his psyche.

Mortimer Smith
Brooklyn, New York

IS "KCUF" OBSCENE?

Not long ago, a trial in Hamilton, Ontario, almost reduced the concept of obscenity to transcendental absurdity. Four whimsical youths walked through town, each wearing a shirt emblazoned with one of the following letters: "f," "u," "c" and "k." As soon as they saw that they were being approached by a policeman, they began shifting position relative to one another, forming various combinations—such as "ckuf," "kucf" and "fcuk." They were subsequently arrested and brought before the Magistrate's Court, where they contended that their parade had been an experiment to test people's reactions to symbols and to determine whether or not obscenity is in the eye of the beholder. The court ruled that the recognizable four-letter word formed by the four youths' shirts is obscene and fined the youths \$25.

As one wit once asked, "Is the word

'duck' 75 percent obscenity?" In spite of the verdicts of our courts, is it possible that obscenity really is in the eye of the beholder and that someday obscenity trials will be thought of as the 20th Century equivalent of the witch trials of the Dark Ages?

(Name withheld by request)
Hamilton, Ontario

CDL STRIKES AGAIN

A good example of what PLAYBOY has been battling is contained in a recent *Reader's Digest* article, "Landmark Decision in the War on Pornography," by O. K. Armstrong. The conviction of Mrs. David (Polly) King for knowingly selling obscene books is told in detail. Mr. Armstrong glorifies her conviction as if it were the most important item in U. S. legal history—the Cincinnati branch of the Citizens for Decent Literature, the police and the D. A.'s office seemed to believe that they were embarking on a truly noble mission. According to the account, these individuals were dedicated and thorough in attaining their aims.

I greatly admire these qualities when they are directed toward the safety of the individual and toward those who have asked for help. But when human intelligence and perseverance destroy personal freedom, it is the worst possible human undertaking. Consider the damage these people are doing to members of their own family, who have to live in this environment of Gestapo mentality.

One of Armstrong's comments is especially striking: "Prosecutor Rueger counseled the police as to the constitutional rights of those involved and other possible legal pitfalls on the road to prosecution." I find it rather interesting that these specimens should regard the Constitution as a pitfall.

Tibor R. Machan
Goleta, California

I just finished reading an article in the September *Reader's Digest* entitled "Landmark Decision in the War on Pornography," by O. K. Armstrong. The court case, which the article praised and glorified, seemed to me a very ominous victory for the Citizens for Decent Literature. I would like the opinion of PLAYBOY's editors: Was this really an important setback for freedom or did the *Digest* exaggerate a little?

Jonathan W. Smith
Albuquerque, New Mexico

When any person in this country is given a jail sentence for selling books, we all suffer a serious setback for freedom. As for this case's being a "landmark decision," the *Digest's* title is not just an exaggeration; it is an error.

The word "landmark" has no official legal status, but it is generally understood as describing a judicial decision that establishes a precedent other courts will

follow. Because the Polly King case was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, Hamilton County's lowest court, the case would be influential only if affirmed by a higher branch of the judiciary; but it has not yet been heard by the lowest of appellate courts. Thus, the case's "landmark" value at the time the *Digest* article was prepared for publication was at best CDL wishful thinking; since that time, an event has occurred that virtually destroys any hope for fulfillment of that wish.

This event began to unfold in October 1963, when a bookseller named Mazes was convicted in the Court of Common Pleas for selling books similar to those cited in Mrs. King's case. The handling of both cases was almost identical: In both, the court allowed the books in question to be read aloud to the jury (one of the jurors in the King case admitted afterward that she had been "shocked and embarrassed" by this); in both cases, the court refused to allow comparison with other literary works; in both cases, the fact that these books were kept from juveniles by being placed on racks marked for adults only was used by the prosecution to demonstrate scienter (criminal knowledge) on the part of the proprietor. As a final similarity, the CDL distributed a pamphlet after Mazes' conviction hailing that decision as a "landmark."

Mazes' attorney, unimpressed by CDL propaganda, carried an appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, where the conviction was reversed in June 1967 by a vote of seven to two. Thus, when Polly King's conviction is reviewed on the appellate level, the Mazes decision will almost certainly serve as the landmark against which her plea will be measured. At this writing, we are happy to report that the "ominous victory" portends nothing more than another setback for the CDL.

BUREAUCRATIC BULLIES

PLAYBOY's campaign against Post Office interference with private mail has received the support of the American Civil Liberties Union. In its 46th annual report, the A. C. L. U. notes the Post Office Department's growing curiosity about the private lives of its clients and combines its findings with those of PLAYBOY to form an impressive indictment of Post Office tactics. These bureaucratic bullies continue to harass anyone who hasn't the guts or the know-how to stand up to them. I hope PLAYBOY continues to keep a watch on this erosion of our rights.

J. Havel
Chicago, Illinois

MAKING THE FUZZ LOVABLE

The article by Kenneth Rexroth on the mutual distrust among the police and various minority groups was excellent

(*The Fuzz*, PLAYBOY, July). The riots in dozens of large cities from coast to coast have proved the seriousness of this problem. At present, the big-city police forces have an extremely bad public image that must be changed—because nothing is more basic to the morale of the community than respect for the law and its officers. I therefore submit the following simple but practical proposals. Although these proposals will not solve the problem, they will make a substantial contribution to that end.

1. Clothes too easily make the man and those who dress like Nazi storm troopers tend to behave like them. Police uniforms should therefore be changed from the customary black or blue to khaki; and, instead of helmets or visored caps, we should restore the old campaign hat as worn by forest rangers and Canadian Mounties—officials generally respected by the public as being helpful "scouts." If a helmet is necessary, let it be similar to that of the British bobby, who is respected, not feared, by the English citizen.

2. The police must cease to carry weapons other than truncheons or billies. Concurrently, the public should be forbidden to own firearms other than shot-guns or rifles to be used only for sport and for hunting. Pistols and automatic weapons should be outlawed; I say this as a former member of the National Rifle Association.

3. In accordance with the constitutional principle of the separation of church and state, the police must have no jurisdiction in matters of personal and private morals. Nothing brings the police greater disrespect than their being required to act as armed preachers, enforcing laws against gambling, wenching, boozing and drug taking. Such jurisdiction is a major cause of police corruption—blackmail, harassment, entrapment and acceptance of bribes.

4. Police duties should be confined to the essential functions of (a) directing traffic, (b) protecting the citizenry from murder, robbery and other violence and (c) giving due assistance to lost children and little old ladies.

If these four basic principles were worked out in detail and were then put into effect, we in the United States would also love and honor our police forces. There will be respect for authority only when authority itself is respectable.

Alan Watts, D. D.
Sausalito, California

Dr. Watts, who holds a degree in Christian theology, is also one of the best-known authorities on Oriental religions. His books include "The Way of Zen," "Beyond Theology: The Art of Godmanship" and "Psychotherapy East

(continued on page 202)



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

NORMAN MAILER

a candid conversation with the stormy playwright, poet, novelist, political polemicist, hippie hero, self-described existential theologian and grand old man of the new left

In a time that encourages and handsomely rewards the specialist and the technician, Norman Mailer has refused to mine the secure, predictable lode of fame as a best-selling novelist—a lode that seemed his for the asking after his gritty, outspoken "The Naked and the Dead" was hailed by one critic on its publication in 1948 as "the greatest war novel produced in this century," earned first place on the best-seller list and its author found himself internationally famous at 25. Instead, Mailer has chosen to lead—both as a writer and as a man—a full-blooded, often dangerous life of trial and error and, above all, of growth. His literary output is varied, Gargantuan and unpredictable. The author of nine books, he has been a poet, autobiographer, short-story writer, theologian, polemicist, essayist, political analyst, science-fiction writer, cultural prophet, columnist, book reviewer, dramatist, moralist and architectural critic—while remaining one of the handful of important living novelists; his next-to-last novel, "An American Dream," despite mixed critical reception, was a 1965 best seller. Recognition of his contributions to American literature earned him election last spring to the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the honor society in the arts. His latest novel, "Why Are We in Vietnam?," was greeted this past fall with the customary mixed chorus of praise and vituperation—hardly any of it moderate in tone.

In addition to his multifarious literary

activities, Mailer is as colorful and publicized as any writer since Ernest Hemingway. His current marriage to actress Beverly Bentley is his fourth. (In all, he's fathered six children—four girls and two boys.) His earlier marriages were often stormy, involving public brawls with such former wives as a Spanish-Peruvian painter (number two) and the aristocratic daughter of the Duke of Argyll (number three). In 1960, Mailer made grim headlines when, in the small hours after a turbulent party, he stabbed his second wife in the breast with a penknife and spent the next 17 days under psychiatric observation at Bellevue. Mailer's fist fights at parties and in taverns are legendary; and he enjoys getting into the ring to spar with his friend former light-heavyweight champion José Torres, and thumb wrestling with Muhammad Ali.

Politically, Mailer has long been prolific and controversial in print as well as in public. Not content to remain a sideline observer, in 1960 he announced his candidacy for the office of mayor of New York City (he dropped from the race after the stabbing incident); and he once confessed, half-seriously, that for years he's been "running for President—in the privacy of my mind." A few years ago, he engaged right-wing spokesman William F. Buckley, Jr., in a series of blistering barnstorming debates before large audiences across the country; the transcript of their most explosive confrontation was published in PLAYBOY's February

1963 issue. In May 1965, he delivered—before thousands participating in the Vietnam Day held in Berkeley, California—what many informed political observers regard as the most hard-hitting public criticism (up to that time) of President Johnson and his policy in the Vietnam hostilities. And on October 21, 1967, he was arrested while participating in the massive antiwar demonstration in Washington.

Perhaps because of the diversity of his unpredictable words and deeds, Mailer has remained in the vanguard of the nation's cultural, political and intellectual ferment. According to his friendly debating rival William Buckley, he is "a terribly good measure of the current disturbances in the air. A sort of lightning rod." Many also agree with English novelist John Wain's tribute to Mailer's persistent courage, intellectual integrity and uncanny gift for "trying to position himself so as to stand face to face with the true identity of our time, our time in America." Mailer is regarded by many of his contemporaries as being, in the words of Sinclair Lewis, "the greatest writer to come out of his generation"; and by leaders of the current hip-love-psychedelic generation as an elder statesman of the New Left for such trail-blazing explorations of the hippie underground as his seminal 1957 essay "The White Negro."

Not all observers, however, view with delight Mailer's restless and relentless search for new roles to play. Many accuse him of dissipating what they regard



"America was profoundly afraid of the Negro Revolution. In the secret councils of our sleep, we were ready to do anything to stop it. War in Vietnam was the quickest way to slow it down."



"Sex is not only a divine and beautiful activity; it's a murderous activity. People kill each other in bed. Some of the greatest crimes ever committed were committed in bed. And no weapons were used."



"A man must drink until he locates the truth. Drinking is a serious moral and spiritual activity. We consume ourselves in order to search for a truth. Drink is the active man's drug addiction."

as a potentially major talent in American fiction. Novelist John Updike, for one, while admiring Mailer because he has "energy and candor, and cares about what he thinks of as important things," laments that he has "quite abandoned fiction as a form of truthseeking. He's become a pamphleteer. . . . Mailer wants to be a crank surrounded by applauding people." Mailer the pundit and professional celebrity comes in for frequent drubbings—such as critic Raymond Rosenthal's charge that he is a "self-seeking melodramatist." As journalist Eric Thompson wrote: "Any adult who wants to make his friends smile need only say 'Norman Mailer.' People who have never seen Mailer, in person or in photographs, will regale you with a description of his Harpo Marx hair. Well-read cabdrivers will tell you that Mailer has a raw talent, but, man, does he need discipline!" Still other critics, while rendering unfavorable judgment on Mailer, admit the authority of the continuous interest his works and person command. Reviewing Mailer's latest collection of essays, "Cannibals and Christians," John Thompson, writing in the influential New York Review of Books, conceded that "The man is there, pugnacious, abusive, battered, out on a razor edge talking a blue incoherent streak, and endearing."

In the teeth of all this approbation and abuse, Mailer continues to improvise one of the least boring lives imaginable—both in his everyday activities and in the regions of the mind and imagination. Time and again, he has shown that he will dare and probe to its limits any idea, any literary form, any personal experience in his energetic search to discover and confront "the true identity of our time . . . in America."

Mailer's search has taken him from Long Branch, New Jersey, where he was born 44 years ago; to Brooklyn, where he spent his childhood; to Harvard College, from which he was graduated in 1943; into the U.S. Army, where, during World War Two, he saw action as a rifleman in the jungles and mountains of the Philippines; to Hollywood, where he spent a brief, frustrating period working on the film script for the movie of "The Naked and the Dead"; to suburban Vermont, where, for a few years in the early Fifties, he cultivated the life of a successful novelist; to Greenwich Village, where he became a leader and a spokesman for hipsters, addicts, Beats and fellow artists, and where he experimented widely with drugs, alcohol and what he's called "the psychology of the orgy"; to a country house in Connecticut in 1957, to clear his head of what he described as "an overbrilliance" from marijuana; to Paris; and back to America, where he now divides his time between an apartment in Brooklyn Heights and a summer home in Provincetown, Massachusetts.

The first of two long sessions with PLAYBOY interviewer Paul Carroll took place in Mailer's Brooklyn Heights duplex apartment, which has become something of a celebrity itself: Nautical items abound, from the brass ship's clock over the kitchen and the dismantled engine-room telegraph beside the big bookcases to the glass-and-wood gable forecastle, which Mailer built above the kitchen and bedrooms and which can be reached only by climbing ropes, trapezes or deck ladders. Dressed in his work clothes—dungarees and Army-surplus shirt—Mailer sat at the dining-room table, occasionally glancing out of the large bay window at the panorama of tugboats, ocean liners and merchant ships dotting the East River, and beyond to the skyline of lower Manhattan. As Mailer spoke, he frequently leaned forward to emphasize a point by jabbing his fist in the air; at other times, he'd pause for a long while, his thoughts sinking deep into the topic at hand, before he'd give an answer. What was most apparent about him during the interviewing sessions was not only the energy, intelligence, wit and gravity with which Mailer probed the subjects but also the bristling, tough honesty of the man. We began by asking about his alleged aversion to the interview form itself.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about being interviewed?

MAILER: I start with a general sense of woe.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MAILER: The interviewer serves up one percent of himself in the questions and the man who answers has to give back 99 percent. I feel exploited the moment I step into an interview. Of course, once in a while there is such a thing as a good interview; but even then, the tape recorder eats up half the mood. It isn't the interview I really dislike so much as the tape recorder.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the best way to conduct an interview?

MAILER: There's no good way. It's just a matter of hard, professional technique. In professional football, a quarterback has to contemplate the problem that every third or fourth play he's probably got to gain some yards through the center of the line; and when he's got four very tough linemen opposing him, there's not much he can do that's surprising, so it's just a matter of grinding through—that's all.

PLAYBOY: If you feel so negative about being interviewed, why did you consent to this one?

MAILER: About every two or three years, I feel I have to have a psychic house cleaning, go through my ideas in general, even brutal form—the brutal form of the interview—just to see about where I stand. Because most of the time, I spend my time thinking privately. Without this

kind of psychic house cleaning, I might get too infatuated with some ideas. It's a way, I suppose, of exposing ideas that are weak. After that, you can either discard them or think about them a little harder.

PLAYBOY: As you talk about house cleaning your ideas—disregarding, changing or improving them—we're reminded of your sentence in *The Deer Park* about growth: "There was that law of life, so cruel and so just, that one must grow or else pay more for remaining the same." Yet you've been charged by many critics with dissipating the potential growth of a major talent in American fiction by wearing so many hats. They point out that there's Mailer the politician, who once seriously considered running for mayor of New York City; there's Mailer the journalist, who writes about the maladies in American life and about the political brutalities; there's Mailer the celebrity, who grabs headlines by booze brawls and other acts of public violence. How do you answer that criticism?

MAILER: Moving from one activity to another makes sense if you do it with a hint of wit or a touch of grace—which I don't say I've always done; far from it—but I think moving from one activity to another can give momentum. If you do it well, you can increase the energy you bring to the next piece of work. Growth, in some curious way, I expect, depends on being always in motion just a little bit, one way or another. Growth is not simply going forward; it's going forward until you have to make a delicate decision either to continue in a difficult situation or to retreat and look for another way to go forward. The pattern that this creates—no, pattern is a poor word—the line of the movement reveals the nature of form. A breast is beautiful because it decides to go down until that point where it decides to go up, and after it decides to go up, it decides to go down again and then decides to go up again, and you have the beginning of the nipple. The nipple goes through its own particular curve, which consists of going out to the heavens as far as it can, then dropping down toward hell and then returning to the body—all within the space of a quarter of an inch. But there's an extraordinary difference between a beautiful nipple and a dull one.

More to the point, I've been accused of having frittered many talents away, of having taken on too many activities, of having worked too self-consciously at being a celebrity, of having performed at the edges and, indeed, at the center of my own public legend. And, of course, like any criminal in the dock, I can sing a pretty tune; I can defend myself; I'm my own best lawyer; the day when I'm not will be a sad day. The defense I'll enter today depends on my favorite

notion: that an expert, by definition, is opposed to growth. Why? Because an expert is a man who works forward in one direction until he reaches that point where he has to use all his energy to maintain his advance; he cannot allow himself to look in other directions. In other words, he's become nearsighted. Now, I, as a man who's been nearsighted almost all of his life, know that anyone who's born nearsighted or becomes nearsighted early is a man become an expert prematurely. That's why kids with glasses are usually disliked by kids who don't wear glasses. The kids with good eyesight sense that the boy with glasses is an expert who's going to run the world. The first chronic personal shame I suppose I ever felt was having to wear glasses. And I don't wear them today, even though I'm so nearsighted I don't recognize old friends from ten feet away. Having been a premature expert myself, I think I may have reacted against it with a sense that expertise was the trap for me, that to get particularly good at any one thing would leave me a top-heavy expert.

PLAYBOY: Is all this related to *The Naked and the Dead* and the celebrity that followed in its wake?

MAILER: Yes. Being well known at 25 created a chain of legend for everything I did. If I left a party early, it wasn't because I might have been sleepy; it was because I had put down the party. This immediately created champions for me: "That Mailer's too much—put down the hostess when he left the party." Others would say, "Dreadful—no manners; a barbarian." People expected me to grab the hostess of a party, sound her, yank her, pump her, and if I didn't like her, throw her out the window, then turn to my host, say, "Up your buns, guns," and walk over to sock the nearest guy in the eye. So when I went into a place and didn't behave like that, the other guests would say: "Why, he has such nice manners." Every little thing I did was exaggerated. Lo! There was a feedback that had little to do with me. It was as if—if you will—every one of my actions was tuned to an amplifier.

PLAYBOY: Is this what you meant when you once remarked that your success at 25 was "like a lobotomy"?

MAILER: It cut me off from my past. I felt like someone who had been dropped onto Mars.

PLAYBOY: Did you dig your sudden fame?

MAILER: Of course I dug it. I had to dig it. I mean, to be brutally frank for all our swell *PLAYBOY* readers out there: It enabled me to get girls I would not otherwise have gotten.

PLAYBOY: You make a distinction between the legendary Mailer in the spotlight whose acts were scrutinized and gossiped about and the Mailer who wanted to grow in his own sweet time.

Could you contrast the two Mailers a bit more?

MAILER: Well, contrasting two Mailers might have value in a novel, but to talk about it would end up being tiresome. This is the point I want to make: I had some instinctive sense—right or wrong—that the best way to grow was not to write one novel after another but to move from activity to activity, a notion that began with Renaissance man; it's not my idea, after all. My personal celebrity was an obstacle to any natural ability to move quickly and easily. For years, it was a tremendous obstacle; and I ended up having a very dull, dogged personality that sought to wrestle with the legend, and that tried to say, "Look, fellows, I'm really simple, honest, hard-working; I'm as close to Abe Lincoln as Arthur Miller is."

The hoarseness of this confession is not to enlist sympathy but to prepare the ground for my boast: I learned how to accept and live with my legend. The legend becomes your friend, the beard, a front man, a pimp, a procurer of new situations. You live with a ghost who is more real to people than yourself; every single action you take with another person is part of a triangle. Every girl you talk to is not only in love with you or disappointed in you but also is in love with or hating your legend—who, incidentally, is more real to her than you. There are times, therefore, when you beef up your legend, perform some action to support it; times when you draw credit back from your legend, like cashing in the desire of somebody else to do something nice for you. Either way, you don't pretend—as I did for years—that the legend ain't there; it is. By the same token, when you're dealing with a man, there are now two of you against him; you're two linemen having to take out one other guy.

PLAYBOY: In other words, if you got drunk and got into a scrap at a party, there'd be three men fighting instead of two?

MAILER: Yeah. Of course, that doesn't always work to your advantage, because sometimes a guy who is fighting two guys is braver than when he's fighting one. I've gotten licked by guys who I think might not have licked me if I hadn't had my twin, the legend, on my side, too.

PLAYBOY: One of your celebrated experiments with growth was your experience with drugs. You were on marijuana, Benzedrine and sleeping pills for a few years and were addicted to Seconal. Later, you said that a man on drugs will pay for it by "a gutted and burned-out nervous system." How do you feel about that topic today?

MAILER: Drugs are a spiritual form of gambling. This is a poetic equation that can be carried right down to the end of its metaphor, because on drugs you're even bucking the house percentage—

which for a drug like marijuana is probably something like 30 or 40 percent.

PLAYBOY: Would you expand this?

MAILER: Marijuana does something with the sense of time: It accelerates you; it opens you to your unconscious. But it's as if you're calling on the reserves of the next three days. All the sweets, all the crystals, all the little decisions, all the unconscious work of the next three days—or, if the experience is deep, part of the next 30 days, or the next 30 years—is called forward. For a half hour or two hours—whatever is the high of the pot—you're *better* than you are normally and you get into situations you wouldn't get into normally, and generally more happens to you. You make love better, you talk better, you think better, you dig people better. The point is, you've got to get in pretty far, because you're using up three days in an hour—or whatever the particular ratio is for any particular person. So unless you come back with—let us say—72 hours in one hour, you lose. Because you have to spend the next three or four days recovering. You might ask: What happens to the guy who smokes pot all the time? I don't know. But I do know something is being mortgaged; something is being drawn out of the future. If his own future has already been used up in one or another mysterious or sinister sense, then maybe the pot is drawing it out of the very substance of what I may as well confess I call God. I suspect God feeds drug addicts the way a healthy body feeds parasites.

PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

MAILER: Well, if God has great compassion, He may not be willing to cut the drug addict off from Him. During the time the addict has some of his most intense and divine experiences, it is because he is literally imbibing the very marrow and nutrient of existence. But since I do not believe that God is necessarily inexhaustible, the drug addict may end up by bleeding Him.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this happens on LSD?

MAILER: I don't think you have a mystical experience on chemicals without taking the risk of exploiting something in the creation. If you haven't paid the real wages of love or courage or abstention or discipline or sacrifice or wit in the eye of danger, then taking a psychedelic drug is living the life of a parasite; it's drawing on sweets you have not earned. Please do not say, by the way, that L. B. J. is the biggest cornball in America; with the above, I have just presented my credentials.

PLAYBOY: What is the danger of this parasitical self-exploitation on LSD?

MAILER: I'm not going to say that LSD is bad in every way for everyone, but I'm convinced it's bad if you keep taking it. Any drug is bad finally in the same way that being a confirmed gambler is bad. A confirmed gambler ends up losing all

his friends because he blows their money and blows their trust. A gambler will tell any lie to get back into the action. By the same token, if you stay on any drug for too long, then you have a habit; you're a victim; to anticipate something, you're a totalitarian.

Let me put it this way: LSD is marvelous for experts to take when they get too frozen in their expertise. Let's suppose they've driven deep into something impenetrable, some obstacle that was bound to trap them because of the shortsighted nature of their expertise. Although they work and work manfully as experts, at this point they're similar to soldiers who have pushed far into enemy territory but are now up against a resistance they cannot get through. Their only action is to retreat, but they don't know how to, because they have no habits of retreat. They're experts; they know only how to move forward to amass more knowledge and put more concentration upon a point. When this concentration does not succeed in poking through the resistance of the problem, the expert is psychically in great trouble. He begins to live in increasing depression; he has to retreat and doesn't know how: He wasn't built to retreat.

My guess is: On LSD, you begin to die a little. That's why you get this extraordinary, even divine sense of revelation. Perhaps you taste the odor and essence of your own death in the trip; in excess, it's a deadly poison, after all. Therefore, what's given to the expert is a broader vision: Dying a little, he begins to retreat from his expertise and begins to rejoin his backward brothers. Hallelujah! So that LSD taken a few times could be very good, I would imagine. But before very long, if the expert keeps taking LSD, he can become nothing but an expert on LSD.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Timothy Leary?

MAILER: Well, I wonder who we were just talking about.

PLAYBOY: More of an answer, please.

MAILER: I never met him. Perhaps I'd like him if I did. Many of my friends like him. But I have heard him speak, and he is then nought but simple shit.

PLAYBOY: Alcohol seems to be another way by which you've tried to grow or "move forward." One of the characters in your stage version of *The Deer Park* declares: "A man must drink until he locates the truth." How does alcohol help a man do that?

MAILER: I'm going to offer the hard-working magazine readers of America one fundamental equation: A man who drinks is attempting to dissolve an obsession.

PLAYBOY: What's the obsession?

MAILER: Talk first about what an obsession is. I've thought about obsession a great deal, but I'm not sure I know the

answer. Everybody talks about obsessions; nobody's ever really explained them. We can define them, but we don't really know what we're talking about. An obsession, I'd suggest, is not unlike a pole of magnetism, a psychic field of force. An obsession is created, I think, in the wake of some event that has altered our life profoundly, or perhaps we have passed through some relation with someone else that has altered our life drastically, yet we don't know whether we were changed for good or for bad; it's the most fundamental sort of event or relation. It has marked us, yet it's morally ambiguous.

PLAYBOY: What kind of event?

MAILER: Suppose a marriage breaks up. You don't know if it was finally your fault or your wife's fault or God's fault or the Devil's fault—four uncertainties. Let's reduce them to two: a man or his wife. Put it this way: People move forward into the future out of the way they comprehend the past. When we don't understand something in our past, we are therefore crippled. Use the metaphor of the Army here: If you move forward to attack a town and the center of this attack depends upon a road that will feed your attack, and this road passes through a town, yet you don't know if your people hold that town or someone else holds it, then, obviously, if you were a general, you'd be pretty obsessive about that town. You'd keep asking, "Will you please find out who owns that town?" You'd send out reconnaissance parties to locate the town, enter it, patrol it. If all sorts of mysterious things occurred—if, for example, your reconnaissance platoon didn't return—you'd feel so uncertain you might not move forward to attack. The obsession is a search for a useful reality. What finally did occur? What is real?

PLAYBOY: You haven't told us yet how drink helps dissolve an obsession.

MAILER: Well, if a man's drink takes him back to an earlier, younger state of sensitivity, it is then taking him to a place back of the place where he originally got into the impasse that created the obsession. If you can return to a state just preceding the one you were in when these various ambiguous events occurred, you can say to yourself, "Now, I'm approaching the event again. What really did happen? Who was right? Who was wrong? Let me not miss it this time." A man must drink until he locates the truth. I think that's why it's so hard for people to give up booze. There's an artwork going on with most serious drinkers. Usually, it's a failed artwork. Once again, one's playing against the house percentage: One drinks, one wrecks one's liver, dims one's vision, burns out one's memory. Drinking is a serious activity—a serious moral and spiritual activity. We consume ourselves in order to search for a truth. It's no

accident that a part of small-town common sense insists: "I don't trust a man who never takes a drink," because that man either has no obsessions and so has never lived through a bad and tricky time or has obsessions so prevalent that he has buried them and live bodies are screaming under the ground. Whereas, in contrast, the small town will put up with a lot from a drinker, because anyone who takes a frequent nip has had revelations on drink. Drink is the active man's drug addiction. Madison Avenue, please copy.

Note: You take a drug lying on your back, whereas the way to drink is standing up.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that you've experienced moments of truth through drink?

MAILER: Extraordinary moments of truth. The thing that had me ready to bawl was that I was close to the truth but too drunk to do anything about it.

PLAYBOY: What sort of thing did you discover?

MAILER: Whatever the truth was. The kind of truths you find in moments like that. Discovering that somebody you thought loved you hated you, or vice versa. All I'm underlining is that sense of certainty we all know when past moments of ambiguity are resolved. The ambiguity sinks into the earth; a crystal remains; you say, "Yes, there's the truth. Yes, this is what did happen." A relationship alters in one's memory from a morass to a crystal of recollection.

PLAYBOY: In terms of your concept of growth, you've made in *An American Dream* and other writings a brilliant, dazzling and rather puzzling remark concerning the possibility that God Himself may be involved in a process of growth. You've said that you have an "obsession with how God exists," and you've argued for the possibility that He may be a God whose final nature is not yet comprehended, even by Himself. Could you comment on this?

MAILER: I think I decided some time ago that if there is a God and He's all-powerful, then His relation to us is absurd. All we can see in our human condition are thundering, monumental disproportions, injustices of such dimension that even the conservative notion of existence—which might postulate that man is here on earth not to complain but to receive his just deserts and that the man who acts piggishly on earth will be repaid in hell, regardless of whether he was rich or poor—yes, even this conservative vision depends on a God who is able to run a world of reasonable proportions. If the only world we have is one of abysmal, idiotic disproportions, then it becomes too difficult to conceive of an all-powerful God who is all good. It is far easier to conceive of a God who died or who is dying or who is an imperfect God. But once I think of an imperfect God, I can begin to imagine a Being greater than ourselves, who nonetheless



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shares His instinctive logic with us: We as men seek to grow, so He seeks to grow; even as we each have a conception of being—my conception of being, my idea of how we should live, may triumph over yours, or yours over mine—so, in parallel, this God may be engaged in a similar war in the universe with other gods. We may even be the embodiment, the partial expression of His vision. If we fail, He fails, too. He is imperfect in the way we are imperfect. He is not always as brave or extraordinary or as graceful as He might care to be. This is my notion of God and growth. The thing about it that gives me sustenance is that it enables me to love God, if you will bear these words, rather than hate Him, because I can see Him as someone who is like other men and myself except more noble, more tortured, more desirous of a good that He wishes to receive and give to others—a tortuous ethical activity at which He may fail. Man's condition is, then, by this logic, epic or tragic—for the outcome is unknown. It is not written.

PLAYBOY: Could you talk a bit more about the relationship between a man and this God who is still involved in discovering His own nature?

MAILER: In capsule: There are times when He has to exploit us; there are times when we have to exploit Him; there are times when He has to drive us beyond our own natural depth because He needs us—those of us, at least, who are working for Him: We have yet to talk of the Devil. But a man who talks about his religion is not to be trusted. Who knows—I may be working for the Devil. In fact, I sometimes suspect every novelist is a Devil's helper. The ability to put an eye on your own heart is icy.

PLAYBOY: You said recently that maybe the Devil is God in exile. What did you mean?

MAILER: I don't know. What I mean is, I don't know if the Devil is finally an evil principle of God—a fallen angel, a Prince of Darkness. Lucifer—a creature of the first dimension engaged in a tragic, monumental war with God, or whether the Devil is a species of nonexistence, like plastic. By which I mean every single pervasive substance in the technological world that comes from artificial synthesis rather than from nature. Plastic surfaces have no resonance—no echo of nature. I don't know if plastic is a second principle of evil just as much opposed to the Devil as it is opposed to God—a visitor from a small planet, if you will. So when I talk about the Devil these days, I don't really know whether I'm talking about a corrupter of the soul or a deadening influence. I don't know who or where the enemy is. In fact, I don't have the remotest notion of who or what I'm working for. Sometimes I think I'm unemployed. That's despair, son.

PLAYBOY: Let's get into something that

may have a tangential relation to this despair. You've written extensively about John F. Kennedy and his impact on our times. In your essay "Superman Comes to the Supermarket," published during the 1960 Presidential campaign, you suggested that Kennedy was an "existential politician." Existential is a term that crops up frequently in your writing: existential God, existential politician. Exactly what do you mean by it?

MAILER: Existential—no precedents, no traditions, no disciplines, no books, no guides sufficiently familiar with the situation to take you through.

PLAYBOY: In what way was Kennedy an existential politician?

MAILER: Kennedy was a man who could define himself—or, in other words, comprehend himself—only by his actions. He had such extraordinary ambition that if he had not succeeded in being President, he might have ended up a bad piece of work. There is such a thing as a man starting as a bad piece of work because he has a nature that is extraordinarily disharmonious; he lives with unendurable disproportions and ambitions. If he succeeds in what the psychoanalysts call "acting it out"—with some scorn they say "acting out"—the fact remains that he also has to have huge courage, high wit and vast imagination. Kennedy succeeded in getting to play the one role that could allow him to realize himself: the President of the United States. When I call him an existential politician, I mean that Kennedy had no nature other than the particular nature he discovered in himself by the act of living. If he had tried to live a more conventional life, he would have sealed his psyche in a vault and probably would have died young and schizophrenic.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any theory about who killed Kennedy?

MAILER: I have no special insight into that. Where I'm more ready to speculate is on the events after the assassination. There must have been one incredible moment for every secret-police agency in the world when they first heard that Oswald had been in the Soviet Union and had come back here to America. Every intelligence operation everywhere must have known the odds were great that Oswald was an agent for several quite separate espionage services, because you don't let men and boys like Oswald in and out of Cold War countries without making them pay a little price: They've got to become a little agent—not a big agent, just a little agent, a pawn. As for most of these guys in secret services—I won't say they're clowns; some are able, but they don't have a great deal of personnel to work with, when you get down to it. Their best material is found in one another's agents. So they play games with one another's agents. They develop the same attraction toward one another's

agents that buddies work up for the same girl. Two guys in love with the same girl get great play back and forth. So, yes, once in a while, a poor guy like Oswald gets caught in a situation—becomes an agent for two countries, and two or three other secret services or espionage services will get in on it. It's possible Oswald may have been an agent or on the working list of a dozen different secret services throughout the world.

When the assassination occurred, I think a tremendous panic erupted. An enormous effort was made to begin destroying all evidence in sight—in every possible way. To top that, you had the Dallas Police Department—which I don't know anything about—but, give or take a few points, it has to be as corrupt as the next big-city police force. Moreover, a cop under a searchlight is not the most resourceful of creatures; he tends to stampede—he's not called a bull for nothing.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you heard Kennedy had been shot?

MAILER: Horrible. Horrible. At first, in some cockeyed way, I thought it was a gag—like, he wasn't really hurt that bad. For some reason or other, I was bitter about him in those days and I made a sardonic remark I've been ashamed of since: I said, "That son of a bitch, he's got hard Irish smarts; he's probably lying there with that flesh wound in his arm, saying, 'Let America sweat for an hour thinking I'm about to die. They'll realize how much they need me.'" Of course, when I realized he was indeed dead, I came to the conclusion that my on-the-spot divination of events was not particularly incisive, tasty or superb.

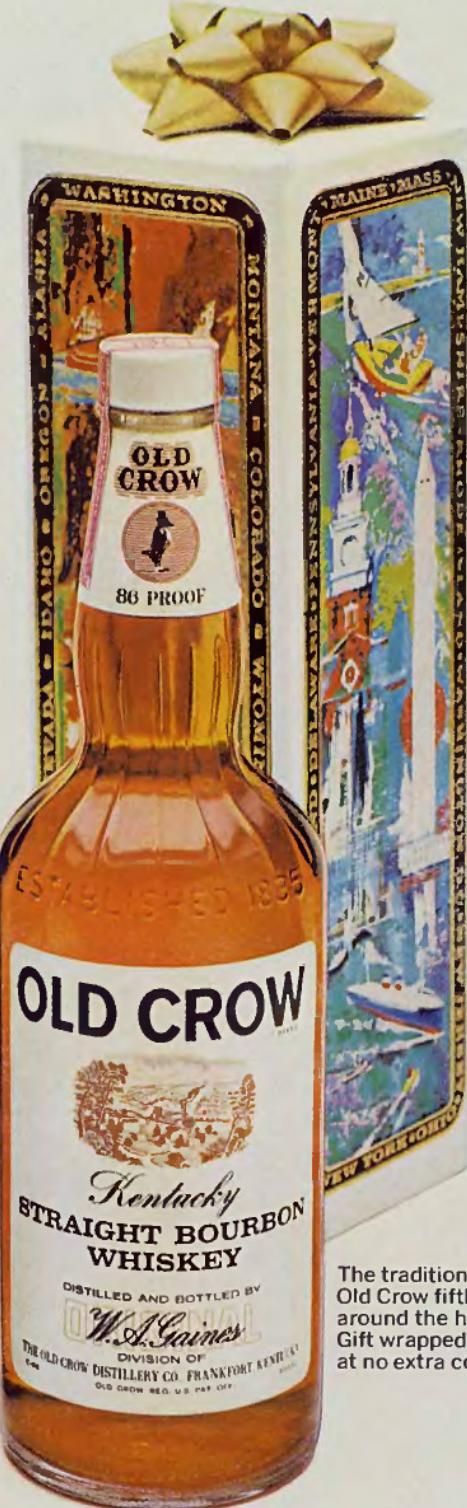
PLAYBOY: If Kennedy had been only wounded and then had recovered and resumed his responsibilities as President, what do you think America would be like today?

MAILER: It might still be in serious trouble. Kennedy was a fine man, maybe even a magical man, and he changed the style of America; he opened it up. Something racy came back into American life. The country was saltier; it swung more. Still, you would have had technological society eroding most of his efforts; in addition, terrible problems with Congress and civil rights. I have a hunch, however, that Kennedy wouldn't have been such a fool as to get us into Vietnam the way Lyndon Johnson got us in; I think Kennedy would have kept the war going about the way it was going, and he might have looked for a way to write it off. Kennedy might even have come to pay attention to an idea that doesn't have enough attention paid to it—that the way to fight communism is not by warring against it but by letting Communists fight one another. There's something in the nature of communism that

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makes it attack itself. Communism is profoundly cannibalistic.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that why you said we should get out of Vietnam—in the controversial talk you delivered on Vietnam Day at the University of California at Berkeley two and a half years ago?

MAILER: Yes. Except it's next to impossible for us to get out of Vietnam. Psychologically impossible. Militarily, of course, the war is next to meaningless. But America, more than any other country on earth, has an image of herself as a fighting nation. Americans really *want* to fight; they really want a war. It's good for them, healthy for them. Fine. Have war games every year. I offered this suggestion in a satirical piece, but I've since become a little more serious about it. Buy some place—some desert or jungle—and invite any countries we have eyes for to come to fight. If they don't accept, they're conceivably too yellow to show up. Or, at least, so we can tell the world. But if they do, they have 50,000 men, we have 50,000 men; we get 200 or 400 airplanes—name it—they get the same; all ordnance similar in category, the same count of weapons. Then you have the biggest professional war game in the history of the world. Let it go on for two or three months, or to a conclusion, covered by color television, radio, interviews with some of the stars who come out of this engagement. Some will call it musical comedy, barbaric; but, in point of fact, the one difference between this war game and Vietnam is that we won't be burning kids in any number or smashing property that belongs to others. Americans will just be doing what they want to be doing: some shooting, some war.

Many men love to be in battle. They are better men at the end of it if they are engaged in a war that has some modicum of purpose. If you're engaged in a purposeless war, you can end up healthy, but you're still a pig with a distorted mentality, because you have to justify the act of killing as being a patriotic act when, in fact, all you want to do is kill. If I wish to blast somebody and I say, "Yeah, that's what I want to do," then I'm existentially tuned; I know what I am. I am obeying the first dictate of ethics: Know thyself. But if I want to kill somebody and I say, "I'm doing it for my country and for freedom," then I'm a bad piece of work. I'm psychically disoriented.

PLAYBOY: In the Berkeley talk, you also argued that the reasons given by the Johnson Administration for America's involvement in Vietnam are patently phony. In particular, you rejected the claim that we're there because we're battling communism. Why do you think we entered the war?

MAILER: Because we had to. America was

profoundly afraid of the Negro Revolution. In the secret councils of our sleep, we were ready to do anything to stop it. War in Vietnam was the quickest way to slow it down. Another reason: The potential for violence in American life was accelerating every year, the social fabric was beginning to break down. I think in some deep instinctive way, Johnson reasoned that a war would enable him to control the country better. America was getting out of his control; nothing inspires profound anxiety in a man like Johnson more than losing control over every last little button. Vietnam was an instrument Johnson could use to manipulate public opinion, to apply leverage to the economy, to stand up against the civil rights movement. I think he saw Vietnam that way. It was the fatal error of his life. This talented, wily, seasoned politician made an error of Shakespearean proportions when he decided to embark on that war in Vietnam. The smartest President in America's history had just become the stupidest. Because Vietnam will yet prove to be the war in which America lost control of its ability to control a large part of the world, and Johnson lost his power to lead the American people on an ideological leash.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Johnson stands a chance for re-election in 1968?

MAILER: If Richard Nixon runs, Johnson has a chance.

PLAYBOY: Of all the major political figures about whom you've written extensively, you've hardly ever paid serious attention to Nixon. Why?

MAILER: One reason is that Nixon was written about very well all through the Fifties. He became a natural target for every good political writer on the left, so it felt like kicking the cat to go to work on Nixon. I'm not fond of the man, but I didn't see any reason to duplicate a job done so many times. If he gives signs of becoming powerful again, that'll be another matter. That *will* be serious. I don't know anyone who has ever heard Richard Nixon say anything interesting in all the years he's invaded our life. Nixon is resolute in his refusal to become more interesting. It's a remarkable power—this passionate embrace of monotony.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any politician on the scene today who might be an existential politician in the way of J. F. K.?

MAILER: I think Bobby Kennedy might be. You can't begin to know what direction the man will take. I don't mean his directions are cheap or contradictory, but he has a nature that finally is resistant to analysis—so at least he gives you a ride for your money. Bill Buckley, replete with all his vices and virtues, is certainly an existential politician.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the other Republican Presidential potentials,

Romney, Percy, Reagan and Rockefeller?

MAILER: They are the tragedy of the Republican Party. They are the embodiment, the present-day focus of the mediocrity of—nay, let us say they are the *tragedy* of—the Republican Party.

PLAYBOY: In *Cannibals and Christians*, you said that Bobby Kennedy has made a pilgrim's progress since the murder of his brother. What did you mean?

MAILER: He's become more interesting than he used to be; that's a pilgrim's progress. How many people can that be said about?

PLAYBOY: What do you think his chances are in 1968?

MAILER: I don't have any idea. My approach to politics is from outside. I don't like being filled with inside stories. There was a period in my life when I knew people who knew every inside story. It took me a while to find out they knew nothing. For instance, they knew in 1963 that Bill Scranton was going to be the Republican candidate in 1964.

PLAYBOY: A while ago, you praised John Kennedy for changing the style of America by opening it up and making it "saltier." What would the nation be like under a Robert Kennedy Administration?

MAILER: It would depend on what kind of country he might inherit in this election or in 1972 or whenever. It might be a country damaged irreparably by the horrors, pusillanimities and hypocrisies of the Johnson Administration, the Vietnam war—which may have done more damage to America than anything in our history—and the "Great Society."

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about Johnson's Great Society?

MAILER: It's a comedy. The Great Society is not only not going to come into being but it shouldn't. It's artificial. The only growth with meaning is organic growth that does not become separated from the root of its origin. Any time you find a great society developed from the top, what you've got, in effect, is a test-tube baby—artificial insemination of the worst sort. Let's say the Great Society is drug addiction on a huge political scale. It's similar to shooting B₁₂ complex into your butt. The patient may feel healthier for a while, but the fact of the matter is that a part of his ass has been violated in a way that bears no relation to his life—at least not as his own flesh can feel it. In other words, your flesh is visited abruptly by a tubular needle that punctures skin, rips delicate strands of muscle and cuts holes in a vein wall. To what end? The body doesn't understand. If you're in a fight and get hit, your body can usually understand that: It was probably mobilized for action. But what action are you mobilized for when a needle goes into your flesh? The same thing happens, I think, with economic growth. Take the first idea of the poverty program—making jobs. What pleasure

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PLAYBOY: Doesn't that statement place you in league with the right wing?

MAILER: I don't mean we have to go all the way back to 19th Century conservatism. Instead, take Harlem as an example of what I'm talking about. Right now, part of the New York City police force works in Harlem. It's a hopeless job for any white policeman. He doesn't have a prayer of being a good cop; he's too hated because of all the bad white cops who've been there and also because of all the bad Negro cops who've worked in Harlem. He's hated because he comes from outside and is a symbol of oppression. Suppose the existential fact were recognized that Harlem is more separated from New York City than East Berlin from West Berlin; it is a separate principality, a kingdom in and of itself. Suppose, then, that Harlem had its own police force and was offered its fair share of the funds that run the New York Police Department. Suppose they even used part of that money for other purposes and had a volunteer police force, just like the Hasidic Jews in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, a couple of years ago. Anything that functions on the basis of volunteer effort by people who have come to feel they have to do this particular job in order to feel respect for themselves will work better than obliging a professional to do a job in some place where he's miserable professionally. The advantage of having an all-Negro professional and volunteer police force in Harlem is that every time something ugly happened, the Negroes would have to recognize one particular complexity in life, which is that not only can their own people be bad but that police brutality might be something that comes out of being a policeman. And they'd have to face the fact that Whitey ain't the only devil in town. That might be good.

Take schooling in Harlem. All these educational programs that come from the outside are absurd. I've never met a stupid Negro in my life; I've met many Negroes I couldn't talk to, but I never had the feeling of a stupid man behind the face. I have met stupid whites. The point is: The Negro has a life experience that prevents him from being stupid. As a result, he has a culture that is thus different from our own, and his school education should begin with *his* culture before he is asked to move over to ours. So, again, let the city allocate board-of-education funds to let the Negro administer his own schools and evolve his own curriculum. There might be chaos for a time. Could it be any worse than the daily chaos in Harlem schools now? Why should Negroes be forced to learn to read by methods devised by Midwestern WASPs? Totally different kinds of

people—as different as Japanese and Georgians.

Concerning housing projects, I see no reason to come in with these tremendous urban-renewal jobs that are unspeakably ugly and tear up neighborhoods; they are like metal plates put in your head or plastic tubes stuck in your gut. These projects disrupt a neighborhood. Instead, some of these tenements could be saved. You could have a scheme where a man could start by being given \$100 worth of materials—I use the figure arbitrarily—and a little professional labor, and he could set out to improve his apartment: plaster a wall, this or that; say his wife will be in on it. He's working for his own apartment. If he goes out and drinks up the money, all right, he drank it up and presumably he won't get any more. His neighbors might lean on him. Not lean on him hard, probably, because if he's the guy who drank it up, he's possibly the meanest guy in the house. Still, what you get this way is a house interested in itself; whereas the other way, housing projects, poverty programs, Great Society—any Negro who doesn't set out to exploit the white man who is giving him money is nothing but a fool. With such handouts, honor for the Negro becomes his ability to lie, cheat and exploit the white man. Whereas a few thousand dollars given bit by bit to a man working

very hard on his own apartment over a few years would obviously do much more for that apartment than \$20,000 spent to renovate it by outside methods.

PLAYBOY: Prior to the riots in Newark and Detroit, you said that civil war would erupt soon in this country. Did you see it as happening between Negroes and whites?

MAILER: I think there's a tendency toward civil war—not a war in the sense of people shooting it out over the hills and on battle lines; but certain kinds of functions might cease to exist in this society—technological functions. It may be that people will lose the habit of depending on the subway to get to work, or people might lose the real possibility of driving into certain cities at certain hours of the day or night. What might happen would be scattered outbreaks of violence: people, for example, who've gotten fed up with the Long Island Expressway and so start overturning cars in traffic jams. All sorts of things—products getting worse and worse; shoddiness at the center of production, breakdowns, fissures.

PLAYBOY: How much of this will be the result of what you've often and passionately condemned as our technological society?

MAILER: Oh, much of it. Most of it, perhaps. Another great part of the tendency toward violence might derive from our

guilt of the past: We've never paid for the crimes of the past; now we're trying to bury them. That's one reason the technological society advances at such a great rate: It frees people from having to look back into the horrors of the past. Western man has never faced up to the slave trade, the concentration camps, the colonization of the world, the imperialization of the world—the list could go on as long as one's knowledge of history.

PLAYBOY: In *Cannibals and Christians*, you described the Cold War as useless, brutal and enervating. You said we should stop it and get on with the destiny of Western man. What is that destiny?

MAILER: A huge phrase—"the destiny of Western man." I suppose I meant that the West is built ultimately on one final assumption—that life is heroic. It's a Faustian notion. Of course, one immediately rushes to say that the West is also Christian, but there's always been a contradiction at the heart. Christianity, the gentlest of religious professions, is the most militant and warlike of religions, the most successful and Faustian of religions. Indeed, it conquered the world. In that limited sense, Christianity is the most heroic. The alternative to this heroic notion of man is that passive acceptance of the universe that characterizes Hindu or Oriental philosophy and religion.

One of the ironies of our century is that the technological society creates an atmosphere of such passivity in people that they are now prepared to entertain Oriental notions precisely because they have lost much of the real power to shape their own lives. The citizens of a technological society are as existentially powerless as an Oriental peasant. Their living standard may be vastly superior, but their essential social impotence is similar: They command less and less; they are manipulated more and more. They may think they are picking their channel, but TV channels them.

Note: The more we wage a religious war against communism, the more we create the real social equivalent of communism in America—which will be the total technological society. You can look forward into a future where communism's technological society grows nearly identical with ours; the differences will be of the mildest local color. For the natural tendency of the technological society is to try to clean up all sorts of social excesses and to root out random oppression because these activities are illogical; they interfere with the smooth working of the machine. You never want a piston to drive with more force than is necessary to direct the action of the machine; you never put a part in the machine that is heavier than it needs to be. So the natural desire of the technological society is

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to create a smooth totalitarian society free from the ranker forms of injustice. Its long-term tendency in Russia is to make a totalitarian environment that is relatively civilized and pleasant. Both countries may well end by serving up a life to their citizens about as anonymous and vitiated and pill-ridden and dull as some of our new office buildings.

PLAYBOY: Then why does America fight communism?

MAILER: Because we're Faustian. We believe we have to grapple with the universe; we have the secret faith that we are inspired by a national genius that enables us to take on anything and do anything. The tragic irony is that in fighting communism, we are creating the absolute equivalent of communism in this country. And we will destroy our own Faustian dream in the act of fighting communism, for the technological society looks to destroy any idea of the heroic because such ideas seem irrational and unscientific to the technician.

On the other hand, each time communism has captured some small part of the West, it has been shaken by Western complexities that open huge rents in the Russian Communist ideology. A backward country like Yugoslavia did more to halt Stalinism than 50 military adventures dreamed up by John Foster Dulles. Yugoslavia introduced a complex notion into the center of communism: the idea that there could be two kinds of communism, each equally devout and heroic in itself, each more or less oppressive. This made the Communist bureaucrat begin to contemplate the nature of his own system and therefore to doubt his faith and so look for ways to ameliorate the oppressiveness of it.

Communism is cannibalistic, as I said earlier. Any ideology that attempts to dominate all of existence has to split into sects and segments, because the moment disagreement exists between members, it cannot be adjudicated or compromised without losing the primitive force of the ideology. Compromise impossible, splits occur. What you get then is two ideologies equally monotonous, equally total, soon equally at war with each other.

PLAYBOY: Opposed to this, then, is what you call the heroic destiny of the West?

MAILER: Let's say, an *exploration* into the heroic.

PLAYBOY: Is existential politics an exploration into the heroic?

MAILER: To a degree. Existential politics can be understood only by talking practically, specifically, about what you are going to do here in this particular place and time. After you talk about, say, 20 such situations, you get some notion of existential politics. The basic principle is that you do not separate the act from the receiver. Existential politics depends on

a certain intimacy between the law and the people upon whom the law is enacted. For example, the most paradoxical notion of existential politics is not that there should be no capital punishment but that if someone is going to get killed by the state, then make a spectacle of the event. Let people watch while a professional executioner and the condemned man fight hand to hand in an arena. Since the executioner is professional, he wins practically every time; but he doesn't win to a certainty; that gives the prisoner some last chance to fight for his own existence. It gives him the right of any man to fight for existence under extraordinary circumstances. Such a spectacle also opens the public to the real nature of execution. Let them see that blood on the sand. They may then decide if they still want capital punishment. If they do, more power to them. They like blood. But at least one profound hypocrisy—our quarantine of the execution from the eyes of the public that decrees the act—won't be able to exist anymore.

PLAYBOY: In terms of the possibility of your becoming an existential political figure yourself, you once planned to run for mayor of New York City, although recently you said that you've decided to devote your time to writing instead of political activities. Do you still feel that way?

MAILER: I disqualified myself from being in political office; you can't stab your wife and get away with it. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: Yourself apart, do you have any prognostications about the American political and social scene in general?

MAILER: I'm gloomy. I won't say I don't think we're going to make it; but I am gloomy because, quite beyond politics and any related or unrelated discussions of courage, honor, love, beauty, and so forth, rests this technological society that sits upon us like an incubus. It's impossible, for instance, to have any contact with anything in your existence that is not encapsulated by this technological society. I can't take a pat of butter at breakfast that doesn't have some chemical additive to deaden the taste of the butter just a bit, and therefore my taste buds, and therefore deaden me, as well as line my stomach cells with a new if minuscule addition of the chemical. If you could eat a fresh piece of butter for breakfast, certain sensory messages might be able to reach down deep into the secret needs of your nerves—enough to enrich you. You might live a hint better. The technological society gets between us and existence in everything we do, the air we breathe, the buildings we live in with their abstract monotonous forms, the synthetic fibers we wear; ever

notice how a rash from a synthetic fiber is more disagreeable than one from cotton or wool? The list is endless. I've written about little else for years.

PLAYBOY: What can be done about it?

MAILER: I don't know. My feeling is that there is going to be some extraordinary holocaust. Who knows? We may all die off in mysterious fashion. For instance, about the time we discover some cure for cancer, a new disease even worse will probably be spawned by the cure—just as new viruses were spawned in relation to penicillin. Modern disease and modern technology are inseparably connected.

PLAYBOY: You've often connected this, which you call "the plague," with the modern technological society. How did the plague begin?

MAILER: I think it began somewhere back with primitive man, when the first mediocrity discovered he could get power over men stronger than himself by employing magic for control over others rather than using magic for communion with his existence. Jacques Ellul, in his book *The Technological Society*, suggests that the beginning of all scientific technique came from a perversion of primitive magic.

PLAYBOY: You've written that one aspect of totalitarianism is fear of orgasm, particularly by the liberal mentality, because the orgasm, you claim, is "the existential moment. Every lie we have told, every fear we have indulged, every aggression we have tamed," you say, "arises again at that instant to constrict the turns and possibilities of our becoming." Would you tell us more about that?

MAILER: Orgasm is the moment when you can't cheat life. If the orgasm was no good, something in you—or in your mate, but probably in you—was no good. In an existential moment, something bad can happen to you, because you can't control it; you don't know how it's going to turn out. Anybody who's ever been in an automobile accident experiences such a moment—three or four or five fragments of time that seem endless—and you're into something that is brand-new.

But the American liberal is programmatic about sex. Yesterday he believed in sex hygiene. Today he believes in promiscuity. He thinks it's good. I think that's innocent. Promiscuity is good at given times. Other times, dreadful. When sex becomes programmatic, in walks the totalitarian. Because a program does not permit of surprises. Sometimes, existence can reveal itself only by its surprises.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the abundance of sex manuals available today contributes to the programing of sex?

MAILER: Taking them at their best, the psychological sex manuals, I'd still say I'm not a champion of Albert Ellis' opinions. Although there's one thing in Ellis'



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ideas that isn't so bad: the notion he has of sex as will. For instance, I remember he once told me a story about one of his patients who was terribly timid and nervous about women. After they'd worked for a while in the analytical relationship, Ellis finally said one day to his patient: "Look, you like this girl; you find her attractive. Neck with her tonight; take her to the movies and neck with her." Ellis said the patient went to the movies with the girl and suffered and sweated and died but finally made a pass; he did neck with her. Ellis said the real reason was that the patient was more afraid of Ellis than he was of the girl. There's something in that. A healthier reflex can sometimes be initiated by an act of will.

PLAYBOY: Is that an example of existential sex?

MAILER: Yes: It's leaping a gap. But, you know, I distrust this talk. The older I get and the more I learn about sex, the more I know I don't know anything at all. Sex is more mysterious today than it was the day I started.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

MAILER: I find it harder to come up with value judgments that can be used from one day to the next. I prefer it this way—having fewer and fewer answers about sex as the years go by.

PLAYBOY: In that case, do you still believe, as you wrote several years ago, that birth control is evil—that it's a kind of murder of what may have been a man's best son?

MAILER: Yes. In fact, not too long ago, I was reading a very generous review of *Cannibals and Christians* in a Catholic magazine called *The Critic*; and at one point the critic said, Of course, Mailer's ideas are almost absurdly sentimental about birth control. I am now to the right of the Catholic Church.

PLAYBOY: Indeed, the Catholic Church is presently struggling with its birth-control position, in order to square it with the problems of the world population explosion and the individual moral problems raised by families that are too large.

MAILER: Regardless of what the Church finally decides, the problem of birth control is the same as all of the other problems in our technological society. They're all part of the same damn problem; something is insulating us away from our existence. My guess is that in primitive times it was much more difficult to conceive and—as a result—more natural. In a just existence, the best things are always the most difficult. Since primitive man lived in a relation to his life that was more biological—which is to say, he felt everything around him with his own body—he was therefore more intelligent physically than he is today, even though he might have been

smaller. Each man was more an animal; his senses told him more. We notice that many animals don't conceive all that easily. I would judge the problems of breeding are considerable with animals because they don't conceive unless they really want it to take.

In our modern life, on the other hand, the body is so deadened at its sexual center by contraceptives and pills that we no longer can afford to be as selective as we used to be. This adds desperation. Because people are less sensitive to conceiving, they have to make damn sure they conceive. So men put a child into many a woman they would not choose in the real calling of their blood; and many a woman accepts the seed of a man she would normally despise or half despise. There's an adulteration of distinctions, a losing of the intimacies of form, in the sense that a fine key for a fine lock is intimate. I repeat: People now conceive too easily because they're afraid if they don't, they won't conceive at all.

PLAYBOY: What would happen if there were no birth control?

MAILER: It's possible that it might then become much more difficult to conceive, because there would be more real terror of conceiving for too little.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it also possible that the social consequences would be calamitous—if your theory didn't work?

MAILER: Perhaps—but one thing you can be sure of: People would start making love a lot less; they'd make it only when they really wanted to make it; they'd have to be carried away more. On a flood of passion, yeah. How many people ride on a flood today? One thing I've learned in all these years is not to make love when you really don't feel it; there's probably nothing worse you can do to yourself than that.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MAILER: Well, it's like taking your vitals, putting them on a stone block and pounding away with a hammer. It's bad for the back—that I know.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's possible for a couple to have an enduring sexual relationship?

MAILER: Yes, I do. Even after you've been married awhile, it can still be the thing you go through the day for.

PLAYBOY: You don't believe, then, in the old cliché that the early days of marriage are the great times and after that the sexual scene gets less interesting?

MAILER: I think a marriage should get better all the time. By the time they're 80, a couple should die fucking. But I don't think that happens, because none of us have the guts for that; none of us are clean enough; all of us are yellower than we ought to be. Cowardice kills love.

PLAYBOY: Cowardice in what sense?

MAILER: It centers around possession. A curious thing: If you gamble with your possession and gamble foolishly and you're not possessive enough, that's fatal. There's something in a woman that is profoundly outraged if you don't want to make her all your own; women will never forgive you for that. Permissiveness to a woman is permissive shit. They hate it. Everything primitive rebels in a woman if a man does not want her absolutely for himself. At the same time, once you claim a woman, you start killing everything in her. Nothing in love or sex is ever simple, because you're always walking between two paradoxes.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

MAILER: They go by many names: possession versus liberty; protection versus spontaneity; novelty versus tradition.

PLAYBOY: You've been married four times—

MAILER: Heroines, every one.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about marriage?

MAILER: I love marriage, but I don't think I'd love it unless I were a novelist. I love it because it's a curious relationship. It's artificial and yet, on the other hand, it has such primitive roots and territorial rights. A novelist can become absolutely obsessed with marriage. I've never written much about it, but I think it's a gold mine: to write about marriage, to really write about marriage and what *really* goes on between a man and a woman—the way they kill each other and keep each other alive.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you may write about it someday?

MAILER: I don't know; I don't know. It's difficult. After all, the marriage you're usually thinking about at the moment is your present marriage, and you can't start writing about that.

PLAYBOY: Many of your critics accuse you of harboring a good deal of hostility to women. They point to the classic scene in your story *The Time of Her Time* when the protagonist calls his penis the "avenger" and rapes a girl anally.

MAILER: Let's get something hotsy-totsy. Let's say: takes carnal possession of her posterior territories.

PLAYBOY: All right. Critics also point to the well-known scene in *An American Dream* when Rojack deprives a German maid of her orgasm by insisting at the last second on having his orgasm in her rectum instead of her vagina. Critics say that here again is an example of Mailer's deep hostility toward and distrust of women. What do you say about it?

MAILER: I think I've got as much anger against women as anyone I know, but I'm perfectly willing to let the defense rest right here—I don't give a damn—and, you know, I sometimes have as

much hostility against women as I've got against men. The reason I wrote about those things twice deliberately was something writers will understand but no critic ever will; it was just to say to the critic: "Fuck you. I wrote about it once; I'll write about it again. What are you going to do about it? Say I'm anally oriented? OK. Say I'm anally oriented. I'll say I'm Cassius Clay. Fuck you."

PLAYBOY: Some of the same critics have taken you to task for a poem in your *Deaths for the Ladies and Other Disasters*:

So long
as
you
use
a knife,
there's
some
love
left.

They say this boastfully exploits the episode when you stabbed your second wife. How do you feel about this charge?

MAILER: I don't want to talk about the stabbing anymore. Not anymore. Say the word 18 times and it loses its force. I'll just say—this could be hard to believe—that I was not really thinking about the act or myself at the moment I wrote the poem; I was really thinking about a long conversation I had with a man who stabbed his brother. He had been telling me about it and he had such complexity of feeling for his brother that the poem came: "So long as you use a knife. . . ." My feeling about writing such things is simple: If you're not ruthless about your work, you can't be an artist of interest. Once something crystallizes, you have to be ruthless about presenting it; it doesn't matter who gets hurt, starting with yourself. Your message in the ear of the reader is going to be worth the damage that's done. You've got to be impersonal; you can't look back. If, on the other hand, you go in the other direction and start thinking, "Will writing about this experience hurt me?"—well, then, you're a bad writer, the kind who spends his life humping for *The New Yorker*. You spend your life hurting other people—not yourself.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MAILER: A sadist can't bear pain, self-examination, anything injurious to the ego. His ego, after all, has to give him sanction to do harm to others.

PLAYBOY: In *Cannibals and Christians*, you spoke of the dangers of the womanization of America. Could you expand on that point?

MAILER: The gist of what I said is that women are getting more power because men want them to. Today, a man wants a wife who is a military assistant, a woman who can go out into the world with

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her husband and help him climb those hills of status.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that a woman's place is in the home?

MAILER: That takes us right back into the technological society. When a woman is in the home today, she's miserable. Our technological society has transformed her home into a minor-league factory with all sorts of plastic and electric services and appliances that keep breaking down constantly—at a far greater rate, be it said, than the clumsiest machines of the 19th Century. That's part of the mystery of our technological society: Nothing really works well. I, of course, put the blame on plastic. The machine bears some umbilical relation to metal, just as a house does to stone or wood and red wine to meat. Plastic in a machine makes about as much sense as a foam-rubber cunt.

PLAYBOY: The "technological society" more directly affects—and you would say, oppresses—the middle and upper classes. Is that the reason you've written that the lower classes enjoy a more satisfactory sex life?

MAILER: I think the lower classes probably have more sexual vitality than the upper classes. They have fewer outlets in life. Another reason: They tend to work more with their bodies than with their minds.

PLAYBOY: But according to Kinsey, the lower economic groups suffer from more sexual rigidity and engage in less sexual experimentation than the upper and middle classes.

MAILER: All such statistics show is that attitude to which people are ready to confess. I don't know how valid such findings are. What we're talking about here is old-fashioned sexual perversion. Members of the upper classes and the more prosperous middle classes tend to be fond of their own pet perversion; they look upon it as an entertainment, an adornment, an enrichment; the lower class, on the other hand, looks upon sexual perversion as weakness; they see it in its other aspect. Perversion has two aspects: It is an adornment; it is also a need, and so they see it as a weakness and they despise it. To the lower classes, need is weakness.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "perversion"?

MAILER: Whatever it might be—fellatio, cunnilingus, you name it. Lower-class people see it as a weakness in themselves if they desire it. Envision a strong guy who wants to go down on his girl. He thinks he's weak. Of course he's weak. Giving head to your woman is weakness; it's also a good way to get rid of some of your weakness. It's also dangerous because it gives the Devil introduction into the vagina.

PLAYBOY: The Devil? How so?

MAILER: Oh, the mind's a devil. Didn't you know? And the mind, after all, is connected to the tongue.

PLAYBOY: You've said that D. H. Lawrence was the first novelist who gave you the idea "that sex could have beauty." Do you continue to admire Lawrence?

MAILER: My objection to Lawrence is that he's sentimental about sex. Sex is not only a divine and beautiful activity; it's also a murderous activity. People kill each other in bed. Some of the greatest crimes ever committed have been committed in bed. And no weapons were used.

PLAYBOY: About the art of fiction in general, do you agree with critics such as Norman Podhoretz who claim that the novel as an imaginative art is dead because of the recent incorporation of reportage techniques into fiction?

MAILER: Obviously, I don't agree with them. I believe the novel has its own particular resource, which is almost magical. If you write purely and your style's good enough, you can establish a communion between yourself and the reader that can be found in no other art. And this communion can continue for hours, weeks, years. When the novel is dead, then the technological society will probably be totally upon us. You'll need a score card to be able to tell the Communists from the Texans.

PLAYBOY: Many critics have said that of all the writers of your generation, you seem best equipped to write the fabled Great American Novel. How do you feel about that?

MAILER: Let's assume they're right.

PLAYBOY: What would it be about?

MAILER: That's something I want to keep to myself.

PLAYBOY: Several times you've compared your generation of writers with the generation of the 1920s—Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Faulkner and the rest—and you've argued that the older writers were far superior. Do you still believe this?

MAILER: They're doubtless greater; and they're certainly more fascinating as men.

PLAYBOY: You said that if Hemingway had been a pimply-faced kid instead of the man he was, his books wouldn't have had the audience they commanded. Some critics claim about you that if you were a middle-class, conservative man who wrote novels rather than a brawling, pugnacious, hard-drinking hipster, your books would never have sold as well as they have. What do you feel about your relation to your public image?

MAILER: Hemingway had a clear image, if you will: The work and the man bore a certain resemblance to each other. But my relation to my public personality is more surrealistic than that. People are in an incredible state of confusion about me. So my public personality probably

hurts my sales, because Americans like answers, not enigmas. It's precisely the middle-class conservative authors who sell in huge quantities: Herman Wouk, Louis Auchincloss, James Michener. Make your own list.

PLAYBOY: How do you want to be remembered?

MAILER: The surest way not to be remembered is to talk about the way you want to be.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel good about the future of American fiction?

MAILER: I don't want to predict. I can't even predict my own work.

PLAYBOY: You've said about your latest book, *Why Are We in Vietnam?*, that it sometimes displeases you; but at other times, you decide it's one of the ten funniest books written since *Huckleberry Finn*. To which of your previous works do you feel closest?

MAILER: Probably *The Deer Park* and *An American Dream*. And one day a month, I really like *Barbary Shore*. Whenever I'm depressed, I'm always pleased *The Naked and the Dead* is around.

PLAYBOY: Why do you write?

MAILER: Why do I write? You can't beat the hours.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll continue to write political and cultural essays? Some of your critics complain that in *An American Dream*, for instance, you rehash ideas already expressed in your essays and book reviews and columns. What are your feelings?

MAILER: Everything I write is a card out of the same deck. You can reshuffle them; but in a way, I've been working on one book most of my writing life. Probably since I started with *Barbary Shore*, certainly with and since *The Deer Park*, I've been working on one book.

PLAYBOY: Including the books of essays—*Advertisements for Myself*, *The Presidential Papers* and *Cannibals and Christians*?

MAILER: Yes.

PLAYBOY: What's the book about?

MAILER: Existentialism. That is to say, the feel of our human condition, which, by the logic of existentialism, is the truth of the human condition. Of course, it takes no mean artistry to get the feel.

PLAYBOY: At the beginning of our talk, you said you like interviews because they sometimes serve as a psychic house cleaning for your current ideas. Do you feel you've accomplished that here?

MAILER: I hope we haven't had a cure-tage.

PLAYBOY: Is there any final statement you'd like to make?

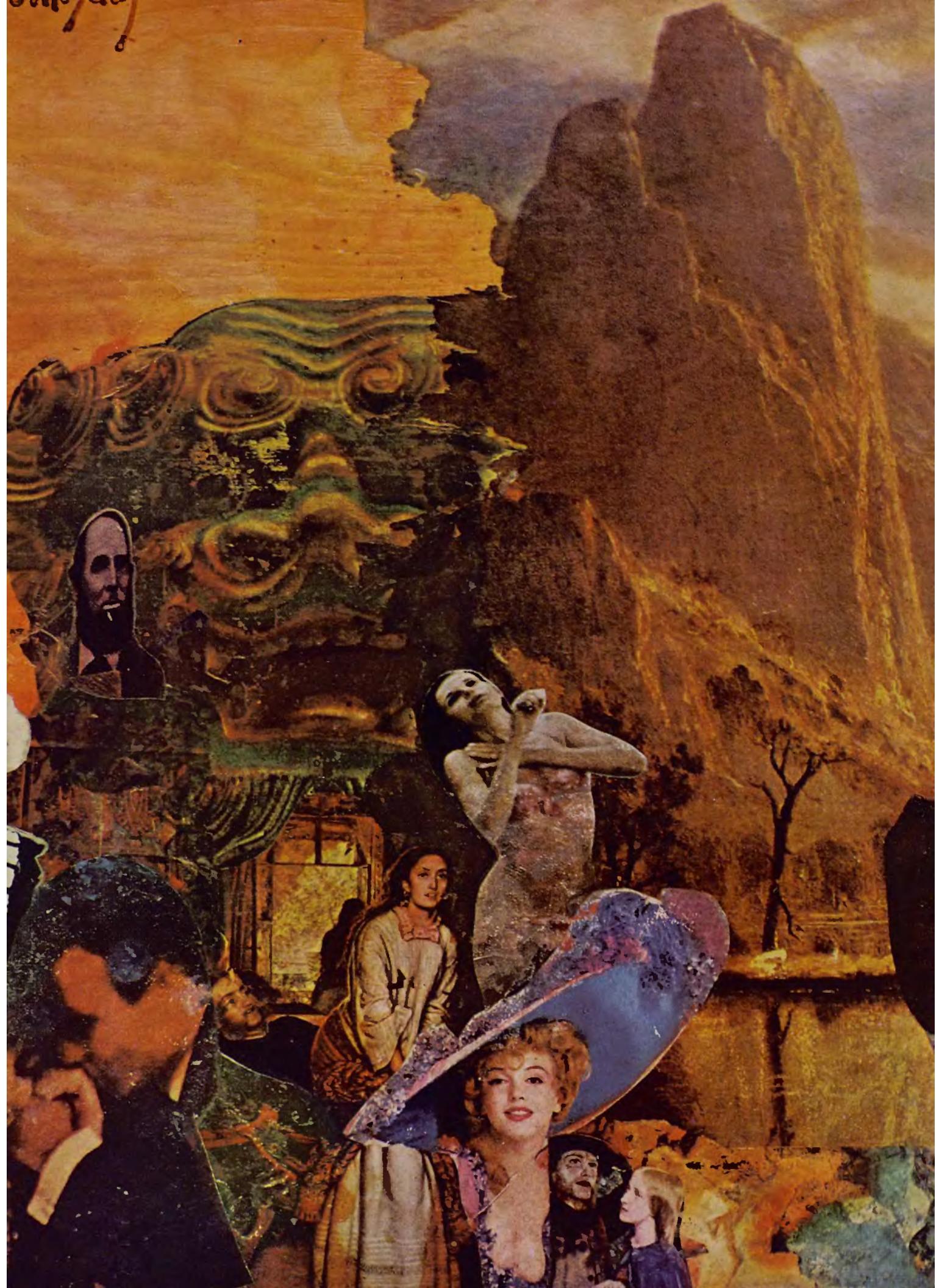
MAILER: Yes. Up the Irish / Down the Feds / Say we sad Irish / Anarchists and Reds. Not bad doggerel, when you realize I learned my Hebrew in Brooklyn. Cheers to the brogue. Let's get a drink.

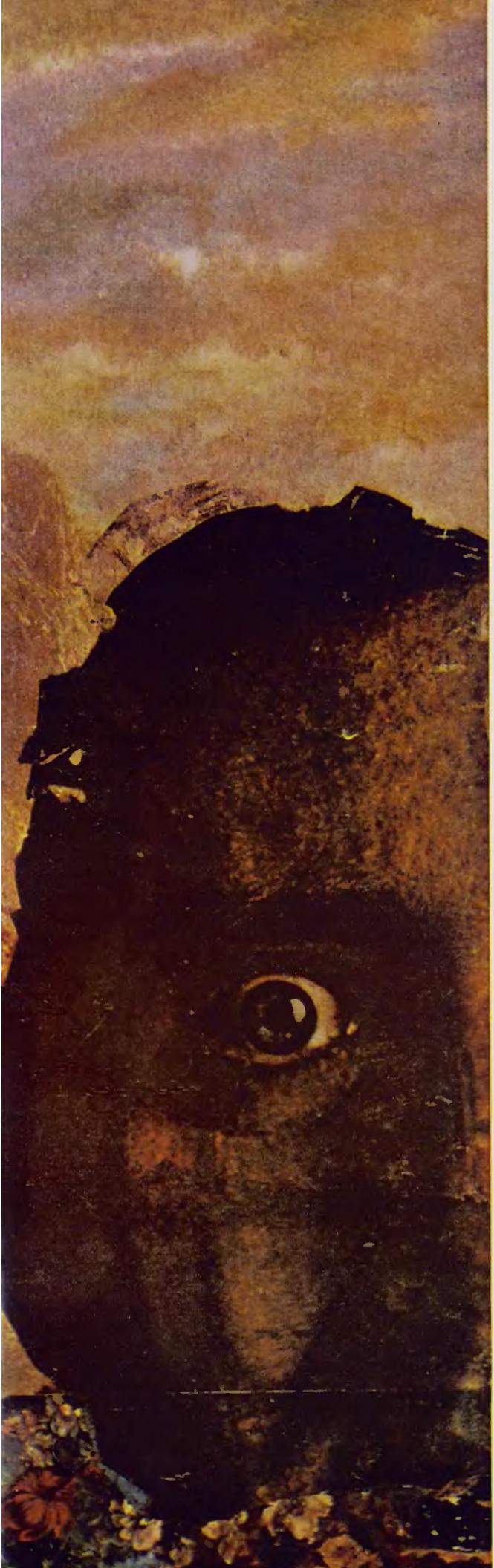




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THE YELLOW ROOM

there is a cure for bad dreams, for gin before breakfast and aimless wandering, and you may find it if you're lucky enough to get lost in the right place at the right time

fiction By JOHN CHEEVER

I WAS BORN out of wedlock—the son of Franklin Faxon Taylor and Gretchen Shurz Oxencroft, his onetime secretary. I have not met my mother for several years, but I can see her now—her gray hair flying and her fierce blue eyes set plainly in her face like the water holes in a prairie. She was born in an Indiana quarry town, the fourth and by far the plainest of four daughters. Neither of her parents had more than a high school education. The hardships and boredom of the provincial Middle West forced them into an uncompromising and nearly liturgical regard for the escape routes of learning. They kept a volume of the complete works of Shakespeare on their parlor table like a sort of mace. Her father was a Yorkshireman with thick light-brown hair and large features. He was slender and wiry and was discovered, in his 40s, to have tuberculosis. He began as a quarry worker, was promoted to quarry foreman and then, during a drop in the limestone market, was unemployed. In the house where she was raised there was a gilt mirror, a horsehair sofa and some china and silver that her mother had brought from Philadelphia. None of this was claimed to prove lost grandeur or even lost comfort, but Philadelphia! Philadelphia!—how like a city of light it must have seemed in the limestone flats. Gretchen detested her name and claimed at one time or another to be named Grace, Gladys, Gwendolyn, Gertrude, Gabriella, Giselle and Gloria. In her adolescence, a public library was opened in the village where she lived and through some accident or misdirection, she absorbed the complete works of John Galsworthy. This left her with a slight English accent and an immutable clash between the world of her reveries and the limestone country. Going home from the library one winter afternoon on a trolley car, she saw her father standing under a street lamp with his lunch pail. The driver did not stop for him and Gretchen turned to a woman beside her and exclaimed: "Did you see that poor creature! He signaled for the tram to stop, but the driver *quite* overlooked him." These were the accents of Galsworthy in which she had been immersed all afternoon, and how could she fit her father into this landscape? He would have failed as a servant or gardener. He might have passed as a groom, although the only horses he knew were the wheel horses at the quarry. She knew what a decent, courageous and cleanly man he was and it was the intolerable sense of his aloneness that had forced her, in a contemptible way, to disclaim him. Gretchen—or Gwendolyn, as she then called herself—graduated from high school with honors and was given a scholarship at the university in Bloomington. A week or so after her graduation from the university, she left the limestone country to make her fortune in New York. Her parents came down to the station to see her off. Her father was wasted. Her mother's coat was threadbare. As they waved goodbye, another traveler asked if they were her parents. It was still in her to explain in the accents of Galsworthy that they were merely some poor people she had visited, but instead she exclaimed: "Oh, yes, yes, they are my mother and father."

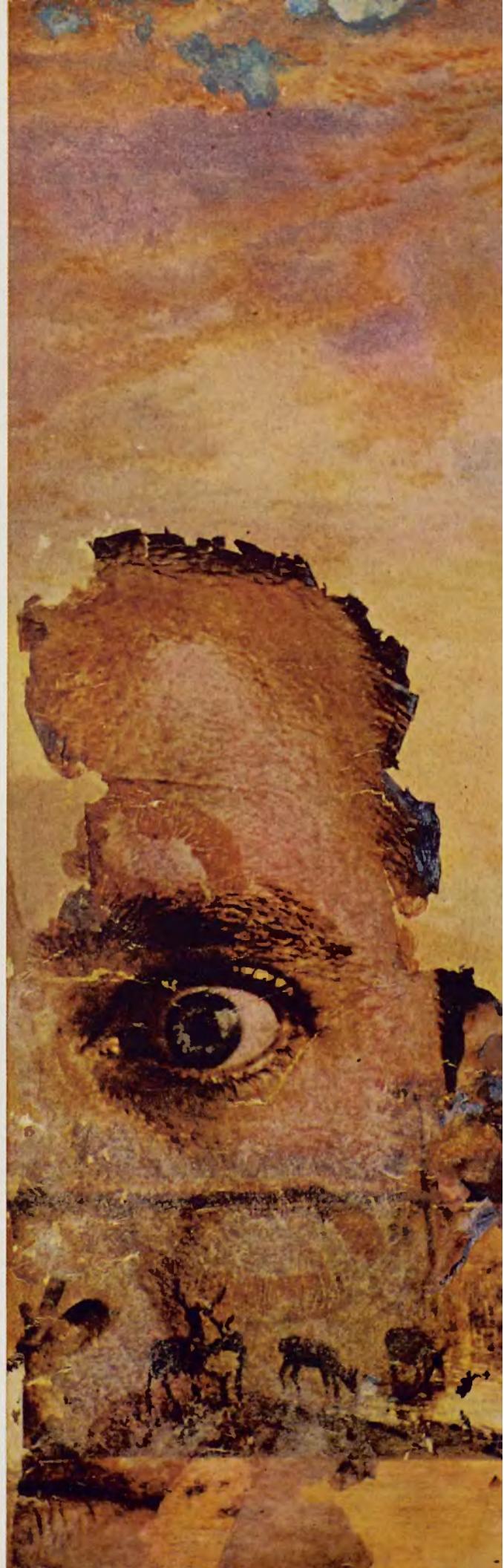
There is some mysterious, genetic principality where the children of anarchy are raised, and Gretchen (now Gloria) carried this passport. She had become a socialist in her last year at the university and the ills, injustices, imperfections, inequities and indecencies of the world made her smart. She more or less hurled herself at the city of New York and was hired shortly as a secretary for Franklin Faxon Taylor. He was a wealthy and visionary young man and a member of the Socialist Party. Gretchen became his secretary and presently his lover. They were by all accounts very happy together. What came between them—or so my father claimed—was that at this point her revolutionary ardor took the form of theft or kleptomania. They traveled a great deal and whenever they checked out of a hotel, she

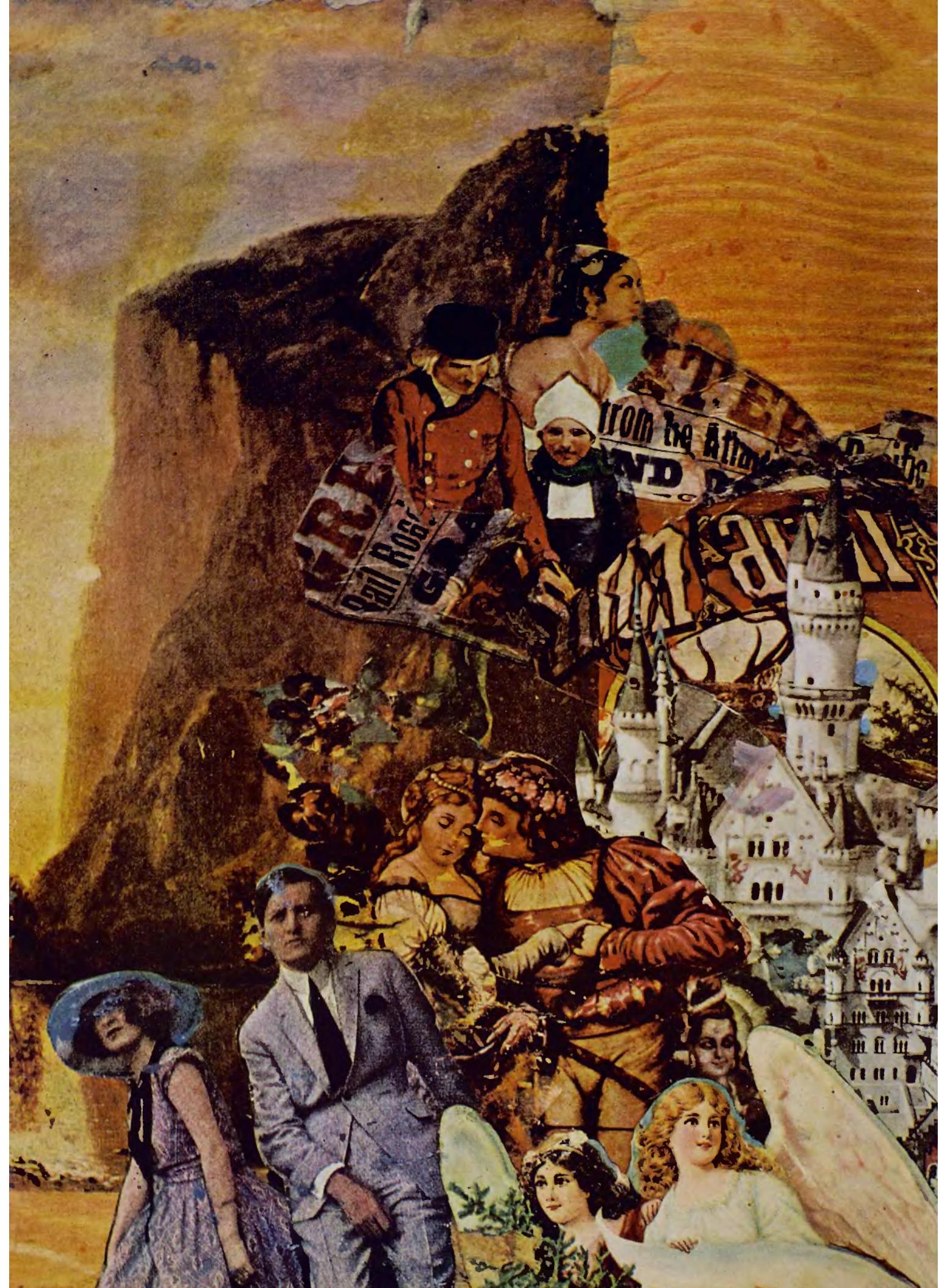
always packed the towels, the table silver, the dish covers and the pillowcases. The idea was that she would distribute them among the poor, although he never saw this happen. "Someone *needs* these things," she would exclaim, stuffing their suitcases with what did not belong to her. Coming into her Hay-Adams room in Washington once, he found her standing on a chair, removing the crystals from the chandelier. "Someone can *use* these," she said. At the Commodore Perry in Toledo, she packed the bathroom scale, but he refused to close the suitcase until she returned it. She stole a radio in Cleveland and a painting from the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. This incurable habit of thieving—or so he claimed—led them to bitter quarrels and they parted in New York. In the use of any utensils—toasters, irons and automobiles—Gretchen had been dogged by bad luck and, while she had been well equipped with birth-control material, her bad luck overtook her again. She discovered soon after the separation that she was pregnant.

Taylor did not mean to marry her. He paid the costs of her accouchement and gave her an income and she took a small apartment on the West Side. She always introduced herself as Miss Oxencroft. She meant to be disconcerting. I suppose she saw some originality in our mutual illegitimacy. When I was three years old, I was visited by my father's mother. She was delighted by the fact that I had a head of yellow curls. She offered to adopt me. After a month's deliberation, my mother—who was never very consistent—agreed to this. She felt that it was her privilege, practically her vocation, to travel around the world and improve her mind. A nursemaid was gotten for me and I went to live in the country with Grandmother. My hair began to turn brown. By the time I was eight, my hair was quite dark. My grandmother was neither bitter nor eccentric and she never actually reproached me for this, but she often said that it had come to her as a surprise. I was called Paul Oxencroft on my birth certificate, but this was thought unsatisfactory and a lawyer came to the house one afternoon to settle this. While they were discussing what to call me, a gardener passed the window, carrying a hammer, and so I was named. A trust had been established to provide Gretchen with a decent income and she took off for Europe. This ended her imposture as Gloria. Her checks, endorsements and travel papers insisted that she be Gretchen and so she was.

When my father was a young man, he summered in Munich. He had worked out all his life with bar bells, dumbbells, etc., and had a peculiar physique that is developed by no other form of exercise. In Munich he posed, out of vanity or pleasure, for the architectural sculptor Feldspar, who ornamented the façade of the Prinz-Regenten Hotel. He posed as one of those male caryatids who hold on their shoulders the lintels of so many opera houses, railroad stations, apartment buildings and palaces of justice. The Prinz-Regenten was bombed in the Forties, but long before this, I saw my father's recognizable features and overdeveloped arms and shoulders supporting the façade of what was then one of the most elegant hotels in Europe. Feldspar was popular at the turn of the century and I saw my father again, this time in full figure, holding up the three top floors of the Hotel Mercedes in Frankfurt am Main. I saw him in Yalta, Berlin and upper Broadway and I saw him lose caste, face and position as this sort of monumental façade went out of vogue. I saw him lying in a field of weeds in West Berlin. But all of this came much later, and any ill feeling about my illegitimacy and the fact that he was always known as my uncle was overcome by my feeling that he held on his shoulders the Prinz-Regenten, the better suites of the Mercedes and the Opera House in Malsberg that was also bombed. He seemed very responsible and I loved him.

I once had a girl who kept saying that she knew what my mother must be like. I don't know why an affair that centered on carnal roughhouse should have summoned memories of my old mother, but it did. The girl had it all wrong, although I never bothered to correct her. "Oh, I can imagine your mother," the girl would sigh. "I can see her in her garden, cutting roses. I know she wears chiffon and big hats." If my mother was in the garden at all, she was very likely on her hands and knees, flinging up weeds as a dog flings up dirt. She was not the frail and graceful creature that my friend imagined. Since I have no legitimate father, I may have expected more from her than she could give me, but I always found her disappointing and sometimes disconcerting. She now lives in Kitzbühel until the





middle of December—whenever the snow begins to fall—and then moves to a pension in Estoril. She returns to Kitzbühel when the snow melts. These moves are determined more by economic reasons than by any fondness she has for the sun.

I graduated from Choate and Yale. In my sophomore year, Grandmother died and left me some money. After my graduation, I moved to Cleveland and invested \$50,000 in a textbook firm. I lost this investment in less than a year. I don't think there was any connection, because I still had plenty of money, but about this time I found my appetite for men, women, children, athletics—everything—mysteriously curtailed and I had begun to suffer, for no apparent reason, from melancholy, a *cafard* or form of despair that sometimes seemed to have a tangible approach. Once or twice I seemed to glimpse some of its physical attributes. It was covered with hair—it was the classical *bête noire*—but it was as a rule no more visible than a column of thin air. I decided then to move to New York. I had majored in Italian literature and my plan was to translate the poetry of Eugenio Montale, but my *cafard* made this impossible. I took a furnished apartment in the East 50s. I seemed to know almost no one in the city and this left me alone much of the time and much of the time with my *cafard*.

It overtook me on trains and planes. I would wake feeling healthy and full of plans to be crushed by the *cafard* while I shaved or drank my first cup of coffee. It was most powerful and I was most vulnerable when the noise of traffic woke me at dawn. My best defense, my only defense, was to cover my head with a pillow and summon up those images that represented for me the excellence and beauty I had lost. The first of these was a mountain—it was obviously Kilimanjaro. The summit was a perfect, snow-covered cone, lighted by a passing glow. I saw the mountain a thousand times—I begged to see it—and as I grew more familiar with it, I saw the fire of a primitive village at its base. The vision dated, I guess, from the Bronze or the Iron Age. Next in frequency I saw a fortified medieval town. It could have been Mont-Saint-Michel or Orvieto or the grand lamasery in Tibet, but the image of the walled town, like the snow-covered mountain, seemed to represent beauty, enthusiasm and love. I also saw less frequently and less successfully a river with grassy banks. I guessed these were the Elysian fields, although I found them difficult to arrive at and at one point it seemed to me that a railroad track or a throughway had destroyed the beauty of the place. As often as I saw these places I would, to fend off the *cafard*, recite a sort of incantation or primitive prayer. I would pick the name of

some virtue I had lost—love, valor, compassion or excellence—and repeat the word a hundred times. As in Zen, I would exhale and inhale; for example: "Compassion" (exhale), "Compassion" (inhale), etc. However, this was not like Zen counting; that is to say, there was nothing contemplative in my incantation. It was wrung from me in despair. I suppose I could have organized a church in which the congregation got to their knees and shouted "Valor, Valor" (exhale, inhale) a thousand times. One could do worse.

I had begun to drink heavily to lick the *cafard* and one morning—I had been in New York for about a month—I took a hooker of gin while I shaved. I then went back to bed again, covered my head with a pillow and tried to evoke the mountain, the fortified town or the green field.

I stayed in bed that day until 11 or later. What I wanted then was a long, long, long sleep and I had enough pills to accomplish this. I flushed the pills down the toilet and called one of my few friends and asked for the name of his doctor. I then called the doctor and asked him for the name of a psychiatrist. He recommended a man named Doheny.

Doheny saw me that afternoon. His waiting room had a large collection of magazines, but the ashtrays were clean, the cushions were unrumpled and I had the feeling that perhaps I was his first customer in a long time. Was he, I wondered, an unemployed psychiatrist, an unsuccessful psychiatrist, an unpopular psychiatrist, did he while away the time in an empty office like an idle lawyer, barber or antique dealer? He presently appeared and led me into a consultation room that was furnished with antiques. There were no diplomas on the wall. I wondered then if some part of a psychiatrist's education was the furnishing of his consultation room. Did they do it themselves? Did their wives do it? Was it done by a professional? Doheny had large brown eyes in a long face. When I sat in the patient's chair, he turned the beam of his brown eyes onto me exactly as a dentist turns on the light above his drills, and for the next 50 minutes I basked in his gaze and returned his looks earnestly to prove that I was truthful and manly. He seemed, like some illusion of drunkenness, to have two faces and I found it fascinating to watch one swallow up the other. He charged a dollar a minute.

Doheny was intensely interested in my parents—he seemed to find them entertaining. My mother writes to me from Kitzbühel once or twice a month, and I gave Doheny her most recent letter. "I dreamed an entire movie last night," she wrote, "not a scenario but a movie in full color about a Japanese painter named Chardin. And then I dreamed I

went back to the garden of the old house in Indiana and found everything the way I had left it. Even the flowers I'd cut so many years ago were on the back porch, quite fresh. There it all was, not as I might remember it, for my memory is failing these days and I couldn't recall anything in such detail, but as a gift to me from some part of my spirit more profound than memory. After that, I dreamed that I took a train. Out of the window I could see blue water and blue sky. I wasn't quite sure where I was going, but looking through my handbag, I found an invitation to spend a weekend with Robert Frost. Of course, he's dead and buried and I don't suppose we would have gotten along for more than five minutes, but it seemed like some dispensation or bounty of my imagination to have invented such a visit.

"My memory is failing in some quarters, but in others it seems quite tenacious and even tiresome. It seems to perform music continuously. I seem to hear music all the time. There is music running through my mind when I wake and it plays all day long. What mystifies me is the variety in quality. Sometimes I wake to the slow movement of the first Rasoumovsky. You know how I love that. I may have a Vivaldi concerto for breakfast and some Mozart a little later. But sometimes I wake to a frightful Sousa march followed by a chewing-gum commercial and a theme from Chopin. I loathe Chopin. Why should my memory torment me by playing music that I loathe?

"I suppose you think all of this foolish, but at least I don't go in for tarot cards or astrology and I do not, as my friend Elizabeth Howland does, feel that my windshield wiper gives me sage and coherent advice on my stock-market investments. She claimed only last month that her windshield wiper urged her to invest in Merck chemicals, which she did, making a profit of several thousand. I suppose she lies about her losses as gamblers always do. As I say, windshield wipers don't speak to me, but I do hear music in the most unlikely places—especially in the motors of airplanes. Accustomed as I am to the faint drone of transoceanic jets, it has made me keenly aware of the complicated music played by the old DC-7s and Constellations that I take to Portugal and Geneva. Once these planes are airborne, their engines sound to my ears like some universal music as random and free of reference and time as the makings of a dream. It is far from jubilant music, but one would be making a mistake to call it sad. The sounds of a Constellation seem to me more contrapuntal—and in a way less universal than a DC-7's. I can trace, as clearly as anything I ever heard in a concert hall, the shift from a major chord to a diminished seventh, the ascent to an eighth, the reduction to a



"Hey, everybody! Mistletoe!"

minor and the resolution of the chord. The sounds have the driving and processional sense of Baroque music, but they will never, I know from experience, reach a climax and a resolution. The church I attended as a girl in Indiana employed an organist who had never completed his musical education, because of financial difficulties or a wayward inability to persevere. He played the organ with some natural brilliance and dexterity, but since his musical education had never reached the end of things, what had started out as a forthright and vigorous fugue would collapse into formlessness and vulgarity. The Constellations seem to suffer from the same musical irresolution, the same wayward inability to persevere. The first, second and third voices of the fugue are sounded clearly, but then, as with the organist, the force of invention collapses into a series of harmonic meanderings. The engines of a DC-7 seem both more comprehensive and more limited. One night on a flight to Frankfurt, I distinctly heard the props get halfway through Gounod's vulgar variations on Bach. I have also heard Handel's *Water Music*, the death theme from *Tosca*, the opening of the *Messiah*, etc. But boarding a DC-7 one night in Innsbruck—the intense cold may have made the difference—I distinctly heard the engines produce some exalting synthesis of all life's sounds: Boats and train whistles and the creaking of iron gates and bedsprings and drums and rain winds and thunder and footsteps and the sounds of singing all seemed woven into a rope or cord of air that ended when the stewardess asked us to observe the NO SMOKING sign (RAUCHEN VERBOTEN), an announcement that has come to mean to me that if I am not at home, I am at least at my destination.

"Of course, I know that you think all of this unimportant. It is no secret to me that you would have preferred a more conventional mother—someone who sent you baked goods and remembered your birthday—but it seems to me that in our knowledge and study of one another, we are circumspect and timid to an impractical degree. In our struggle to glimpse the soul of a man—and have we ever desired anything less?—we claim to have the honesty of desperation, whereas, in fact, we set up whole artificial structures of acceptable reality and stubbornly refuse to admit the terms by which we live. I will, before I end my letter, bore you with one more observation of fact. What I have to say must be well known to most travelers, and yet I would not dare confide my knowledge to an intimate friend, lest I be thought mad. Since you already think me mad, I suppose no harm can be done.

"I have noticed, in my travels, that the strange beds I occupy in hotels and pensions have a considerable variance in

atmosphere and a profound influence on my dreams. It is a simple fact that we impress something of ourselves—our spirits and our desires—on the mattresses where we lie, and I have more than ample evidence to prove my point. One night in Naples last winter, I dreamed of washing a drip-dry wardrobe, which is, as you well know, something I would never do. The dream was quite explicit—I could see the articles of clothing hanging in the shower and smell the wet cloth, although this is no part of my memories. When I woke, I seemed surrounded by an atmosphere unlike my own—shy, earnest and chaste. There was definitely some presence in the room. In the morning, I asked the desk clerk who had last occupied my bed. He checked his records and said that it had last been occupied by an American tourist—a Miss Harriet Lowell—who had moved to a smaller room but who could then be seen coming out of the dining room. I then turned to see Miss Lowell, whose white, drip-dry dress I had already seen in my dreams and whose shy, chaste and earnest spirit still lingered in the room she had left. You will put this down to coincidence, I know, but let me go on. Sometime later, in Geneva, I found myself in a bed that seemed to exhale so unsavory and venereal an atmosphere that my dreams were quite disgusting. In them I saw two naked men, mounted like a horse and rider. In the morning, I asked the desk clerk who the earlier tenants had been and he said: 'Oui, oui, deux tapettes.' They had made so much noise they had been asked to leave. After this, I made a practice of deciding who the previous occupant of my bed had been and then checking with the clerk in the morning. In every case I was correct—in every case, that is, where the clerk was willing to cooperate. In cases involving prostitutes, they were sometimes unwilling to help. If I found no presence in my bed, I would judge that the bed had been vacant for a week or ten days. I was always correct. Traveling that year, I shared the dreams of businessmen, tourists, married couples, chaste and orderly people, as well as whores. My most remarkable experience came in Munich in the spring.

"I stayed, as I always do, at the Bristol and I dreamed about a sable coat. As you know, I detest furs, but I saw this coat in great detail—the cut of the collar, the honey-colored skins, the yellow silk with which it was lined and, in one of the silk pockets, a pair of ticket stubs for the opera. In the morning, I asked the maid who brought me coffee if the previous occupant of the room had owned a fur coat. The maid clasped her hands together, rolled her eyes and said yes, yes, it was a Russian sable coat and the most beautiful coat that she, the maid, had ever seen. The woman had loved her coat. It was like a lover to her.

And did the woman who owned the coat, I asked, stirring my coffee and trying to seem unexceptional, ever go to the opera? Oh, yes, yes, said the maid, she came for the Mozart festival and went to the opera every night for two weeks, wearing her sable coat.

"I was not deeply perplexed—I have always known life to be overwhelmingly mysterious—but wouldn't you say that I possess indisputable proof of the fact that we leave fragments of ourselves, our dreams and our spirits in the rooms where we sleep? But what could I do with this information? If I confided my discovery to a friend, I would likely be thought mad; and was there, after all, any usefulness in my ability to divine that my bed had been occupied by a spinster or a prostitute or by no one at all? Was I gifted or were these facts known to all travelers and wouldn't giftedness be a misnomer for a faculty that could not be exploited? I have finally concluded that the universality of our dreams includes everything—articles of clothing and theater ticket stubs—and if we truly know one another so intimately, mightn't we be closer than we imagine to a peaceable world?"

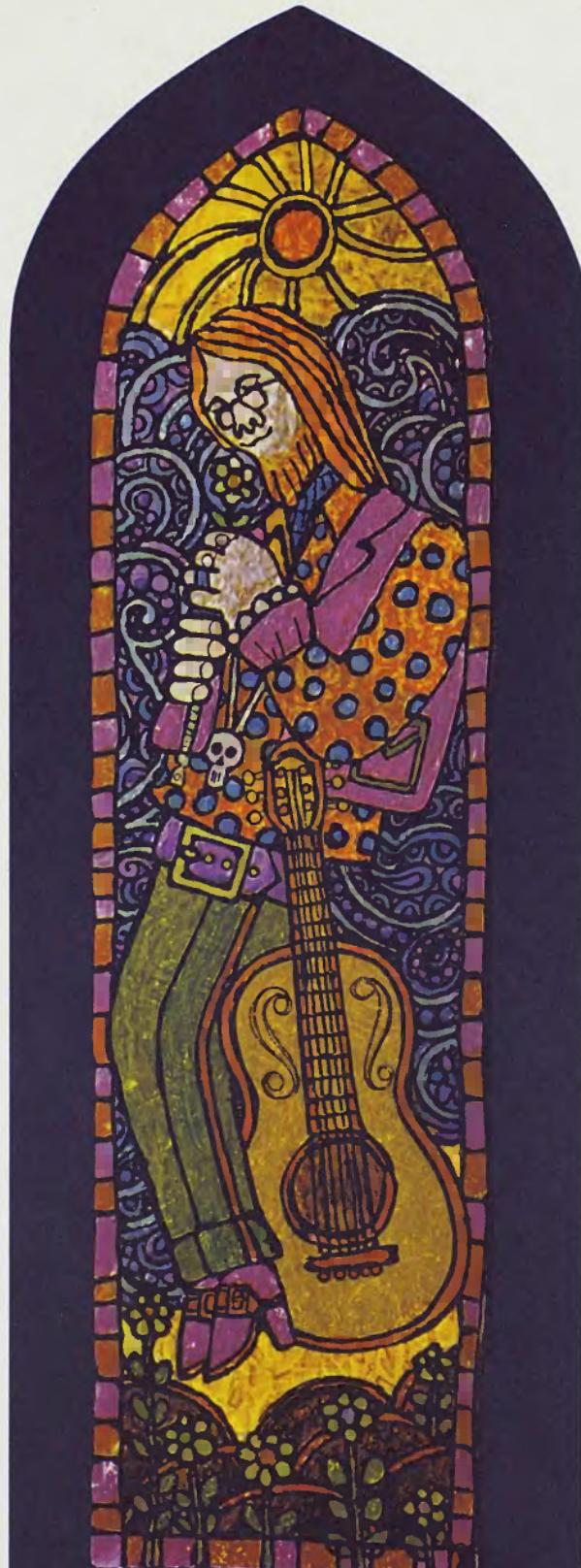
After I had been going to Doheny for a month or longer, he asked me to masturbate when I got home and report my reactions to him. I did as he asked and reported that I felt ashamed of myself. He was delighted with this news and said that sexual guilt was the source of my *cafard*. I was a repressed, transvestite homosexual. The fact that the image of my father supported hotels, palaces of justice and opera houses had intimidated me and forced me into an unnatural way of life. I told him to go to hell and that I was through. I said that he was a charlatan and that I was going to report him to the American Psychiatric Association. If he wasn't a charlatan, I asked, why didn't he have diplomas hung on his wall like other doctors? He got very angry at this, threw open his desk drawer and pulled out a pile of diplomas. He had diplomas from Yale, Columbia and the Neurological Institute. Then I noticed that all these documents were made out to a man named Howard Shitz and I asked if he hadn't picked them up in a second-hand bookstore. He said he had changed his name when he went into practice, for reasons that any dunce would understand. I left.

I was no better after Doheny—I was worse—and I began to wonder seriously if the ubiquitousness of my father's head and shoulders, carved in limestone, had not been crippling; but if it had been, what could I do? The opera house in Malsberg and the Prinz-Regenten had been demolished, but I couldn't remove him from his position on upper Broadway and he was still holding up the Mercedes in Frankfurt. I went on drinking—

(continued on page 217)

ONCE upon a time, a very ordinary young man, the son of a well-to-do merchant, got a sudden flash of insight. Though friends were shocked and relatives dismayed, he jacked his expensive wardrobe and walked out of his father's opulent home to spend the rest of his life singing and telling people about God and love. Lots of people still think Saint Francis of Assisi was some kind of nut. He wanted everybody to stop trying to get rich and to live in joyous poverty. He refused to make any provision for the next day, since he thought that would cast doubts on God's beneficence. He looked with contempt on book learning and put his trust in feelings. He annoyed the religiously orthodox by preaching to the birds, composing canticles to the sun and pandering a whimsical kind of pantheism. Yet he was eventually made a saint.

Eight hundred years later, thousands of American



**GOD
AND THE
HIPPIES**

*a progressive theologian sees
beneath their surface eccentricities
those qualities that well may help religion
face the challenge of the future*

article By HARVEY COX

young people stopped cutting their hair, discarded Ivy League suits and walked out of their parents' suburban palaces to prance barefoot through the streets, strum guitars and tell us all to make love instead of war. Fourteen-year-olds who used to attend meetings of Methodist youth groups began to paint their faces chrome yellow, writhe to the rhythm of Indian sitars and wear buttons that tell the world **I LOVE EVERYBODY**. A lot of people think they're mad.

Now, there are many differences between the hippies and Saint Francis, but how you feel about one may be a good clue to how you feel about the other. Was Saint Francis a lovable crackpot? If everyone lived that way, would society crumble? Was he the only real Christian since Christ?

Whatever Saint Francis did, he continues to bother and fascinate us. The same with the hippies. Their fervor and vitality and their strange religiousness are

forcing theologians to ask some painful questions both about our society and about contemporary Christianity. There is something undeniably attractive about these ragamuffin youngsters; but at the same time, they threaten some of our most cherished ethical precepts. Are the hippies really a religious movement? If so, can we learn anything from them or are they simply badly straying sheep that must be returned to the flock?

I believe the hippie movement does have religious overtones and that its growth in America today has a message for both the church and the society. Hippiness represents a secular version of the historic American quest for a faith that warms the heart, a religion one can experience deeply and feel intensely. The love-ins are our 20th Century equivalent of the 19th Century Methodist camp meetings—with the same kind of fervor and the same thirst for a God who speaks through emotion and not through the anagrams of doctrine. Of course, the Gospel that is preached differs somewhat in content, but then, content was never that important for the revivalist—it was the spirit that counted.

Hippiness has all the marks of a new religious movement. It has its evangelists, its sacred grottoes, its exuberant converts. Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco is the Holy City and pilgrims are welcome. But you don't have to go to Mecca to detect the holy aspiration of hippieism. You can see it anywhere. They chant Hindu mantras in Washington, stroll in threadbare Edwardian finery in Chicago, display vivid face and body paint in Boston. Even in Anaheim, California—that moated bastion of retired Naval officers and dour Birchers—there was a love-in. Why not? Saint Francis once walked through the Saracens' lines to preach to the sultan. The hippie movement is making a religious claim and it is no longer underground. Dripping incense and quoting the Upanishads, it has emerged from the garret-district catacombs. Its devotees now gambol lovingly in parks and city streets all over the country, petting policemen's horses and pelting squad cars with daffodils. On Easter Sunday morning, they held a love-in in Central Park that seemed much closer to the Easter spirit than the parade in front of St. Patrick's. "Jesus was here this morning," one beatific participant told an observer, "and so was Buddha." Unlike the rebels of a previous generation, the hippies are certainly not atheists. Perhaps if they were, they would be more easily dismissed. But they do claim to be religious and they deserve attention from theologians.

The first question to ask is a historical one. Why has the hippie movement, glibly calling on both Jesus and Buddha, emerged at just this moment in Western history, catching off guard those people who had already reconciled themselves to the secular era and the death of the gods? One answer is that only an affluent, highly industrialized welfare society could afford such a movement. The traditional Christian virtue of charity is now a function of the state. We do our alms through Form 1040. Our welfare society has reached a stage where we rarely allow anyone to starve, at least in the U. S. A. itself. Though it annoys some tax-paying over-30ers, in several countries groups have emerged who take advantage of this new security. In Sweden, they are the *Raggaren*, in Germany the *Gammler*, in Holland the *Provos*. All are first cousins to a lovely damsel in Haight who, when I asked her if she ever worried about eating, looked at me with consummate serenity and replied, "But food is."

The hippies represent the first generation of Americans who really don't have to work for a living. No wonder they annoy us. They have dropped the bottom out of the so-called Protestant ethic. And this has painful religious significance for many Americans. If work is no longer the way to find meaning in life, then what is? For the hippies, the answers vary:

Think, paint, meditate, play, make love, smoke pot, dance to the loudest music you can generate, get to know yourself and take all the time you need to do so. The hippie movement has been made possible by the very welfare society whose moral credentials it so vehemently questions.

On the religious level itself, however, perhaps the most fascinating challenge posed to Christian theologians by the hippies is their consuming interest in Oriental religions. This interest catches Christianity at an embarrassing moment. In a world where the great religious traditions are rubbing shoulders more closely than ever, Christianity still lacks the viable theology of non-Christian religions. In previous years, this weakness could be swept under the rug. But since the hippies have hit the headlines, that just won't work anymore. Members of the Krishna Light Society bang tambourines and chant at be-ins, and youngsters chant along. Buddhist prayer beads are in. Copies of the *Tibetan Book of the Dead* and the teachings of Lao-tse sell briskly. Boys in beards and denim talk ecstatically about finding God.

True, the hippie versions of Oriental religions are often weirdly distorted and Orientals themselves often find them virtually unrecognizable. But the interest is still genuine and, in some cases, well informed. Gary Snyder, San Francisco's Zen poet, spent two years in a monastery in Japan. His Buddhist faith is deep and genuine. But why, in their search for God, do hippies turn to Oriental faiths instead of to Christianity itself?

There are many reasons. First, the kind of Christianity that would appeal to hippies has been overlooked so long in churches and Sunday schools that it is no wonder young people know nothing about it. Christianity also has a mystical tradition, but it is scarcely known. Also, to many young people today, Christianity just seems too bland. The Christian Church in America has become, if anything, squarer than American culture. The Church is an enormously wealthy institution, holding vast tracts of real estate and investments. It seems too content to bless society's pursuit of commercial values. It presents few alternative, spiritually challenging life styles for restless youngsters. Some young people feel Christianity, though a commercial success in the modern world, is a spiritual failure—that the Church has sold out to the *status quo*. Consequently, one reason hippies have turned to Oriental religious practices for inspiration is simply that, whatever else they are, they are *not* Christian and at least that's something in their favor. Self-conscious subcultures have a way of trying to dramatize their differences from the larger society. Some Negroes are attracted to Islam mainly because they have come to believe that Christianity is a white man's religion. Similarly, hippies see Christianity as the religion of the establishment, a faith for those over 30. They want something else and the Oriental religions, though older than Christianity, are at least visibly different from the faith in which they were reared.

But there is a deeper reason for the hippie interest in Eastern spirituality. After all, for years a main emphasis of Western religion, especially the Protestant variety, has been on the domination of nature and the rebuilding of the earth into the City of God. Western theology has often been activist, extroverted, competitive. In the Eastern faiths, on the other hand, one finds a much deeper interest in the quiet cultivation of the fascinating labyrinth of the unconscious. Also, while Christianity has been suspicious of sexuality, some other faiths—Hinduism, for example—have been much more open in their celebration of the erotic. After years of Saint Paul, it must come as a marvelous discovery when a youngster first opens a copy of the *Kama Sutra*. (continued on page 206)

WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE



fiction By KURT VONNEGUT, JR. *hidden in that future world where all that was pleasurable in sex had been destroyed was an outlaw poet with revolutionary ideas*

SO PETE CROCKER, the sheriff of Barnstable County, which was the whole of Cape Cod, came into the Federal Ethical Suicide Parlor in Hyannis one May afternoon—and he told the two six-foot Hostesses there that they weren't to be alarmed, but that a notorious nothinghead named Billy the Poet was believed headed for the Cape.

A nothinghead was a person who refused to take his ethical birth-control pills three times a day. The penalty for that was \$10,000 and ten years in jail.

This was at a time when the population of Earth was 17 billion human beings. That was far too many mammals that big for a planet that small. The people were virtually packed together like drupelets.

Drupelets are the pulpy little knobs that compose the outside of a raspberry.

So the World Government was making a two-pronged attack on overpopulation. One pronging was the encouragement of ethical suicide, which consisted of going to the nearest Suicide Parlor and asking a Hostess to kill you painlessly while you lay on a Barcalounger. The other pronging was compulsory ethical birth control.

The sheriff told the Hostesses, who were pretty, tough-minded, highly intelligent girls, that roadblocks were being set up and house-to-house searches were being conducted to catch Billy the Poet. The main difficulty was that the police didn't know what he looked like. The few people who had seen him and known him for what he was were women—and they disagreed fantastically as to his height, his hair color, his voice, his weight, the color of his skin.

"I don't need to remind you girls," the sheriff went on, "that a nothinghead is very sensitive from the waist down. If Billy the Poet somehow slips in here and starts making trouble, one good kick in (continued on page 156)

MINIGHT EXPLOSION!

new year's eve potables and quotables for the toastmaster of the house





AND...

food and drink **By THOMAS MARIO** WHEN ALL IS SAID and drunk, the toasts remembered longest are the toasts that taste best. Long after the single syllable "Cheers" and the dissyllabic "Here's t' ye" and the clever New Year's Eve offerings of the silver-tongued toastmasters have gone up and down the hatch, the mouth will yearn for the mellow but stunning flavor of a holiday bourbon rum punch swirling around a big block of ice. The bacchanalian spell is now upon us and an overflowing river of champagne fills bumpers everywhere with the most eminent and easiest of all liquid pledges. At the year-end holidays, particularly, the *arbiter bibendi* should be on his guard against the make-believe carbonated white wines that suddenly show up on liquor shelves dressed up to look like champagne and that hope to pass unnoticed in the busy revels. There are great bubbly wines, such as the German sparkling *Sekt* and the Italian asti spumante; but when that magic wishing hour of midnight rolls around and champagne is to be offered, remember the old toast, "May all your pain be sham pain and all your champagne real." And in the name of good toastmanship, we would add, "May all your Scotch be at least eight years old and preferably twelve, may your bourbon be the smoothest, your gin the clearest, your rum worthy of a yo-ho-ho and your vodka the cleanest tasting this side of the Volga."

There can be only one New Year's Eve per year; and to glorify it, there should be a munificent supply of bottled goods on hand, generously offered. From the Greeks onward, the natural history of toasting is a saga of the ability of party makers to invent never-ending toasts to satisfy never-ending thirsts. The British, particularly, have always been resourceful in the art of composing new versions of "Here's" cheers long into the night. After the king's or the queen's health was drunk, the Empire properly clinked, the wives, daughters and mistresses present or absent solemnized with anything from Scotch to champagne, they'd turn their attention to their rivals on the Continent. When "May the Gallic cock never tread among British poultry" seemed too bluntly aimed at the French, they went on to drink, "May the enemies of Great Britain know the want of (concluded on page 251)

... **BREAKFAST IN BED**

a sensibly swinging approach to a happy new year morning after

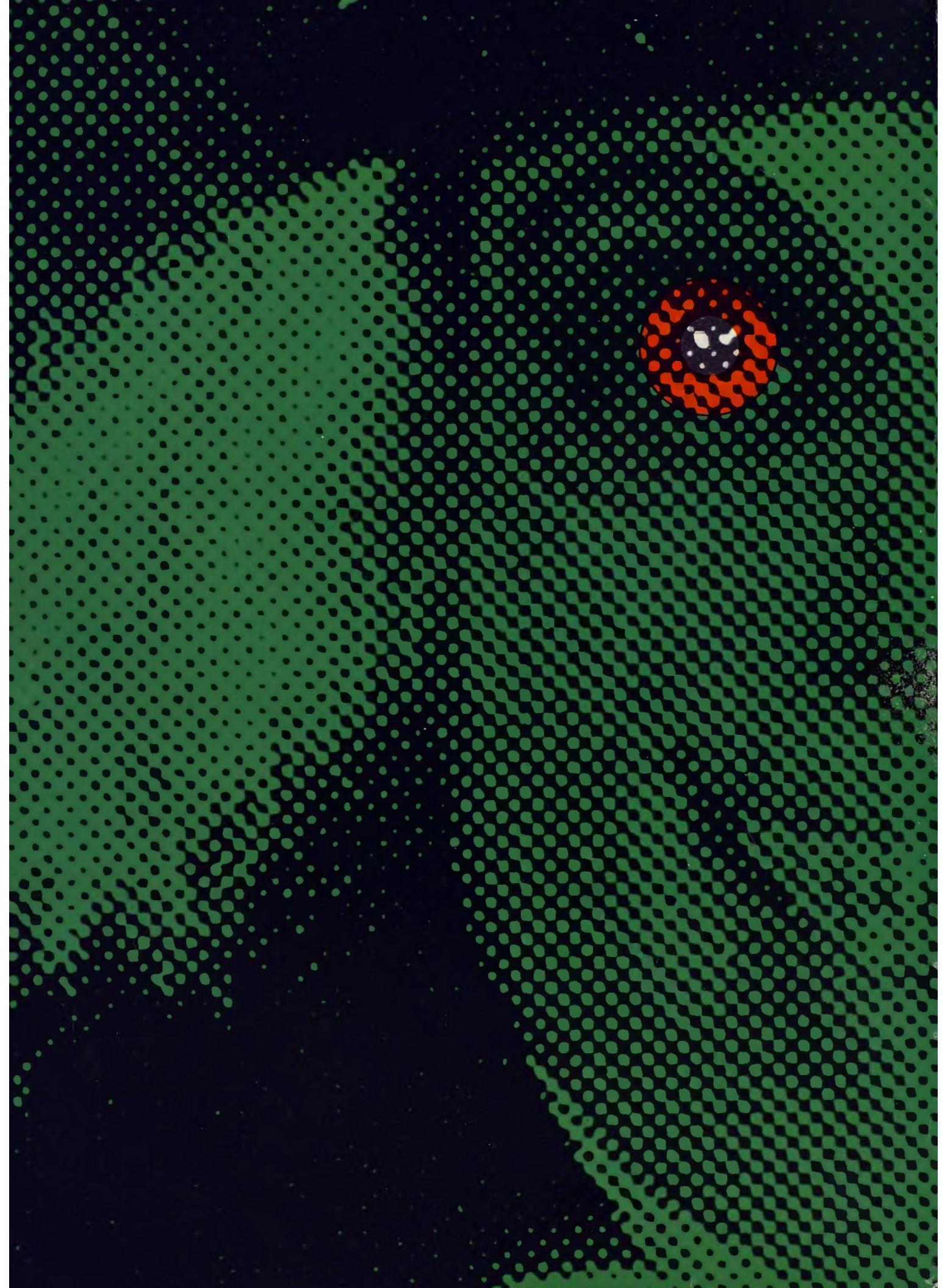
IT'S QUITE NATURAL that more breakfasts in bed are proffered during the holidays than at any other time of the year. For weeks the town's been painted in rainbow hues with parties of every size and sentiment in riotous profusion, with the tumult and shouting eventually giving way to the quiet haven of bed, bed, delicious bed. Everywhere, bedmates share the feeling that while it's nice to get up in the morning, it's nicer to lie in bed. And the man with the imagination and the will power (especially if he's put in a hard day's night as a host) to plug in a coffeepot can make his bed a base of gustatory operations to give the day's late start a sybaritic lift.

Over the centuries, the bed has always provided the most sophisticated kind of climate for creative play of all sorts. Didn't Roman intellectuals and noblemen banquet on couches? Didn't Voltaire and Mark Twain turn out their best prose in bed? Didn't Louis XIV not only eat in bed, receive friends in bed, but also hold formal court in bed? In Shakespeare's time, there was the Great Bed of Ware that accommodated no less than 12 persons. There were trundle beds with the master and mistress in the upper reaches and beneath them a second bed rolled into place, where a servant kept himself at the constant beck and call of the noble denizens on top. We can't imagine a more convenient but more meddlesome setup. In today's usually servantless apartments, all the fun, the delicious charm of a breakfast in bed is its twosomeness, and its technique must be governed accordingly.

B. in b. usually starts out as a whim the night before. It is a whim, however, that should be taken seriously, and certain advance steps such as preparing a *beignet* batter should be completed a day in advance or, at the latest, before getting into the sack. For the gentleman of the house playing the New Year's Eve host, it is as essential as sending out the invitations, to lay the groundwork for the next day's fast breaking. Whether the dawn comes up like thunder or sulks behind a snowstorm doesn't matter. When you're snugly ensconced under the covers against the wintry wind, with a (continued on page 213)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN





DEATH WARMED OVER

opinion

By RAY BRADBURY

*movie ghouls aren't what
they used to be—and the
world's the worse for it*

ONCE EACH YEAR a small fete occurs at my local NBC, CBS or ABC television studio. I am invited for my annual love match with the new producers and vice-presidents, who shake my hand, dine me well and cry:

"Ray, tell us about your horror-film TV special!"

I then describe the kind of extraordinary Halloween show I would like to write

and produce some fortunate season.

Finished, the producers throw confetti, shout Huzzah!, call me genius and promise to call tomorrow.

They never call again. Until the next year, or the year after, when I am asked to recite my piece for a newer, fresher face.

This year, lacking an audience, I'm telling you. Quite simply: I love and revere the old horror films. I do not care what your snob psychologist fears for their effect on the young.

To me, Dracula, Frankenstein's Monster and the Mummy are only good, tonic and superb. Before God and country, I will defend them. And not out of late camp sentiment, either. It is not so much nostalgia that moves me, but practical hair-ball psychology.

But before calling down the lightning to strike and the Wolf Man to sick your professional alarmists, allow me to sketch in my one-hour TV special. Imagine this:

It is night in a small Midwest town. Autumn and a good wind and the city-hall clock edging toward 12. Along the dark and empty Main Street comes a man, myself, walking with a brisk cloud of autumn leaves rustling at my heels. Before a deserted theater, I glance up at the broken marquee bulbs that read: LON CHANEY IN "THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA." BELA LUGOSI IN "DRACULA."

Even as I watch, the bulbs begin to flicker on and off. I peer at the dusty foyer. The ticket booth is empty. A spider web covers the round glass hole where you chat through at the ticket seller. As I approach, a spider hung at the web's center skims down to the brass cashier plate. A ticket jumps with a cough of dust into my hand. All to itself, the theater door hushes open.

I hesitate. The autumn wind blows a scuttle of those dark leaves about my knees. I enter the dim and totally deserted theater. My feet are soundless in the heavy carpeting.

I survey the Gothic interior, the uninhabited seats, the opera boxes, the chandelier like a vast constellation of tears above, the dust-throttled Wurlitzer organ below.

"You're late," a voice calls, softly.

The town clock strikes midnight.

"No. Just on time."

I move down the aisle.

"Are we all here?"

A second whisper makes me glance up at the right-hand box. The Phantom of the Opera, pale-masked, is there. We nod. I sit.

"Please to begin."

The wind from out in the autumn night blows those dark leaves chittering on the air. The leaves beat dryly at the heavy velvet portieres, then strike at the projection booth.

Flying in through the projection-room windows, they drop one by one by one into the projector. The fierce bright bulb

blinks on. And we see that these are not autumn leaves at all, nor insects or bats, but fragments of film that flick, shutter, fall frame by frame into place. Their images flash across the velvet abyss. The waiting ghost screen shapes up forms and spirits. Voices whisper from beyond time.

With the Phantom asking questions and myself trying for answers, we begin *The Beneficial Results of Horror Films or Why Dracula?*

And during the next hour, we would watch and comment on such pictures as *Nosferatu*, *Vampyr*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (comparing, perhaps, the performances of John Barrymore in the double role in the Twenties, Fredric March in the Thirties and Spencer Tracy in the early Forties). Inevitably winding up with *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, *The Mummy*, *The Bride of Frankenstein* and, maybe, for mere peevishness and perversity, *King Kong*.

Repeatedly, we would ask, Why tolerate the horror film? What good is it? What does it mean? Why, for a short time, did we make fine ones? Why do we rarely make the excellent ones anymore? Who today can equal the quality of such films as *Isle of the Dead*, *The Body Snatcher*, *The Cat People* or *The Curse of the Cat People*?

By my simple listing of these naïve titles, I sense I have alienated and lost some of you. Good riddance. Those remaining expect answers to the questions posed. And they all must deal with civilization and death.

When we, the human race, were very young, death was immediate. We had no time to think on it. We collided with it, had it done to us, did it to others, stayed to be slaughtered or ran to lick our very real wounds.

Life was short, sometimes sweet, more often brim full of panics and living nightmare. Death, always a mystery, was embodied in real actions that lay no further off than the campfire rim or the edge of the cave. Its spirit lurked in the very fire itself that, momentarily tamed, gave warmth, but uncontrolled might burn a thousand miles of forest in a night. Death, as well as life, lurked in everything we could see, hear, smell or touch in those terrible twilights and impossible dawns.

Then, when the nit-picking ape named himself quite possibly human and left knuckle marks in the jungle dust on his way to brick cities, we walled out real death. Death still happened, of course, but we had more time to speak of it, to consider that blank bottomless abyss.

And from these night chats came raw mythologies about that great mouth that eats us all. We reared up folk tales, religious dreams and finally short stories, novels and motion pictures to help us make do with the incurable and inescap-

able emptiness down which each must fall one day soon or late.

Our opinion of death is not much different today than on those darling afternoons in primitive times when, as ax-wielding dentists, we cracked the fangs of the sabertooth. Very simply, we do not approve of death. We hate the rules he plays by. He must be cheating. He always wins.

Somewhere along the path, we named this thing that stops our breath. We saw animals sleep away, humans go silent, and knew that the stuffs were gone, the lightning bolt come out of the body, returned to earth and sky. The soul, the *élan*, whatever it was, indescribable, had done an even more indescribable thing: disconnected itself, vaporized off. We called it death and finally even gave death a gender. We spoke not of it but of he who comes with the scythe and emptied hourglass.

Even Popes, in Baroque splendor, had tombs reared with winged skeletons and scythes harvesting the marble air, to show that if the great in all their pomps must fall, the small must surely follow.

What were we doing? Naming the unnamable. Why? Because man by his very nature must describe. The names change from generation to generation, but the need to name goes on. We were picturing the unpicturable. For, consider, does death have a size, shape, color, breadth, width? No, it is "deep" beyond infinity and "far" beyond eternity. It is forever encapsulated in the skull we carry, a symbol to itself, behind our masking face.

Our religions, our tribal as well as personal myths, tried to find symbols then for the vacuum, the void, the elevator shaft down which we must all journey and no stops evermore again. We had to know. We had to lie, and accept the lie of labels and names, even while we knew we lied, for we had work to do, cities to build, children to rear, much to love and know. Thus we gave gifts of names to ward off the night some little while, to give us time to think on other things.

The skeleton as symbol of death and inhabitant of tales moves among the races of the world. Death as creature, death as masculine being, reaper of souls, fills that void, gives us a thing to see, hear, smell and touch.

The business of the fine horror film, then, could be summed up as follows: For 90 or 100 minutes the writer, producer, actor says to the pale customer: Instead of the void, the unknown, the unnamable, allow us for a little while to name names, rear up shapes. Tonight the Prince of Darkness walks among you. We hold him high, shake his bones. We fan his wings, expose his teeth. His shadow quakes your seat. Is he not magnificent,

(continued on page 252)



*"How about if next year your wife goes skiing for the holidays
and we go to the Riviera?"*





ENCORE FOR STELLA

*the consummately configured
miss stevens, playmate
and current film star,
is revealed as a
happening unto herself*



STELLA STEVENS made her debut as a Playmate in January 1960, as she was graduating from walk-ons to stardom, in Hollywood's *Li'l Abner*. January 1968 finds the iconoclastic sex star, comedienne and aspiring songwriter from Memphis more delectable—if that's possible—more serious about her craft, more in demand than ever. Stella's upcoming roles include that of a gangster's ex-mistress in a thriller with David McCallum (*Sol Madrid*); a working girl who snares Dean Martin in a romantic spoof (*How to Save a Marriage and Ruin Your Life*); and a with-it nun who clashes with her mother superior, Rosalind Russell (*Where Angels Go . . . Trouble Follows*). To help bring in the New Year, Miss Stevens took time out to bare—among other things—her latest thoughts on acting, nudity and hippies.







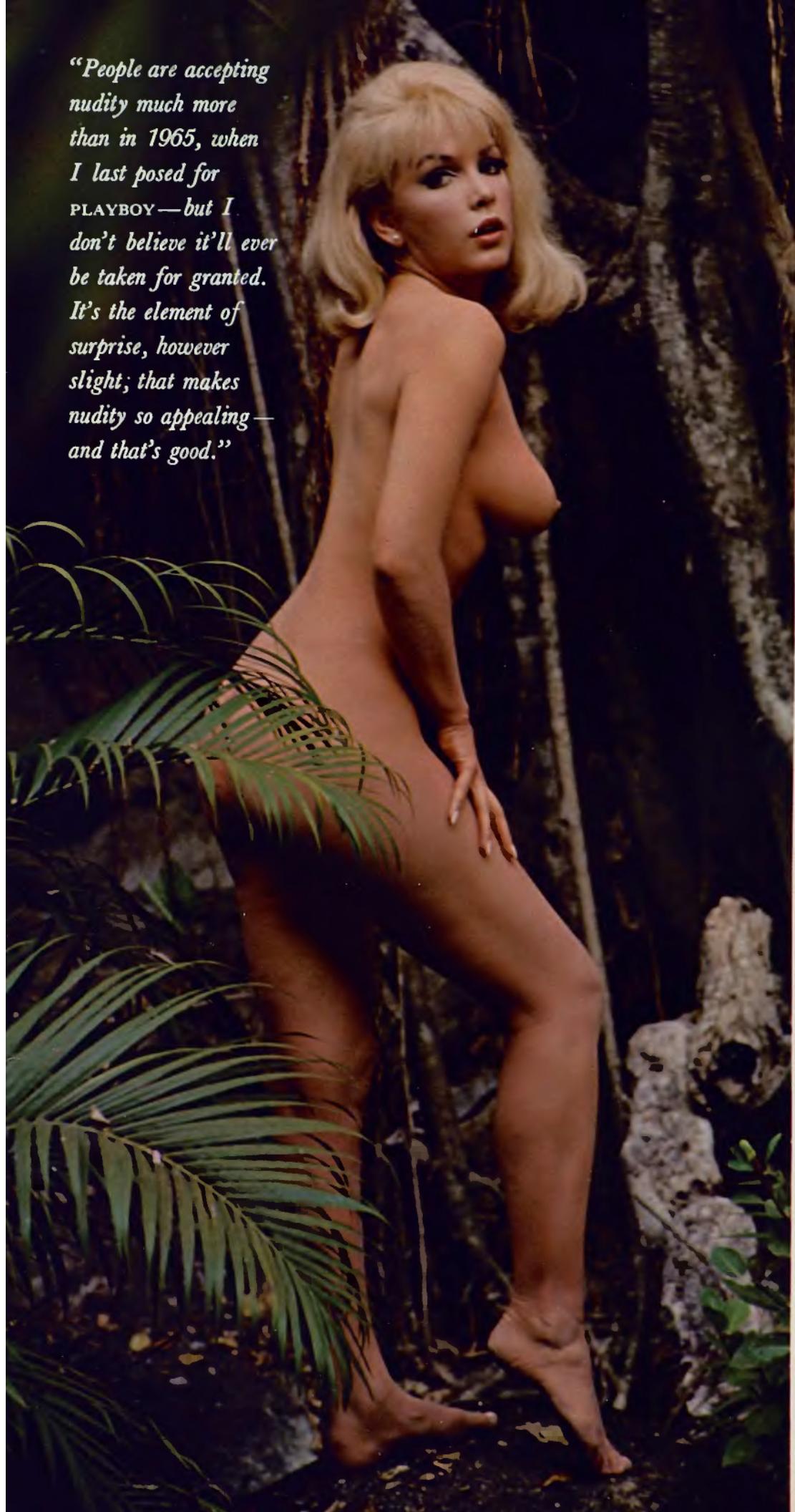
"There's usually only one moment in each of my films that I find personally satisfying—if I get two, I'm lucky. But I love what I'm doing, and I mean all of it, even the homework it takes to portray a character honestly. I'm glad I never set any specific goals for my career—if I had done so, I might not be getting the wonderful variety of parts that I am now."



*“The young people
who are taking
psychedelic drugs are
running away from
society. You've got to
find truth within
yourself and still live
with other people.
Maybe the others
aren't tuned in the
way you are, but that
shouldn't bring you
down—you can find
love and truth in the
straight world, too.”*



*"People are accepting
nudity much more
than in 1965, when
I last posed for
PLAYBOY—but I
don't believe it'll ever
be taken for granted.
It's the element of
surprise, however
slight, that makes
nudity so appealing—
and that's good."*







“Darling, there was a time in my past I probably should have told you about before we got married.”

IN MEXICO CITY, the bars close at two a.m. Those who are serious about their drinking and not mere dilettantes move on to the bordellos, where life plays on into the dawn. At Tia Serafina's, for instance, there is an excellent bar and passable *mariachis*. I had come into Serafina's about three o'clock one morning. The place was jammed. There were 20 Mexicans and half a dozen American tourists, like myself, who had gotten off the Chapultepec-Palace-Xochimilco-run-out-to-the-Pyramids tour.

A man came in, round-bellied, muscular, ruddy-faced, whom I recognized as one of the sturdy backcourt men at the *frontón*. Nearly all of them had satisfying and appropriate names like Unamuno and Chicuri, Salsamendi and Zubiria. But this one was called O'Reilly.

I know that sooner or later Irishmen fight their way into everything, but it was difficult to imagine a wearer of the green holding his own professionally in this exhausting game of the Basques adopted by the Latins. I smiled at O'Reilly and on my next tequila, I got up the courage to invite him for a drink so I could ask him my question.

O'Reilly did not speak with a brogue or with a Bronx intonation but with a decided Mexican accent. "I am not an Irishman, my friend. I am a Mexican. My mother is a Mexican. My father is a Mexican. My grandparents are Mexican. My great-grandmother—"

"I see, *Señor* O'Reilly. But your great-grandfather . . . ?"

"Ah," said my new Mexican friend, O'Reilly, "that is a story."

"Let me order you an *Escocés-con-soda* while you tell it to me."

"Here is Paco O'Reilly, at your service," he said with a slight bow.

It was not a one-drink story. When you cross a fighting Irishman with a sporting Mexican, that would be too much to expect. . . .

• • •

Paco's great-grandfather had been an Irish prize fighter back in the 1840s, when they fought to a finish with bare knuckles. Ancestor Packy O'Reilly had proclaimed himself champion of Ireland. He had gone on to England, where he had met the best of the British brawlers and barely missed winning the bare-knuckle championship from Deaf Burke, who was known as the scourge of the Irishmen because his blows had ended the life of Simon Byrne.

Paco's great-grandfather had stood up under the punishment of the Deaf 'Un for two hours and did not fail to come to scratch until both of his eyes were puffed, bloody and tightly closed. His backers had lost their 500-guinea side bet, but they were so proud of the courage of Packy O'Reilly that they carried him off in honor—in stupefied honor, one might say. On the wave of this glorious defeat, Packy came to America to

A LATIN FROM KILLARNEY



fiction
By BUDD SCHULBERG
*o'reilly was one of the great
bare-knuckle fighters
of his time, but a war
against patriots and kids
sent him over the hill*

show off his fistic prowess. He won a few fights for \$500 a side and with this small fortune, he sailed and drank his way down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where an Irish river-boat brawler who claimed to have some sort of international reputation with his mauleys, one Sam O'Rourke, ran a tavern that was a hangout for the rowdies and their lady-friends in the riotous New Orleans of the 1840s. In the rear of O'Rourke's saloon—so Paco O'Reilly told me the tale—the fearsome proprietor promoted bare-knuckle fights. Often the contestants were red-eyed barflies who stripped for action and climbed into the back-room "blood pit," as it was called, to try their luck, the purse being little more than free drinks for the night.

Packy O'Reilly, of course, had a reputation from the British prize ring. So

Sam O'Rourke decided to fatten his own fistic reputation at the expense of O'Reilly. His plan was worthy of Machiavelli; and after all, there are some who say that the Irish are the Italians of the northern sea. Sam O'Rourke received Packy as a towering celebrity, no less a man than the challenger for Deaf Burke's championship belt, a diadem to which Sam O'Rourke himself aspired. Everything for so distinguished a visitor as Packy O'Reilly was on the house—including, of course, the free flow of the finest Irish whiskey on the premises. The great-grandfather of my Paco O'Reilly was not averse to Irish whiskey. Indeed, it was Packy's proud boast—said Paco—that he could consume more fine Irish whiskey than any man in the house—a boast he put nightly to the test.

Packy O'Reilly, to put it briefly, was going to hell in Sam O'Rourke's hack. He had arrived in reasonable condition for a pugilist out of training; but after a month of Sam's largess, he had put on 20 pounds of blubber and his main exercise had consisted of lifting his whiskey glass and navigating his way from the bar to the star guest room above the saloon. But despite the erosion that fine Irish whiskey, or any spirits, for that matter, can offer bibulous mankind, Packy was confident that he would need only a few of his well-aimed Sara-Janes to bring the local hero and boniface to his ruin. Indeed, when Sam O'Rourke offered to double the side bet from \$250 to \$500, which was a formidable bundle of pesos a century ago, Packy doubled him—\$1000 a side. That was the style of pugilists in the 1840s—winner take it all, nice and clean and bloody and simple.

That did not mean, man being man, that it did not have its own systems of skullduggeries. There in the engrossing blood pit to the rear of Sam O'Rourke's saloon, Packy O'Reilly found himself involved in the coils of man's deceit to man that has little to do with the larger issue of man's inhumanity to man. Packy went directly from the bar, where he had spent so many pleasant hours, to strip for action in the blood-pit ring. Some said he staggered toward the ring, where his second, a fine, dependable New Orleans Irishman by the name of Lynch—dependable to O'Rourke, for whom he was secretly employed—helped him toss his hat into the ring. The first time, he missed, according to Paco. The dependable Lynch also helped carry Packy up to scratch—the line drawn through the ring against which the fallen fighter had to place his toe within 30 seconds after his fall—which is why "up to scratch" or, more often, "not up to scratch," is a familiar, if old-fashioned, North American idiom.

Packy O'Reilly lost the first round by swinging wildly, falling down and being dragged back (continued on page 204)

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, I received what appeared to be the biggest assignment of my career. The editors of a leading bi-weekly national magazine sent me a classified ad from *The Wall Street Journal* announcing that the Turkish government was offering to sell a surplus battleship named the Sultan Yavuz Selim. (I later learned the Turks called it by the diminutive "Yavuz," much the way Americans refer to the U. S. S. Missouri as the "Mo.") The Yavuz was moored at the Poyraz wharf, the Golcuk naval base, in Turkey, waiting for the highest bidder.

The only instruction the editor sent along with the clipping was, "Buy it."

At first I was puzzled about why the assignment had been given to somebody who had never written anything about the sea, and not to some Ancient Mariner, like Herman Wouk. But then I remembered some of my other assignments from this magazine: running for President in 1964 on the slogan "I'd rather be President than write"; negotiating to buy Dick Stuart's major-league contract for one dollar after he received his outright release from the New York Mets, so he could coach my son in the fundamentals of baseball, like fielding; cornering the market in the bonds of the Imperial Chinese Government Hukuang Railways, whose tracks were still on the mainland, and embarking on an ambitious scheme to buy up Manhattan island, beginning with a 2' x 100' slice in the center of town on West 177th Street, only 135 blocks from Times Square. I figured it must have been my reputation as a wheeler and dealer.

My wife had another explanation. "Every time they get a crazy idea, they give it to you. When are you going to grow up and (continued on page 225)

the turkish battleship seemed a bargain, but how can you tell about a secondhand conveyance you can't drive around the block?

humor By MARVIN KITMAN

REMEMBER THE YAVUZ!





an astrophysicist believer
in extraterrestrial life
describes the portents and complexities
of confrontation with
nonhuman sentient beings

WHEN EARTHTHMAN AND ALIEN MEET

article By ARTHUR C. CLARKE THE FIRST ENCOUNTER between Earthman and alien is one of the oldest and most hackneyed themes of science fiction. Indeed, it has now become such a cliché that "Take me to your leader" jokes are perfectly familiar even to those benighted souls who have never read a word of science fiction in their lives.

How odd, therefore, that there seem to be so few serious *factual* discussions of this subject. True, there have been essays without number on the possibilities of extraterrestrial life and the ways we might communicate with it, but most of them stop abruptly at the really interesting point. The astronomers and biologists, and even the philosophers and theologians, have all had their say in the past few years. But the sociologists and the politicians have left it to the science-fiction writers—and this at the very time when the subject is moving out of the realm of fantasy.

All war departments, it is said (though one sometimes doubts this), have plans worked out for every conceivable eventuality. Presumably, somewhere in the Pentagon are the orders for such lamentable necessities as the invasion of Canada or the bombing of London—or even New York, *vide Fail-Safe*. If there are any plans for the defense of Earth, no one has ever mentioned them.

Probably, the Department of Defense would argue, if pressed, that the matter was under the jurisdiction of the State Department—and you may be quite surprised to learn that State *does* have an Office of Space and Environmental Science Affairs. On March 15, 1967, its director, Robert F. Packard, presented a paper on "Voyage to the Planets—the Role of the Diplomat" to the Fifth Goddard Memorial Symposium in Washington. It was concerned, however, exclusively with terrestrial diplomats and did not even hint that there might be any other kind. In the absence of any official guidance, therefore, let us attempt to construct some scenarios (I believe this is the approved term among the nuclear doomsday planners) of our own.

The first problem we have to face is our total ignorance of the nature of extraterrestrials (E.T.s)—we do not even know if they exist! If they don't, of course, that is the end of the matter—but even if this is true, *we can never be sure*. And the idea that *we* are the only intelligent creatures in a cosmos of a hundred thousand million galaxies is so preposterous that there are very few astronomers today who would take it seriously.

It is safest to assume, therefore, that They *are* out there and to consider the manner in which this fact may impinge upon human society. It could come in ways as undramatic as the deciphering of an ancient papyrus or as shattering as a crash landing, with ray guns ablaze, on the White House lawn.

The most probable scenario, at least during the foreseeable future, might be called "Discovery Without Contact." By this I mean that we obtain unequivocal proof that intelligent E.T.s exist (or have existed) but in a manner that excludes communication.

Such a proof might be obtained from archaeology or geology. The discovery of a fossilized transistor radio in an undisturbed coal bed, preferably accompanied by skeletons that did not fit into any evolutionary tree, would be convincing evidence that our planet was once visited from space. Ancient legends, wall paintings or other works of art might also record such visits in historic times; unfortunately, this type of evidence can only be circumstantial—it can never be conclusive.

Shklovskii and Sagan's fascinating book *Intelligent Life in the Universe* reproduces some 3000-year-old Babylonian seals that, together with their associated legends, can very easily be taken to depict encounters between men and nonmen; parts of the Bible have been interpreted in the same manner. However, the mythmaking abilities of the human mind are so unlimited that it would be very foolish to accept these items as proofs of anything. After all, what would intelligent aliens make of a *Superman* comic strip?

No; in a matter as important as this, the only acceptable evidence would be hardware. About 20 years ago, in the short story *The Sentinel* (which Stanley Kubrick later used as the basis of *2001: A Space Odyssey*), I suggested that the best place to look for such evidence would be on a relatively stable and changeless world such as

could an alien tell
the difference between a man
and, for example, a bear—or would he
conclude that the automobile
was our dominant life form?



we may one day
encounter rational creatures in forms
analogous to the nightmare shapes of the
deep sea and the armored gargoyle
of the insect world



the Moon. On Earth, with its incessant weather and geological upheavals, no extraterrestrial artifact would survive for very long—though this is no excuse for not keeping our eyes open. The reason space hardware has never been discovered may simply be that no archaeologist ever dreamed of looking for it.

Although the philosophical—and sensational—impact of such a discovery would be enormous, after the initial excitement had ebbed, the world would probably continue on its way much as before. Once he had read a few Sunday supplements and watched a few TV specials, the proverbial man in the street would say: "This is all very interesting, but it happened a long time ago and hasn't anything to do with me. Sure, they could come back one day—but there are plenty of more important things to worry about." And he would be quite right.

Almost every field of scientific inquiry, however, would be profoundly affected. If it appeared that the visitors had come from one of the other worlds of our own Solar System—Mars, for example—this would obviously be a great stimulus to planetary exploration; but it would also start us searching much farther afield.

Two intelligent races in the same Solar System, even if they were separated by millions of years of time, would provide virtually conclusive proof that higher civilizations were very common throughout the Universe. This would immediately stimulate really determined attempts to detect signals from other star systems.

Little more than a decade ago, the astronomers suddenly realized, to their considerable surprise, that our radio technology has advanced to the point where we can start talking seriously about interstellar communication. And if, after only 50 years, we have reached such a level of development, what might older civilizations have achieved?

Scattered among the stars there may be radio beacons and transmitters of unimaginable power; the British cosmologist Fred Hoyle has expressed the view that there may be a kind of galactic communications network, linking thousands or millions of worlds. Indeed, a group of mysterious radio signals from space first discovered by Massachusetts Institute of Technology scientists in 1963 and monitored continuously since then do, in fact, exhibit many of the properties that we believe would characterize messages from other worlds. "These properties," MIT astronomer Alan H. Barrett wrote in an August 1967 issue of *Science*, "are strong intensity, narrow band width, origin from regions of extremely small angular size, strong polarization and, perhaps, variation with time." Expanding on the last characteristic, Barrett noted, "The apparent time variations of the amplitude of the signals seem to have a period of days, or weeks—somewhat longer than would be expected for interstellar communications, but not so much longer as to be unreasonable." While declining to claim that the signals do indicate a vast interstellar communications network, Barrett insists that "such speculations have passed well beyond the domain of science fiction in our times."

The possibilities opened up even by one-way communication (passive eavesdropping) are almost unlimited. The signals would certainly contain visual material—not necessarily real-time TV—that would be rather easy to reconstruct. And then, across the light-years, we would be able to look at other worlds and other races. . . .

Now, this is a situation far more exciting than the discovery of fossil artifacts. We would be dealing not with prehistory but with *news*—though news that had been slightly delayed in transit. If the signals came from the very closest stars, they would have left their transmitters only five or ten years ago; a more likely time lag would be a few centuries. In any event, we would be listening to civilizations still in existence, not studying the relics of vanished cultures.

The things we could learn might change our own society beyond recognition. It would be as if the America of Lincoln's time could tune into the TV programs of today; though there would be much that could not be understood, there would also be clues that could leapfrog whole technologies into the future. (Ironically enough, the commercials would contain some of the most valuable information!) Nineteenth Century viewers would see that heavier-than-air machines were possible, and simple observation would reveal the principles of their design. The still-unguessed uses of electricity would be demonstrated (the telephone, the (continued on page 126) 121



"Well, it's been quite a day, hasn't it? I feel the need to unwind."

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry news makers who—in word and deed—made or hogged the headlines in '67

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

By JUDITH WAX

Adam Powell and Thomas Dodd
Were naughty boys, by Jiminy;
Tom, he faced a Senate squad,
But Adam stayed on Bimini.

Sin and corruption in Saigon—
Black market isn't nice.
How fitting, then, that Nguyen Ky
Won presidency (vice).

This word to Frank, in '68
From int'rested advisors:
Though some in Vegas lose their shirts,
Hang on to your incisors!

Chairman Mao thinks worthy thoughts,
His wisdom never slumbers;
But we found out his small red book
Is full of red-hot numbers.

Mick Jagger said he wasn't bad;
The cops, they said he was—
For simply having four pep pills,
A Rolling Stone gets fuzz.

Lee Radziwill's an actress now
And happy as a clam.
Her title's so much grander
Since she's royal Polish ham.

Dick Gregory's in comedy
And Brown (of SNCC) should try it,
'Cause everywhere that H. Rap went,
It really was a riot.

Lady B. and Linda, too,
Were fans of Peter Hurd;
But Lyndon said that portrait
Warn't fittin' for a Bird.

When asked about his latest kick,
Tim Leary didn't cop out.
He said, "I sell the same old shtick—
Tune in, turn on, drop out."

Nasser needed Russian aid
To dam that old Nile river.
He should have got Israeli help
And dammed it with chopped liver.

Hail to dress designer Twiggy,
She's the rag trade's hottest biggie;
Her boyish chic draws oohs and ahs,
But doesn't help the sale of bras.



In Montreal, one Charles de Gaulle
He shouted blood and thunder.
But now his nose is out of joint
(He really didn't make his point)
It was just thud and blunder.

An unemployed ex-poet,
Muhammad, nee C. Clay,
Would gladly rout the V.C.s,
But he's needed home to pray.

Shirley Temple, Mrs. Black,
Says crime and smut shall stop.
Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State,
Thou Good Ship Lollipop.

Ev Dirksen joined the record game,
Though not surprisingly.
For years he's been the Senate's own
Nonstopable LP.

Kosygin read Svetlana's book
And asked, "Why all the bother?
Another Russian (Clarence Day)
Wrote better 'Life with Father.'

Mothers calling round the clock,
Where, oh, where is Dr. Spock?
Don't wait for him when junior falls;
He's only making White House calls.

It took old Moshe just six days
To score his wondrous coup.
It really is inspiring
What the handicapped can do!

The Frisco cops grabbed Rudi and
Dame Margot—sacré bleu!
Such a lot of headlines
For a simple pot de deux.

Colonel Papadopoulos
Rules all of Greece, but one day
Melina's going to get him,
If she has to work on Sunday.

Lester Maddox took an ax
And would-be diners fled from whacks.
The red-necks saw what he had done
And now he's Georgia's number one.

Some gentle rhymes we've offered here
To those in this departed year
Who garnered headlines, tempted fate—
Quo vadis, all, in '68?

INFORMALLY FORMAL

a trio of urbane, upbeat and easygoing dinner jackets for staging a stylish welcome to the new year

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN



AFTER THE NEW YEAR'S BALL IS OVER, three men of black-tie affairs establish a formal beachhead while queuing up with their dates for a daybreak coffee break à la cart. Chap at left whispers sweet somethings to his comely companion while wearing a British worsted and mohair double-breasted Playboy Formal that features satin-framed peak lapels and top collar, \$115, over a cotton batiste formal shirt with pleated and embroidered voile front, \$15, and a wide satin bow tie, \$3, all by After Six. Bearded beau receiving soft-armed support favors an imported worsted one-button shaped dinner jacket and formal trousers with extension waistband, \$125, a cotton formal shirt with pleated front and double cuffs, \$16, and a satin bow tie, \$3, all by Hardy Amies U.S.A. Lad in hot pursuit of the hot-dog man cottons to a cotton and acetate-velvet shaped formal suit, by Clinton Swan, \$85, a cotton broadcloth formal shirt with ruffled front and double cuffs, \$15, and a silk-crepe formal tie, \$3, both by Village Squire.



WHEN EARTHMAN AND ALIEN MEET

electric light) and this would be enough to set scientists on the right track. For knowing that a thing *can* be done is more than half the battle.

As signals from the stars could be received only by nations possessing very large radio telescopes, there would be the opportunity—and the temptation—to keep them secret. Knowledge is the most precious of all commodities, and it is a strange thought that the balance of power may one day be shifted by a few micromicrowatts collected from the depths of space. Yet it should no longer surprise us; for who dreamed, 50 years ago, that the faint flicker of dying atoms in a physics lab would change the course of history?

Glimpses of supercivilizations could have either stimulating or stultifying effects on our society. If the technological gulf was not too great to be bridged and the programs we intercepted contained hints and clues that we could understand, we would probably rise to the challenge. But if we found ourselves in the position of Neanderthalers confronted by New York City, the psychological shock could be so great that we might give up the struggle. This appears to have happened on our own world from time to time, when primitive races have come into contact with more advanced ones. We will have a good chance of studying this phenomenon in a very few years—when communications satellites start beaming our TV programs into such places as the Amazon jungle. This is the last century during which widely disparate cultures will exist on Earth; would-be students of astro sociology should make the most of their opportunity before it vanishes forever. And no one will be surprised to hear that Margaret Mead is intensely interested in space flight. . . .

The discovery of an active communications network in our region of space (and I would make a small bet that such a thing exists) would at once raise a very difficult problem: Should we announce our presence by joining in the conversation or should we maintain a discreet silence? If anyone thinks that this is an easy question to answer, let him put himself in the place of a cultured and sensitive extraterrestrial whose knowledge of human civilization is based largely on *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, *Dragnet* and *The Late, Late Show*.

Probably everyone would agree that the wisest plan would be to listen carefully until we had learned as much as possible, before attempting to signal our presence. However, such caution may already be much too late; as far as Earth is concerned, the electronic cat was let out of the bag a couple of decades ago. Although it is unlikely that our first radio programs have ever been monitored (they were too low-powered and at unfavor-

(continued from page 121)

able frequencies), the megawatt radar developed during World War Two may have been detected tens of light-years away. We have been making such a din that the neighbors can hardly have overlooked us, and I sometimes wonder when they will start banging on the walls.

Of course, if intelligent civilizations are so far apart that no *physical* transport between them is possible (as most scientists believe), then there would seem no objection to announcing our presence. As the old jingle puts it, "Sticks and stones can break my bones, but words will never hurt me." Some writers have argued that we should be thankful for the immense distances of interstellar space. Cosmic communities can talk to one another for their mutual benefit—but they can never do one another any harm.

However, this is a naïve and unrealistic view. Even if star travel is impossible (later we will give reasons for believing that, on the contrary, it is rather easy), "mere" communications could do a lot of damage. After all, this is the basis on which all censors act. A really malevolent society could destroy another one quite effectively by a few items of well-chosen information. ("Now, kiddies, after you've prepared your uranium hexafluoride. . . .")

In any case, after a certain level of technical sophistication, it is meaningless to distinguish between the transfer of material objects and the transfer of information. Fred Hoyle, in his novel *A for Andromeda*, has suggested that a sufficiently complex signal from space might serve as the genetic blueprint for constructing an extraterrestrial entity. An invasion by radio sounds a little far-fetched—but it does not involve any scientific impossibilities.

I suspect that, once we had heard voices echoing between the stars, it would not be long before curiosity—or egotism—made us join the conversation. However, the task of framing suitable replies might be difficult. Naturally, we would present ourselves in the best possible light, and the temptation to gloss over unflattering aspects of human history and behavior would be considerable. Also—who would speak for man? It is easy to imagine our current ideologies proclaiming their rival merits to the heavens, and even a supercivilization might well be baffled by propaganda blasts based on the teachings of Comrade Mao.

Perhaps fortunately, the power and the resources needed to beam a profile of *Homo sapiens* across interstellar space are so great that a global, cooperative effort would be needed. Then, for the first time, mankind might speak with a single voice; and the problem of compiling the program might induce a certain humility.

After that, there would come the long wait for the answer. In the unlikely event that there is a civilization circling the very nearest star—Alpha Centauri—we could not receive a reply in less than eight years. It is more probable that the delay would be measured in decades, so any two-way conversations would be distinctly tedious. They would, in fact, be long-term research projects, with scientists receiving in their old age answers to questions they had asked in their youth.

Despite its unavoidable slowness, such conversation without contact would, over the centuries, have enormous and perhaps decisive effects upon human society. Quite apart from the technological leapfrogging already mentioned, it could produce knowledge of different races, patterns of thought and political systems that would completely change our philosophical and religious views. Are good and evil man-made concepts? Do other races have gods, and of what nature? Is death universal? These are a few of the questions we might ask of the stars, and some of the answers might not be to our liking.

Yet perhaps the most important result of such contacts might be the simple proof that other intelligent races do exist. Even if our cosmic conversations never rise above the "Me Tarzan—you Jane" level, we would no longer feel so alone in an apparently hostile Universe. And, above all, knowledge that other beings had safely passed their nuclear crises would give us renewed hope for our own future. It would help dispel present nagging doubts about the survival value of intelligence. We have, as yet, no definite proof that too much brain, like too much armor, is not one of those unfortunate evolutionary accidents that lead to the annihilation of its possessors.

If, however, this dangerous gift can be turned to advantage, then all over the Universe there must be races who have been gathering knowledge, and perfecting their technologies, for periods of time that may be measured in millions of years. Anything that is theoretically possible and is worth doing will have been achieved. Among those achievements will be the crossing of interstellar space.

Travel to the stars requires no more energy—demands no more of propulsion systems—than flight to the nearest planets. There are rockets in existence today that could launch tonnage pay loads to Alpha Centauri; however, it would take them about a quarter of a million years to get there—and Alpha, remember, is the very closest of our stellar neighbors. We will have to move a little faster.

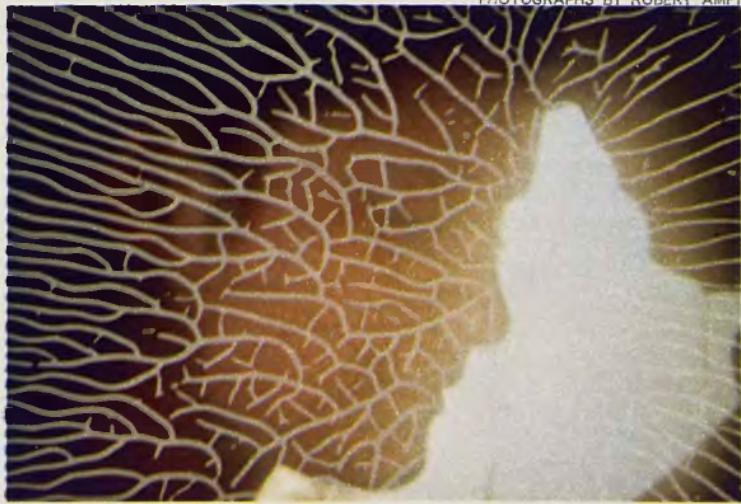
But even at the speed of light (about 20,000 times greater than that of any space probe yet built), Alpha is still four light-years away—and it would take over

(continued on page 210)

TWO NEW POEMS

By EVGENY EVTUSHENKO

the leading poet of
russia's new generation
writes of...



DROPPING OUT

*Goodbye, fame—somebody else can have my niche.
I won't be seen in a limousine;
I'd rather sleep in a ditch.
I'd get rid of my stupid pride
and all my dreary fears.
I'd talk to the weeds, sleep on my side,
wake up with the ants and the dragonflies,
dance the way the gypsies dance,
anonymous and shed of lies.
Let somebody else make the grab for power—
a long way off from where I am—
scrabble with fingernails up the tower.
I'm happy to make my bunk right here,
one arm around a mangy dog;
in the friendly dust my mind is clear—
my dialog is with the earth.
None's higher. A girl's bare feet
go, innocent, upon their way;
pale stems come drifting from the sky
from carts piled mountainous with hay.
The lazy smoker from his bench
tosses an empty pack; I see
the paper resting in my trench—
and from the printed label suddenly
the twisted mouth of Blok* the poet smiles at me.*



BREAKING UP

*I fell out of love: that's our story's dull ending,
as flat as life is, as dull as the grave.
Excuse me—I'll break off the string of this love song
and smash the guitar. We have nothing to save.*

*The puppy is puzzled. Our furry small monster
can't decide why we complicate simple things so—
he whines at your door and I let him enter,
when he scratches at my door, you always go.*

*Dog, sentimental dog, you'll surely go crazy,
running from one to the other like this—
too young to conceive of an ancient idea:
it's ended, done with, over, kaput. Finis.*

*Get sentimental and we end up by playing
the old mellerdrammer, "Salvation of Love."
"Forgiveness!" we whisper, and hope for an echo;
but nothing returns from the silence above.*

*Better save love at the very beginning,
avoiding all passionate "nevers," "forevers";
we ought to have heard what the train wheels were shouting,
"Do not make promises!" Promises are levers.*

*We should have made note of the broken branches,
we should have looked up at the smoky sky,
warning the witless pretension of lovers—
the greater the hope is, the greater the lie.*

*True kindness in love means staying quite sober,
weighing each link of the chain you must bear.
Don't promise her heaven—suggest half an acre;
not "unto death," but at least to next year.*

*And don't keep declaring, "I love you, I love you."
That little phrase leads a durable life—
when repeated again in some loveless hereafter,
it can sting like a hornet or stab like a knife.*

*So—our little dog in all his confusion
turns and returns from door to door.
I won't say "forgive me" because I have left you;
I ask pardon for one thing: I loved you before.*

satire By ROBERT CAROLA

WORD PLAY

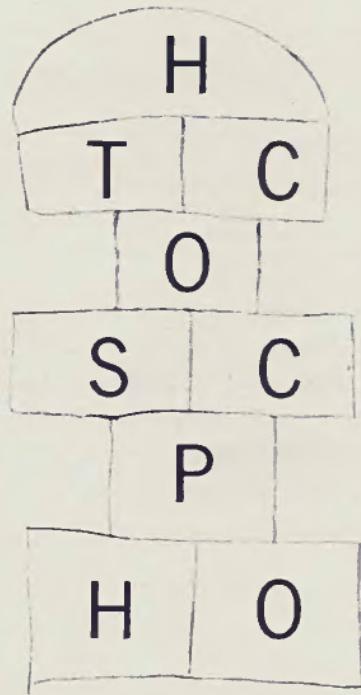
more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

FANFARE 

e_{at}



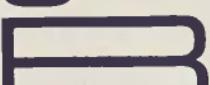
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LEAN

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D·T

EARTHQUAKE



"Trouble is, when one goes out they all go out."

MOVING UP IN THE WORLD

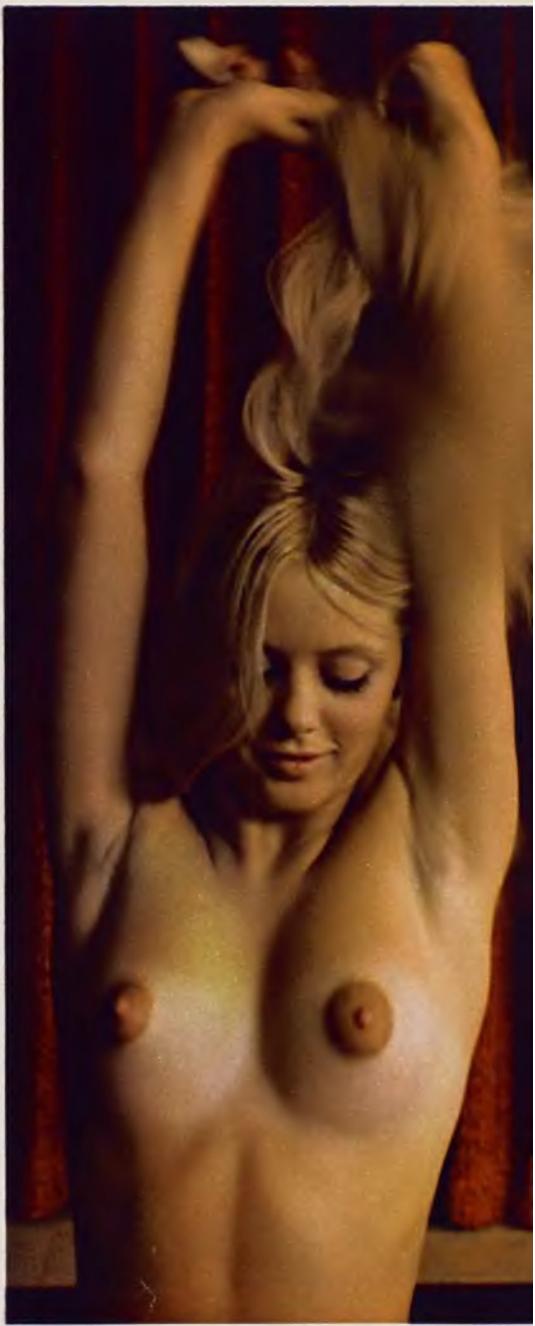
our new year's playmate tests her wings from a nest all her own

CONNIE KRESKI has patterned her life style on the maxim *carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero*—enjoy today, trust little to tomorrow. Miss January, who doesn't claim to be a Latin scholar, interprets this as a call to the active pursuit of pleasure. "I want to get out into the world and see and do everything I possibly can," she says. When she was accepted as a Playmate, therefore, 20-year-old Connie acted on two of her immediate priorities: She moved into her own pad in suburban Detroit (her home town) and then flew off to London for two weeks. "London swings just as much as I heard it did—maybe even more," Miss January reports. "Just shopping for clothes could have taken up all my time if I'd let it—the Mod shops in Knightsbridge sell the wildest outfits I've ever seen." Now the possessor of a half-dozen new microskirts, Connie is one member of the young generation who doesn't believe in never trusting anyone over 30: "Men that age usually have resolved their hang-ups and are confident enough to be themselves. And that's fine with me, for it allows me to be *myself*." And what is that self? Says the 5'5" beautiful blonde, "Just a girl who wants to live life to the hilt for the next ten years or so and afterward settle down to raise a family."

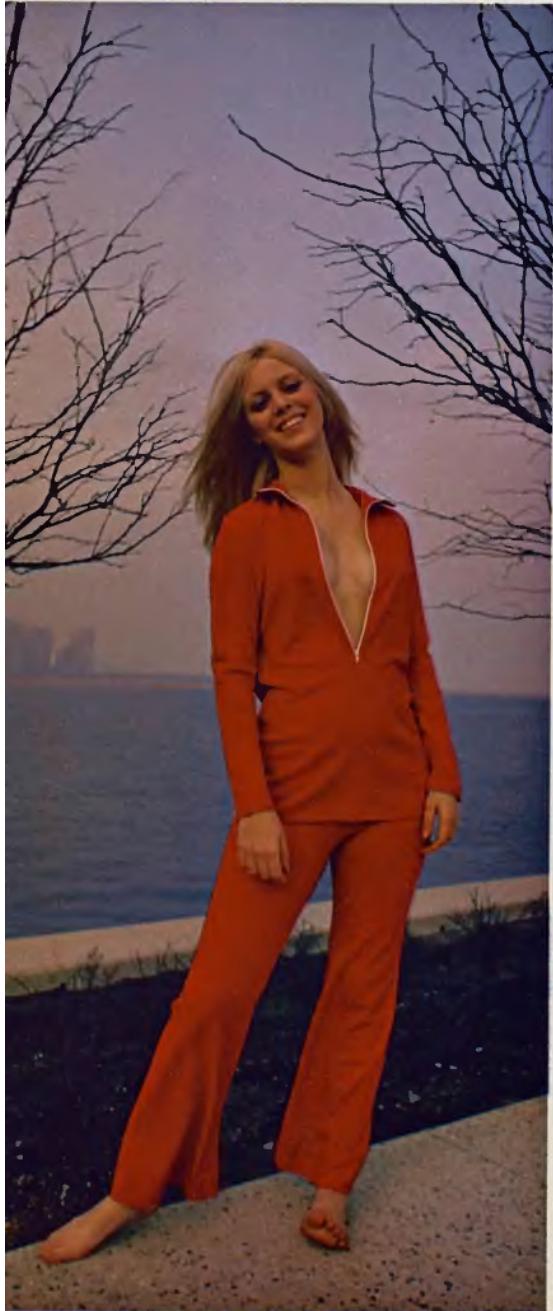




This sporting life: "I'm an outdoor girl and I intend to always stay that way," says Connie Kreski, who exercises often for the sheer joy of it—and her fine form. "When I was in grammar school, I played basketball and softball, went horseback riding and hiking," Miss January recalls. "I still like to try new sports. Last summer I swam quite a bit at Blind Lake—out beyond Ann Arbor—where I learned how to scuba dive."



When Playmate Cannie Kreski leased her own apartment on the outskirts of Detroit, she and her girlfriend Mimi and their escorts for the day rented a truck and proceeded to make the big move. After a few hours of packing, Connie said, "I hadn't realized just how much stuff I managed to accumulate over the years until I tried getting it all together." When Connie arrives at her new address, date Larry gives her a helping hand with housewares (right), before he and Paul begin hauling in the more formidable furnishings. "My friends couldn't have been more helpful," says Cannie. "They worked from noon until after dark, not stopping till everything I brought was put away."





Connie's companions decide that Miss January's official entry into her new apartment should be an auspicious occasion: Couched on her own couch, above, she is about to be grandly carried across the threshold. When all her paraphernalia has finally been unpacked and is more or less in order, Connie changes into a football jersey she received when she was a high school cheerleader; then Miss Kreski and her friends relax after the rigors of moving day with an impromptu party.



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





One of Connie's housewarming gifts from the group is the Twister party game; above, she and Larry are competing contortionists, as Paul and Mimi watch the acrobatic action from a safe distance. After the boys leave, Mimi (who's accepted an invitation to sleep over) and Connie ignore the TV in favor of a serious chat, before bedding down after a hard day's night.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Darling," she sighed, "love me like you've never loved me before!"

"Not in this state," he replied. "I could get ten years."

Morning, Howard," said the commuter, getting on the train. "How's the wife?"

"Just fine, George," came the response. "How's mine?"



The young couple had met early on New Year's Eve and hit it off quite well as the party progressed. "Sweetheart," he finally said to her, "it's almost midnight—why don't we end the old year with a kiss?"

"If you really want to," replied his striking friend. "Personally, I'd rather go to your place and finish it off with a bang."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor* as a callous cad who is cheating some good woman out of her alimony.

His pretty model looked quite despondent, so the photographer asked what was bothering her.

"It's my boyfriend," she explained. "He was wiped out in the stock market—lost all of his money."

"You must feel very sorry for him," remarked the photographer.

"Yes," she replied wistfully, "he'll miss me terribly."

It wouldn't have been so bad if he'd just done it once," explained the sweet young thing to the judge. "But every time we went out, it was rape, rape, rape."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *dry dock* as a nondrinking member of the medical profession.

Never make love on an empty stomach," admonishes a playboy we know. "Take her out to dinner first."

I'm beat," confessed the pretty career girl to her friend. "Last night I didn't fall asleep until after three."

"No wonder you're tired," her friend replied. "Twice is usually all I need."

Sauntering across the hot desert, the grimy cowpoke encountered an attractive young woman, completely naked, tied to the ground by four stakes. Leaning forward in his saddle, he inquired, "What's going on here, ma'am?"

"Oh, thank heavens you've come," she gasped. "A terrible thing has happened! Six Indians intercepted our wagon, killed my husband, tied me up like this and raped me, and then rode off with our children, leaving me here to die."

Slowly dismounting and unbuckling his gun belt, the cowboy said, "Well, ma'am, it looks like today just ain't gonna be your day."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *belt* as a topless minidress.

I know how babies are made," boasted one small fry to another.

"That's nothing," the second small fry replied, "I know how they're not."

Aravishing professional girl of our acquaintance gets a grand and glorious feeling whenever a man makes love to her—but the grand always comes first.

Then there was the nymphomaniac who just hated to be stood up.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pregnancy* as taking seriously something that was poked in fun.



But how can you tell a Viet Cong from a patriotic South Vietnamese?" the nervous private asked the seasoned sergeant.

"Simple," the sergeant drawled. "You just holler, 'To hell with Ho Chi Minh!' and see how he reacts."

A few days later, while visiting the company hospital, the sergeant saw the private lying in a bed, badly battered. "What happened to you?" the sergeant asked. "Didn't you remember to do what I told you?"

"Sure I did," the private answered weakly. "I saw this guy coming out of the brush and I yelled, 'To hell with Ho Chi Minh!'"

"And what happened?"

"He yelled back, 'To hell with L. B. J.!'—and while we were standing in the middle of the clearing shaking hands, a tank ran over us."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



SOKOL

"What happens if I have an elf or something?"

this grotesque, this absurd thing his sister asked for on her deathbed was ironically consistent with the family's insatiable avarice

THE OLD SYSTEM

fiction By SAUL BELLOW IT WAS A THOUGHTFUL DAY for Dr. Braun. Winter. Saturday. The short end of December. He was alone in his apartment and woke late, lying in bed until noon, in the room kept very dark, working with a thought—a feeling: Now you see it, now you don't. Now a content, now a vacancy. Now an important individual, a force, a necessary existence; suddenly nothing. A frame without a picture, a mirror with missing glass. The feeling of necessary existence might be the aggressive, instinctive vitality we share with a dog or an ape. The difference being in the power of mind or spirit to declare *I am*. Plus the inevitable inference *I am not*. Dr. Braun was no more pleased with being than with its opposite. For him an age of equilibrium seemed to be coming in. How nice! Anyway, he had no project for putting the world in rational order, and for no special reason he got up. Washed his wrinkled but not elderly face with freezing tap water, which changed the nighttime gray to a more agreeable color. He brushed his teeth. Standing upright, scrubbing the teeth as if he were looking after an idol. He then ran the big old-fashioned tub to sponge himself, backing into the thick stream of the Roman faucet, soaping beneath with the same cake of soap he would apply later to his beard. Under the swell of his belly, the tip of his parts, somewhere between his heels. His heels needed scrubbing. He dried himself with yesterday's shirt, an economy. It was going to the laundry anyway. Yes, with the self-respecting expression human beings inherit from ancestors for whom bathing was a solemnity. A sadness.

But every civilized man today cultivated an unhealthy self-detachment. Had learned from art the art of amusing self-observation and objectivity. Which, since there had to be something amusing to watch, required art in one's conduct. Existence for the sake of such practices did not seem worth while. Mankind was in a confusing, uncomfortable, disagreeable stage in the evolution of its consciousness. Dr. Braun (Samuel) did not like it. It made him sad to feel that the thought, art, belief of great traditions should be so misemployed. Elevation? Beauty? Torn into shreds, into ribbons for girls' costumes, or trailed like the tail of a kite at Happenings. Plato and the Buddha raided by looters. The tombs of Pharaohs broken into by desert rabble. And so on, thought Dr. Braun as he passed into his neat kitchen. He was well pleased by the blue-and-white Dutch dishes, cups hanging, saucers standing in slots.

He opened a fresh can of coffee, much enjoyed the fragrance from the punctured can. Only an instant, but not to be missed. Next he sliced bread for the toaster, got out the butter, chewed an orange; and he was admiring long icicles on the huge red, circular roof tank of the

laundry across the alley, the clear sky, when he discovered that a sentiment was approaching. It was said of him, occasionally, that he did not love anyone. This was not true. He did not love anyone steadily. But unsteadily he loved, he guessed, at an average rate.

The sentiment, as he drank his coffee, was for two cousins in Upstate New York, the Mohawk Valley. They were dead. Isaac Braun and his sister Tina. Tina was first to go. Two years later, Isaac died. Braun now discovered that he and Cousin Isaac had loved each other. For whatever use or meaning this might have within the peculiar system of light, movement, contact and perishing in which he tried to find stability. Toward Tina, Dr. Braun's feelings were less clear. More passionate once, but at present more detached.

Isaac's wife, after he died, had told Braun, "He was proud of you. He said, 'Sammy has been written up in *Time*, in all the papers, for his research. But he never says a word about his scientific reputation!'"

"I see. Well, computers do the work."

"But you have to know what to put into these computers."

This was more or less the case. But Braun had not continued the conversation. He did not care much for being *first* in the field. People were boastful in America. Matthew Arnold, a not entirely appetizing figure himself, had correctly observed this in the U.S. Dr. Braun thought this American boastfulness had aggravated a certain weakness in Jewish immigrants. A proportionate reaction of self-effacement was not praiseworthy. Dr. Braun did not want to be interested in this question at all. However, his cousin Isaac's opinions had some value for him.

In Schenectady there were two more Brauns of the same family, living. Did Dr. Braun, drinking his coffee this afternoon, love them, too? They did not elicit such feelings. Then did he love Isaac more because Isaac was dead? There one might have something.

But in childhood, Isaac had shown him great kindness. The others, not very much.

Now Braun remembered certain things. A sycamore tree beside the Mohawk river. Then the river couldn't have been so foul. The color, anyhow, was green, and it was powerful and dark, an easy, level force—crimped, green, blackish, glassy. A huge tree like a complicated event, with much splitting and thick chalky extensions. It must have dominated an acre, brown and white. And well away from the leaves, on a dead branch, sat a gray-and-blue fish hawk. Isaac and his little cousin Braun passed in the wagon, the old coarse-tailed horse walking, the steady head, with blinders, working onward. Braun, seven years old, wore a gray shirt with large bone buttons



and had a short summer haircut. Isaac was dressed in work clothes, for in those days the Brauns were in the secondhand business—furniture, carpets, stoves, beds. His senior by 15 years, Isaac had a mature business face. Born to be a man, in the direct Old Testament sense, as that bird was born to fish in water. He came to America as a child. Nevertheless, his old-country Jewish dignity was very firm and strong. He had the outlook of ancient generations on the New World. Tents and kine and wives and maid-servants and manservants. He was handsome, Braun thought—dark face, black eyes, vigorous hair, and a long scar on the cheek. Because, he told his scientific cousin, his mother had given him milk from a tubercular cow in the old country. While his father was serving in the Russo-Japanese War. Far away. In the Yiddish metaphor, on the lid of hell. As though hell were a cauldron, a covered pot. How those old-time Jews despised the goy wars, their vainglory and obstinate *Dummheit*. Conscription, mustering, marching, shooting, leaving the corpses everywhere. Buried, unburied. Army against army. Gog and Magog. The czar, that weak, whiskered, hemophilic and woman-ridden man decreed that Uncle Braun would be swept away to Sakhalin. So by irrational decree, as in *The Arabian Nights*, Uncle Braun, with his greatcoat and short humiliated legs, little beard and great eyes, left wife and child to eat maggoty pork. And when the War was lost, escaped through Manchuria. Came to Vancouver on a Swedish ship. Labored on the railroad. He did not look so strong, as Braun remembered him in Schenectady. His chest was deep and his arms long, but the legs, like felt, too yielding, as if the escape from Sakhalin and trudging in Manchuria had been too much. However, in the Mohawk Valley, monarch of used stoves and fumigated mattresses—dear Uncle Braun! He had a small, pointed beard, like George V, like Nick of Russia. Like Lenin, for that matter. But large, patient eyes in his wizened face, filling all of the space reserved for eyes.

A vision of mankind, Braun was having as he sat over his coffee Saturday afternoon. Beginning with those Jews of 1920.

Braun as a young child was protected by the special affection of his cousin Isaac, who stroked his head and took him on the wagon, later the truck, into the countryside. When Braun's mother had gone into labor with him, it was Isaac whom Aunt Rose sent running for the doctor. He found the doctor in the saloon. Faltering, drunken Jones, who practiced among Jewish immigrants before those immigrants had educated their own doctors. He had Isaac crank the Model T. And they drove. Arriving, Jones tied Mother Braun's hands to the

bedposts, a custom of the times.

Having worked as a science student in laboratories and kennels, Braun had himself delivered cats and dogs. Man, he knew, entered life like these other creatures, in a transparent bag or caul. Lying in a bag filled with transparent fluid, a purplish water. A color to mystify the most rational philosopher. What is this creature that struggles for birth in its membrane and clear fluid? Any puppy in its sac, in the blind terror of its emergence, any mouse breaking into the external world from this shining, innocent-seeming blue-tinged transparency!

Braun was born in a small wooden house. They washed him and covered him with mosquito netting. He lay at the foot of his mother's bed. Tough Cousin Isaac dearly loved Braun's mother. He had great pity for her. In intervals of his dealing, of being a Jewish businessman, there fell these moving reflections of those who were dear to him.

Aunt Rose was Dr. Braun's godmother, held him at his circumcision. Bearded, nearsighted old Krieger, fingers stained with chicken slaughter, cut away the foreskin.

Aunt Rose, Braun felt, was the original dura mater—the primal hard mother. She was not a big woman. She had a large bust, wide hips and old-fashioned thighs of those corrupted shapes that belong to history. Which hampered her walk. Together with poor feet, broken by the weight of her nether half, in old boots approaching the knee. Her face was red, her hair powerful, black. She had a straight sharp nose. To cut mercy like a cotton thread. In her eyes Braun recalled the joy she took in her hardness. Hardness of reckoning, hardness of tactics, hardness of dealing and of speech. She was building a kingdom with the labor of Uncle Braun and the strength of her obedient sons. They had their shop, they had real estate. They had a hideous synagogue of such red brick as seemed to grow in Upstate New York by the will of the demon spirit charged with the ugliness of America in that epoch, which saw to it that a particular comic ugliness should influence the soul of man. In Schenectady, in Troy, in Gloversville, Mechanicville, as far west as Buffalo. There was a sour paper mustiness in this synagogue. Uncle Braun not only had money, he also had some learning and he was respected. But it was a quarrelsome congregation. Every question was disputed. There was rivalry, rage; slaps were given, families stopped speaking. Pariahs, thought Braun, with the dignity of princes, among themselves.

Silent, with silent eyes crossing and recrossing the red water tank bound by twisted cables, from which ragged ice hung and white vapor rose, he extracted a moment four decades gone in which Cousin Isaac said, with one of those ar-

chaic looks he had, that the Brauns were descended from the tribe of Naphtali.

"How do you know?"

"People know such things."

Braun was reluctant, even at ten, to believe such things. But Isaac, with the authority of a senior, almost an uncle, said, "You'd better not forget it."

As a rule, he was gay with young Braun. Laughing against the tension of the scar that forced his mouth to one side. His eyes black, soft and flaming. Off his breath, a bitter fragrance that translated itself to Braun as masculine earnestness and gloom. All the sons in that family had the same sort of laugh. They sat on the open porch, Sundays, laughing, while Uncle Braun read aloud the Yiddish matrimonial advertisements. "Attractive widow, 35, dark-favored, owning her own dry-goods business in Hudson, excellent cook, Orthodox, well bred, refined. Plays the piano. Two intelligent, well-behaved children, eight and six."

All but Tina, the obese sister, took part in this satirical Sunday pleasure. Behind the screen door, she stood in the kitchen. Below, the yard, where crude flowers grew—zinnias, plantain lilies, trumpet vine on the chicken shed.

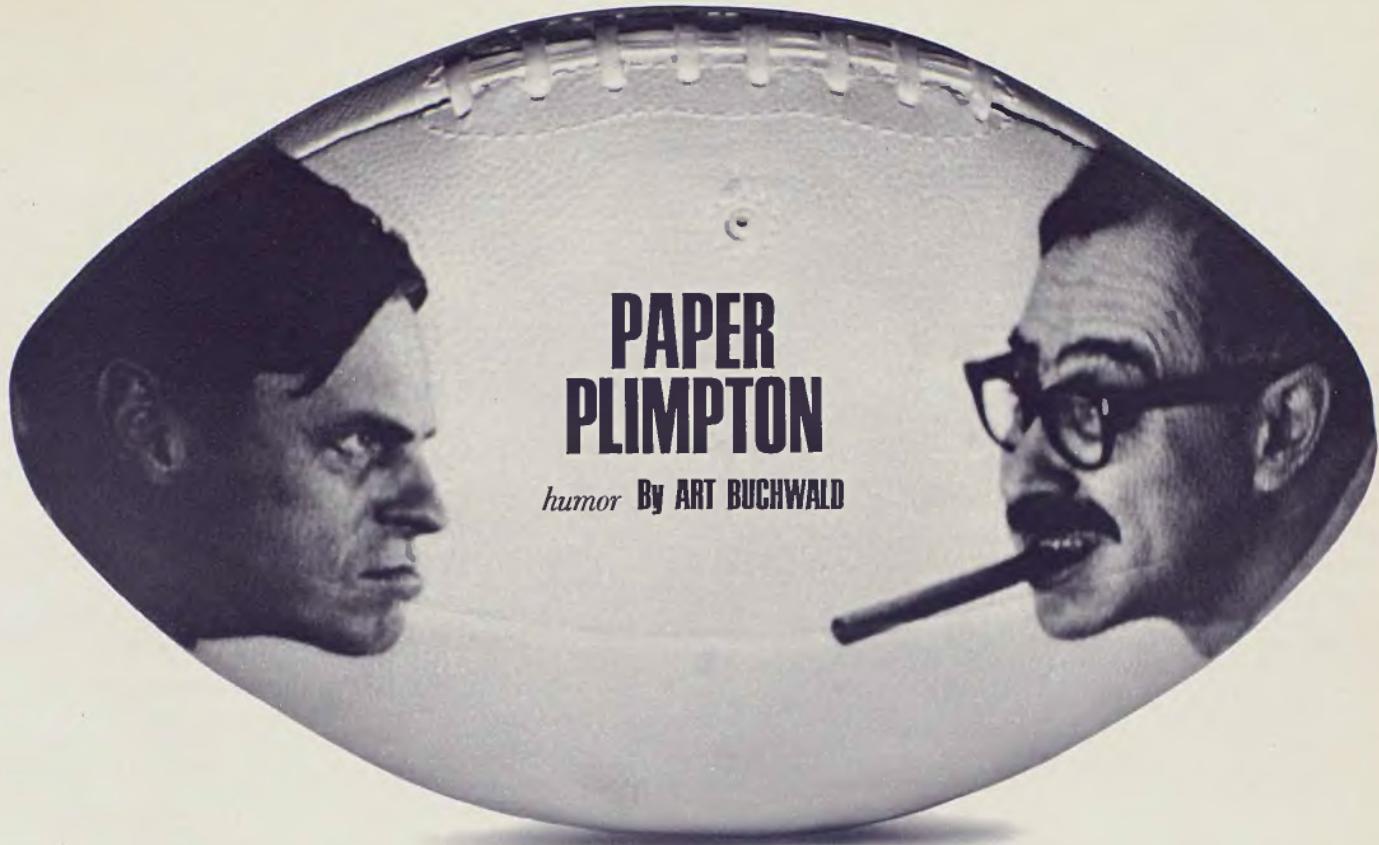
Now the country cottage appeared to Braun, in the Adirondacks. A stream. So beautiful! Trees full of great strength. Wild strawberries, but you must be careful about the poison ivy. In the drainage ditches, polliwogs. Braun slept in the attic with Cousin Mutt. Mutt danced in his undershirt in the morning, naked beneath, and sang an obscene song:

*I stuck my nose up a nannygoat's a--
And the smell was enough to blind me*

He was leaping on his bare feet, and his thing bounded from thigh to thigh. Going into saloons to collect empty bottles, he had learned this. A ditty from the stokehold. Origin, Liverpool or Tyneside. Art of the laboring class in the machine age.

An old mill. A pasture with clover flowers. Braun, seven years old, tried to make a clover wreath, pinching out a hole in the stems for other stems to pass through. He meant it for fat Tina. To put it on her thick savory head, her smoky black harsh hair. Then in the pasture, Braun overturned a rotten stump with his foot. Hornets pursued and bit him. He screamed. He had painful, crimson stings all over his body. Aunt Rose put him to bed and Tina came huge into the attic to console him. An angry fat face, black eyes and the dilated nose breathing at him. She lifted her dress and petticoat to cool him with her body. The belly and thighs swelled before him. Braun felt too small and frail for this ecstasy. By the bedside was a chair and she sat. Under the dizzy heat of the shingled

(continued on page 144)



PAPER PLIMPTON

humor By ART BUCHWALD

washington's wittiest wordsmith plays touch football with detroit's literary lion

EVERYONE HAS A FANTASY, a dream that is so fantastic he knows it will never come true. My dream, ever since I was a little boy, was to play football with George Plimpton.

Whenever I told people about it, they would laugh at me and say, "What a dreamer. To think that George Plimpton, who fought Archie Moore, played golf with Arnold Palmer, pitched against Mickey Mantle and played quarterback with the Detroit Lions, would even talk to you, much less play football with you, is ridiculous."

"I can't help it," I said. "It's my thing."

I never in a million years thought I would ever achieve my fantasy and, as a matter of fact, I had almost forgotten about it when, last summer, I took my vacation on Martha's Vineyard with my family.

One day I happened to be at Bill Styron's house helping him autograph his book *The Confessions of Nat Turner* when Bill casually mentioned that George Plimpton was coming up for the weekend.

"Not the George Plimpton," I cried.

"The Paper Lion himself," Styron said.

"I know it's a lot to ask," I said, "but do you think . . . would he possibly . . . is there any chance. . . ."

"Blurt it out, boy."

"Do you think he'd let me play touch football with him?"

"I don't know," Styron said. "George is practically a professional and I'm not sure what the National Football League would say if he let you in the game. But I guess there is no harm in asking him."

I squeezed Styron's hand. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," I said. "This is the greatest day in my life."

Styron turned away in embarrassment, but two days later he called me. "I spoke to George. He said OK, as long as you realize what you are getting into."

"It's my responsibility," I said. "If I get hurt, it will be my fault."

"OK, then. The game is scheduled for two o'clock tomorrow afternoon on my lawn."

"Did he say one-handed or two-handed touch?" I asked.

"Two-handed, of course," Styron said impatiently. "Plimp-

ton doesn't play one-handed touch. When he plays, he goes all the way."

"Of course he does," I said. "What a fool I was for asking."

That night I was all tensed up. I went over to Styron's for dinner and there was Plimpton sitting casually drinking a beer.

I was flustered, but he immediately put me at ease by pumping my sweaty palm with his large passing hand.

"So you want to play touch football," he said, with what I detected was an amused glint in his eye.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I've been playing touch since I was a kid and I was hoping someday to get a chance to play with you."

"OK, if that's what you want. But I'm not going to take pity on you. If you get in the game, you've got to take everything I can throw at you."

"I understand that," I assured him. "But even if I survive a quarter, the experience will have been worth it."

Plimpton laughed. "It's one thing to read a book about my playing with the Detroit Lions, but it's another to actually play against me. Alex Karras found that out the hard way." I knew that from having read in Plimpton's book about the now-famous scrimmage game.

That evening the talk centered around great touch-football games of the past. Styron recalled one at Hyannis Port. Plimpton remembered a play-off at Hickory Hill; Dick Goodwin told of a game he was once forced into at the White House. It was good talk, man talk, training-table talk. What they were trying to do was put me at ease, but my stomach would have none of it. I wondered how many of us would still be sitting around the same table on the next night, after the game was over.

When I got home, I tried to sleep, but it wouldn't come.

I kept cursing myself for getting into such a situation. I knew now I had really wanted him to say I couldn't play, so I could keep my fantasy alive.

My only hope was that it would rain.

It didn't. The morning dawned bright and clear. I dressed slowly, first my sweat shirt, then Bermuda shorts, finally sweat socks and tennis shoes. The (concluded on page 239) 143

OLD SYSTEM

(continued from page 142)

roof, she rested her legs upon him, spread them wider, wider. He saw the barbarous and coaly hair. He saw the red within. She parted the folds with her fingers. Parting, her dark nostrils opened, the eyes looked white in her head. She motioned that he should press his child's genital against her fat-flattened thighs. Which, with agonies of incapacity and pleasure, he did. All was silent. Summer silence. Her sexual odor. The flies and gnats stimulated by delicious heat or the fragrance. He heard a mass of flies tear themselves from the windowpane. A sound of detached adhesive. Tina did not kiss, did not embrace. Her face was menacing. She was defying. She was drawing him—taking him somewhere with her. But she promised nothing, told him nothing.

When he recovered from his bites, playing once more in the yard, little Braun saw Cousin Isaac with his fiancée, Clara Sternberg, walking among the trees, embracing very sweetly. Little Braun tried to go with them, but Cousin Isaac sent him away. When he still followed, Cousin Isaac turned him roughly toward the cottage. Little Braun then tried to kill his cousin. He wanted with all his heart to club Isaac with a piece of wood. He was still struck by the incomparable happiness, the luxury of that pure murderousness. Rushing toward Isaac, who took him by the back of the neck, twisted his head, held him under the pump. He then decreed that little Braun must go home, to Albany. He was far too wild. Must be taught a lesson. Cousin Tina said in private, "Good for you. I hate him, too." She took Braun with her dimpled, inept hand and walked down the road with him in the Adirondack dust. Her gingham-fitted bulk. Her shoulders curved, banked, like the earth of the hill-cut road. And her feet turned outward by the terrifying weight and deformity of her legs.

Later she lost weight. Became more civilized. Everyone grew more civilized. Little Braun became a docile, bookish child. Did very well at school.

All clear? Quite clear to the adult Braun, considering his fate no more than the fate of the others. Before his tranquil look, the facts arranged themselves—rose, took a new arrangement. Remained awhile in the settled state and then changed again. We were getting somewhere.

Uncle Braun died angry with Aunt Rose. He turned his face to the wall with his last breath to rebuke her hardness. All the men, his sons, burst out weeping. The tears of the women were different. Later, also, their passion took other forms. They bargained for more property. And Aunt Rose defied Uncle Braun's will. She collected rents in the slums of Albany and Schenectady from properties he

had left to his sons. She dressed herself in the old fashion, calling on nigger tenants or the Jewish rabble of tailors and cobblers. To her, the old Jewish words for these trades were terms of contempt. Rents belonging mainly to Isaac she banked in her own name. Riding ancient streetcars in the factory slums. She did not need to buy widow's clothes. She had always worn suits, they had always been black. Her hat was three-cornered, like the town crier's. She let the black braid hang behind, as though she were in her own kitchen. She had trouble with bladder and arteries, but ailments did not keep her at home and she had no use for doctoring and drugs. She blamed Uncle Braun's death on Bromo-Seltzer, which, she said, had enlarged his heart.

Isaac did not marry Clara Sternberg. Though he was a manufacturer, her father turned out to have started as a cutter. Married a housemaid. Aunt Rose would not permit this. She took long trips to make genealogical investigations. And she vetoed all the young women, her judgments severe without limit. "A false dog." "Candied poison." "An open ditch—a sewer, a born whore!"

The woman Isaac eventually married was pleasant, mild, round, respectable, the daughter of a Jewish farmer.

Aunt Rose said, "Ignorant. A common man."

"He's honest, a hard worker on the land," said Isaac. "He recites the Psalms to himself on his wagon."

"Putting it on for you."

"Not at all. I found the Psalms under his wagon seat."

"I don't believe it. A son of Ham like that. A cattle dealer. He stinks of manure." And she said to the bride in Yiddish, "Be so good as to wash thy father before bringing him to the synagogue. Get a bucket, and scalding water, and 20 Mule Team Borax and ammonia, and a horse brush. The filth is ingrained. Be sure to scrub his hands."

The rigid madness of the orthodox.

Tina did not bring her young man from New York to be examined by Aunt Rose. Anyway, he was not young, nor handsome, nor rich. Aunt Rose said he was a minor hoodlum, a slugger. She had gone to Coney Island to inspect his family—a father who sold pretzels and chestnuts from a cart, a mother who cooked for banquets. And the groom himself—so thick, so bald, so grim, she said, his hands so common and his back and chest like fur, a fell. He was a beast, she told young Sammy Braun. Braun was a student then at Rensselaer Polytechnic and came to see his aunt in her old kitchen—the great black and nickel stove, the round table on its oak pedestal, the dark-blue and white check of the oilcloth, an oil painting of peaches and

cherries salvaged from the secondhand shop. And Aunt Rose, more feminine with her corset off and a gaudy wrapper over her thick Victorian undervests, camisoles, bloomers. Her silk stockings were gartered below the knee and the wide upper portions, fashioned for thighs, drooped down flimsy, nearly to her slippers.

Tina was then handsome, if not pretty. In high school she took off 80 pounds. Then she went to New York without getting her diploma. What did she care for such things! said Rose. And how did she get to Coney Island by herself? Because she was perverse. Her instinct was for freaks. And there she met this beast. This hired killer, this second Lepke of Murder, Inc. Upstate, the old woman read the melodramas of the Yiddish press, which she embroidered with her own ideas of wickedness.

But when Tina brought her husband to Schenectady, installing him in her father's secondhand shop, he turned out to be a big innocent man. If he had ever had guile, he lost it with his hair. His baldness was total, like a purge. He had a sentimental, dependent look. Tina protected him. Here Dr. Braun had sexual thoughts, about himself as a child and about her childish bridegroom. And scowling, smoldering Tina, her angry tenderness in the Adirondacks, and how she was beneath, how hard she breathed in the attic, and the violent strength and obstinacy of her crinkled, sooty hair.

Nobody could sway Tina. That, thought Braun, was probably the secret of it. She consulted her own will for so long that she would accept no other impulse. Anyone who listened to others seemed weak by comparison.

For instance, when Aunt Rose lay dead, Tina took from her hand the ring Isaac had given her many years ago. Braun did not remember the entire history of that ring, only that Isaac had loaned money to an immigrant who disappeared, leaving this jewel, which was assumed to be worthless but turned out to be valuable. Braun could not recall whether it was ruby or emerald; nor the setting. But it was the one feminine adornment Aunt Rose wore. And it was supposed to go to Isaac's wife, Sylvia, who wanted it badly. Tina took it from the corpse and put it on her own finger.

"Tina, give that ring to me. Give it here."

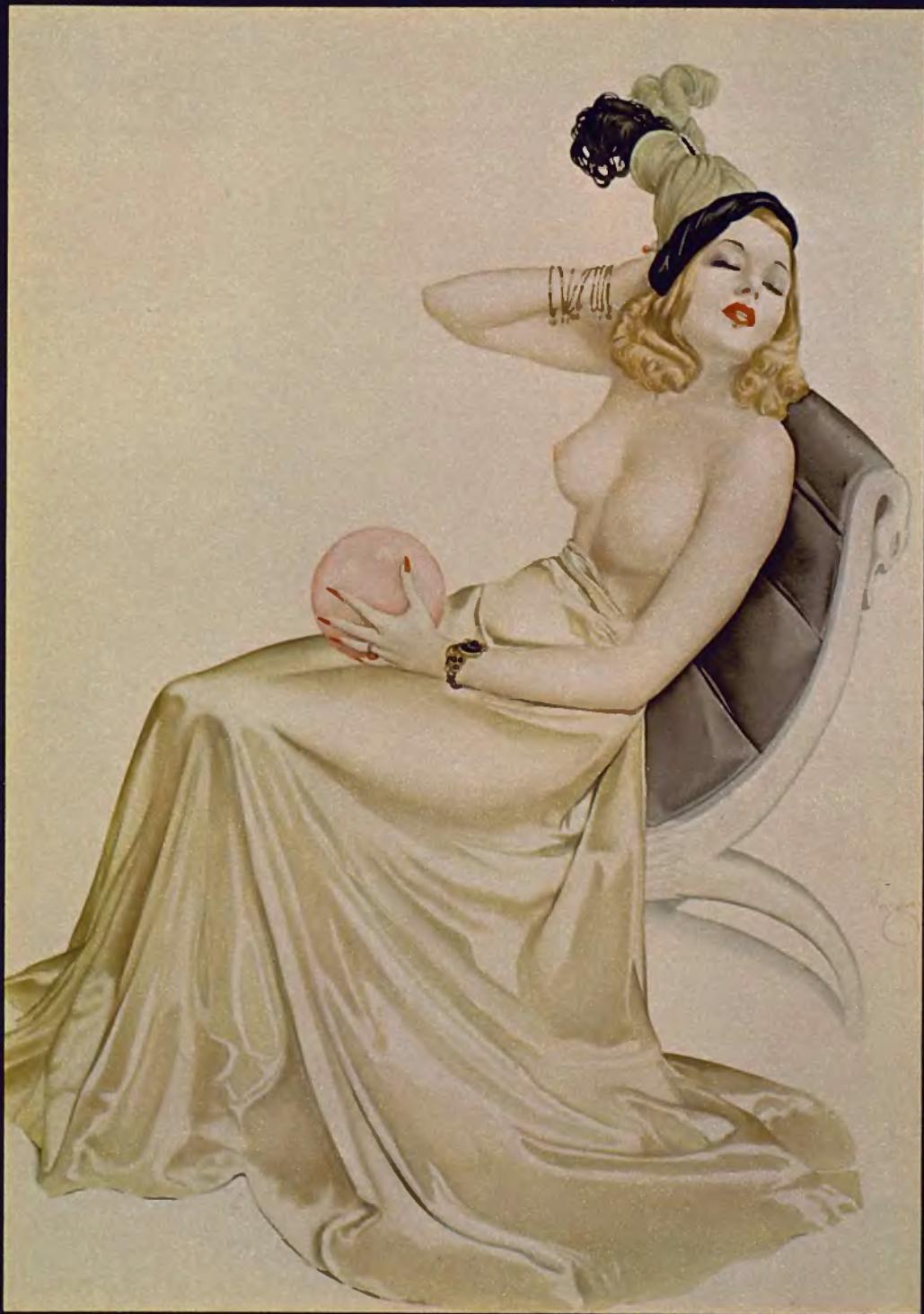
"No. It was hers. Now it's mine."

"It was not Mama's. You know that. Give it back."

She outfaced him over the body of Aunt Rose. She knew he would not quarrel at the deathbed. Sylvia was enraged. She did what she could. That is, she whispered, "Make her!" But it was no use. He knew he could not recover it. Besides, there were too many other

(continued on page 240)

*the vargas girl
from the thirties to the present*



*four decades of beauty
by playboy's nonpareil portrayer
of voluptuous feminine pulchritude*



WHEN THE CRASHING STOCK MARKET tolled the death knell of the brash, baby-faced flapper, Peruvian-born Alberto Vargas had already spent a dozen years capturing on canvas the myriad charms of American beauties. His career began when a friend of Flo Ziegfeld spotted Vargas in the window of a New York typewriter shop, doing a portrait of a girl as a publicity stunt. During his decade-long association with the Great Showman, Vargas limned hundreds of fetchingly undraped young ladies for poster illustrations—a fine sampling of which appeared in the January 1964 issue of *PLAYBOY*. After Ziegfeld's death in 1932, Vargas headed for Hollywood, where he temporarily lent his talents to 20th Century-Fox. While there, he applied his ability to combine the feminine ideal with the charmingly real and produced distinctive studies of such film greats as Garbo (right); but as a man forever enchanted by beauty, he also continued to draw—and immortalize—such spritely unknowns as grace these pages. Perhaps reflecting the mood of the Depression, his girls of the Thirties are more subdued than his flappers. Caught in a charismatic haze, lounging in diaphanous gowns or silky step-ins, they've traded their ebullient Twenties enthusiasm for a quieter sophistication and a tantalizing hint of worldliness.

the thirties





the forties





Black-listed by the film studios for joining fellow employees in a strike, Vargas returned to New York in the early Forties. He showed his work to *Esquire*—and, as Varga (the “s” was dropped by the editors), soon replaced Petty in the pages of that magazine. His outsized gatefolds and stunning calendar girls rapidly won him national prominence. Despite heavy editorial demands during World War Two—which called for a minimum of 36 paintings a year—his warm selflessness led him to design mascots for many Service units. And somehow in 1943 he found time to supervise the filming of *Dubarry Was a Lady*, in which the Varga calendar came to life. In keeping with the age of the sweater girl, Vargas’ paintings now celebrated the charms of lovely creatures far more ample and robust than those of the Thirties—girls fittingly epitomized by his pensive study of Jane Russell (left).



the fifties

In the late Forties, Vargas' honeymoon with *Esquire* ended in divorce after bitter litigation. During the following decade, he found only sporadic work, primarily for advertising agencies—but his life was occasionally spiced by such pleasant free-lance assignments as his sultry portrait of Shelley Winters (below), used in a campaign to give her a sexier image. By the Sixties, Vargas had found a permanent home in *PLAYBOY*'s pages. Now living in California with his wife (a Ziegfeld model whom he sketched and later married in 1930), he continues to produce sensual beauties for each month's *PLAYBOY*, a task that has yielded his best work and his greatest popularity in a half century of glorifying the American girl.

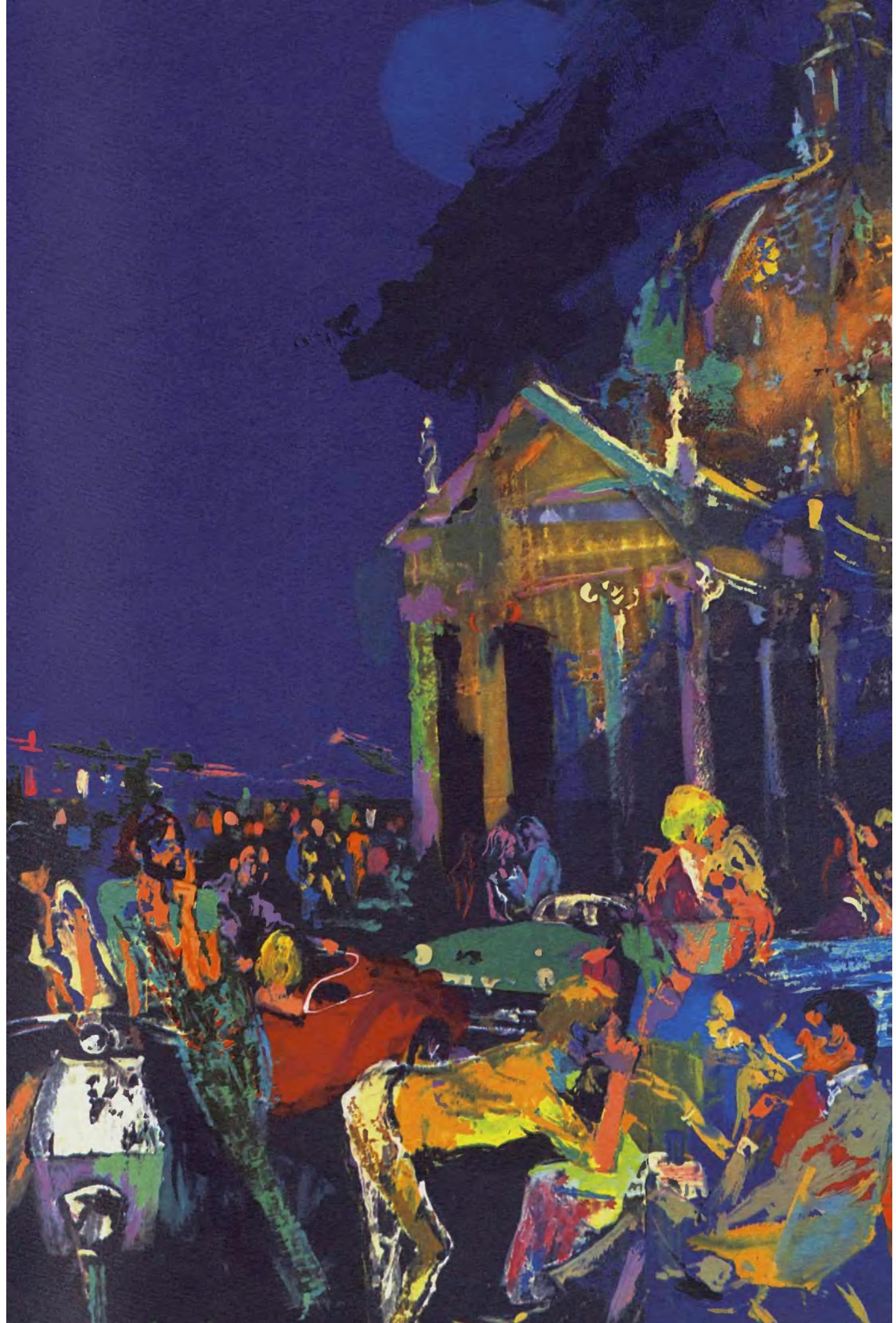


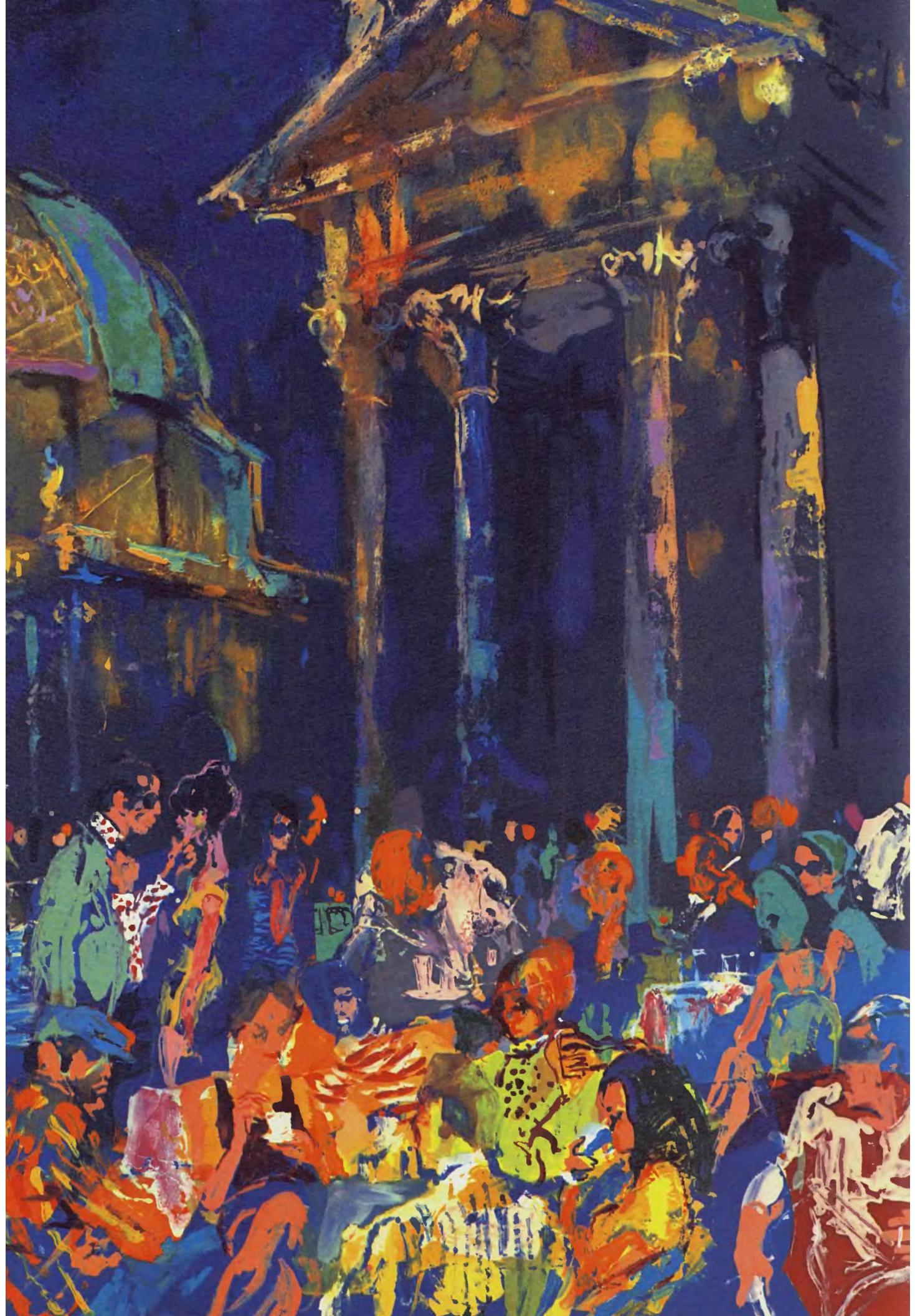
the sixties





“I’m not afraid of getting burned—are you?!”







man at his leisure

artist leroy neiman visits
rome's alfresco gathering place
for the international set

ROSATI is to Rome what Ciro's once was to Hollywood: *the* place where celebrities go to see one another—and to be seen. Situated in the center of the Piazza del Popolo, a short stroll from the fabled Via Veneto, Rosati produces pastries perfect enough to ensure a loyal, affluent following. But the real specialty of the house these days is the charismatic company it keeps: Producers and aspiring film queens from the sound stages of Cinecitta, writers, intellectuals, industrialists and society swingers alike pursue *la dolce vita* in Rosati's simple yet sophisticated setting—the ground floor (and front sidewalk) of a four-story brownstone. Shortly after noon each day, when the rest of Rome has already shut down until four o'clock, the establishment's habitués capture their favorite pink-clothed tables, there to sit and sip for hours. Artist LeRoy Neiman, *PLAYBOY*'s *boulevardier*-with-brush, spent a good part of a recent visit to Rome dropping in at Rosati and reports: "In the afternoon, as soon as Rosati's outdoor tables begin filling up, the Piazza del Popolo also becomes jammed—with traffic. Cars that pass in front of Rosati have only two

speeds—slow and stop—and there are two very good reasons for this. The first is that it's considered bad form to drive by Rosati's without personally checking to see if any movie stars or nonfilm 'names' of similar magnitude are around. Secondly, many Rosati regulars won't sit at an empty table. Instead, they drive around the Piazza until they see some seated friends. Then they run out of their cars to embrace and talk. Eventually, they'll remember to get back into their automobiles and look for parking—but not before they've helped create an absolutely enormous traffic tie-up." Even though Rosati is a favored retreat for many of the noblest Romans of them all, Neiman notes, the open-air emporium once each week abruptly eschews its tête-à-tête with the international set. Says Neiman, "When Sunday-morning Mass lets out at the neighboring cathedrals of Santa Maria de' Miracoli and Santa Maria di Monte Santo, crowds of churchgoing families meet at Rosati for breakfast. The scene almost seems like a parable: The socialites have been allowed to have all the fun they want, but you always know Rome finally belongs to its solid citizens."

Continental cosmopolites have learned that, in Rome, all roads lead to Rosati. Artist Neiman's panoramic view of the Piazza del Popolo pasticceria reveals Rosati's across-the-board assemblage of social lions: Beneath cool Roman skies, titled nobility and turned-on trend-setters find a common meeting ground. Above, a shapely signorina set an stardom confers with a member of the *polizia* and is told that motion-picture moguls are in attendance at Rosati; afterward, she'll coast slowly by on her motorcycle, hoping to attract their attention—and a screen test as well. Posing provocatively (right), a Roman bird of a different feather also waits to be invited in, sure that—in her own fashion—she, too, will be discovered.



WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE

the right place will do wonders."

He was referring to the fact that ethical birth-control pills, the only legal form of birth control, made people numb from the waist down.

Most men said their bottom halves felt like cold iron or balsa wood. Most women said their bottom halves felt like wet cotton or stale ginger ale. The pills were so effective that you could blindfold a man who had taken one, tell him to recite the Gettysburg Address, kick him in the balls while he was doing it, and he wouldn't miss a syllable.

The pills were ethical because they didn't interfere with a person's ability to reproduce, which would have been unnatural and immoral. All the pills did was take every bit of pleasure out of sex.

Thus did science and morals go hand in hand.

The two Hostesses there in Hyannis were Nancy McLuhan and Mary Kraft. Nancy was a strawberry blonde. Mary was a glossy brunette. Their uniforms were white lipstick, heavy eye make-up, purple body stockings with nothing underneath and black-leather boots. They ran a small operation—with only six suicide booths. In a really good week, say the one before Christmas, they might put 60 people to sleep. It was done with a hypodermic syringe.

"My main message to you girls," said Sheriff Crocker, "is that everything's well under control. You can just go about your business here."

"Didn't you leave out part of your main message?" Nancy asked him.

"I don't get you."

"I didn't hear you say he was probably headed straight for us."

He shrugged in clumsy innocence. "We don't know that for sure."

"I thought that was all anybody did know about Billy the Poet: that he specializes in deflowering Hostesses in Ethical Suicide Parlors." Nancy was a virgin. All Hostesses were virgins. They also had to hold advanced degrees in psychology and nursing. They also had to be plump and rosy, and at least six feet tall.

America had changed in many ways, but it had yet to adopt the metric system.

Nancy McLuhan was burned up that the sheriff would try to protect her and Mary from the full truth about Billy the Poet—as though they might panic if they heard it. She told the sheriff so.

"How long do you think a girl would last in the E. S. S.," she said, meaning the Ethical Suicide Service, "if she scared that easy?"

The sheriff took a step backward, pulled in his chin. "Not very long, I guess."

"That's very true," said Nancy, closing the distance between them and offering

(continued from page 95)

him a sniff of the edge of her hand, which was poised for a karate chop. All Hostesses were experts at judo and karate. "If you'd like to find out how helpless we are, just come toward me, pretending you're Billy the Poet."

The sheriff shook his head, gave her a glassy smile. "I'd rather not."

"That's the smartest thing you've said today," said Nancy, turning her back on him while Mary laughed. "We're not scared—we're angry. Or we're not even that. He isn't worth that. We're bored. How boring that he should come a great distance, should cause all this fuss, in order to—" She let the sentence die there. "It's just too absurd."

"I'm not as mad at him as I am at the women who let him do it to them without a struggle"—said Mary—"who let him do it and then couldn't tell the police what he looked like. Suicide Hostesses at that!"

"Somebody hasn't been keeping up with her karate," said Nancy.

It wasn't just Billy the Poet who was attracted to Hostesses in Ethical Suicide Parlors. All nothingheads were. Bombed out of their skulls with the sex madness that came from taking nothing, they thought the white lips and big eyes and body stocking and boots of a Hostess spelled *sex, sex, sex*.

The truth was, of course, that sex was the last thing any Hostess ever had in mind.

"If Billy follows his usual M. O.," said the sheriff, "he'll study your habits and the neighborhood. And then he'll pick one or the other of you and he'll send her a dirty poem in the mail."

"Charming," said Nancy.

"He has also been known to use the telephone."

"How brave," said Nancy. Over the sheriff's shoulder, she could see the mailman coming.

A blue light went on over the door of a booth for which Nancy was responsible. The person in there wanted something. It was the only booth in use at the time.

The sheriff asked her if there was a possibility that the person in there was Billy the Poet, and Nancy said, "Well, if it is, I can break his neck with my thumb and forefinger."

"Foxy Grandpa," said Mary, who'd seen him, too. A Foxy Grandpa was any old man, cute and senile, who quibbled and joked and reminisced for hours before he let a Hostess put him to sleep.

Nancy rolled her eyes. "We've spent the past two hours trying to decide on a last meal."

And then the mailman came in with just one letter. It was addressed to Nancy in smoky pencil. She was splendid with anger and disgust as she opened it,

knowing it would be a piece of filth from Billy.

She was right. Inside the envelope was a poem. It wasn't an original poem. It was a song from olden days that had taken on new meanings since the numbness of ethical birth control had become universal. It went like this, in smoky pencil again:

*We were walking through the park,
A-goosing statues in the dark.
If Sherman's horse can take it,
So can you.*

When Nancy came into the suicide booth to see what he wanted, the Foxy Grandpa was lying on the mint-green Barcalounger, where hundreds had died so peacefully over the years. He was studying the menu from the Howard Johnson's next door and beating time to the Muzak coming from the loud-speaker on the lemon-yellow wall. The room was painted cinder block. There was one barred window with a Venetian blind.

There was a Howard Johnson's next door to every Ethical Suicide Parlor, and vice versa. The Howard Johnson's had an orange roof and the Suicide Parlor had a purple roof, but they were both the Government. Practically everything was the Government.

Practically everything was automated, too. Nancy and Mary and the sheriff were lucky to have jobs. Most people didn't. The average citizen moped around home and watched television, which was the Government. Every 15 minutes his television would urge him to vote intelligently or consume intelligently, or worship in the church of his choice, or love his fellow men, or obey the laws—or pay a call to the nearest Ethical Suicide Parlor and find out how friendly and understanding a Hostess could be.

The Foxy Grandpa was something of a rarity, since he was marked by old age, was bald, was shaky, had spots on his hands. Most people looked 22, thanks to antiaging shots they took twice a year. That the old man looked old was proof that the shots had been discovered after his sweet bird of youth had flown.

"Have we decided on a last supper yet?" Nancy asked him. She heard perverseness in her own voice, heard herself betray her exasperation with Billy the Poet, her boredom with the old man. She was ashamed, for this was unprofessional of her. "The breaded veal cutlet is very good."

The old man cocked his head. With the greedy cunning of second childhood, he had caught her being unprofessional, unkind, and he was going to punish her for it. "You don't sound very friendly. I thought you were all supposed to be friendly. I thought this was supposed to be a pleasant place to come."

"I beg your pardon," she said. "If I (continued on page 196)

one of the all-time greats delineates the extraordinary physical and psychological make-up of the breed

sports By STIRLING MOSS

TAKE THE SPORTIEST CAR you can think of, with all the high-performance options and all the right accessories. Then come along with me and have a look at one of the latest Formula I Ferraris. With an engine smaller than the average American semicompact, the Ferrari produces enough power to force the sleek light-metal projectile to speeds in excess of 200 mph; and what's more, it can reach these speeds very quickly, indeed, in the right hands. You find the car is as comfortable and skillfully tailored as a well-fitting glove—and, like a glove, it's terribly difficult to put on; yet once it's on, it fits you like a second skin. The seat is made to fit *you* and *you* alone, and it wraps around you to hold you tightly in position under cornering loads that can pull you sideways with a force greater than that of gravity. The sides of the car and the windscreens leave a very small gap through which you (continued on page 231)

THE MYSTIQUE OF THE RACING DRIVER





*"How about this bunch, lady—can you spot the
one that molested you in the park?"*

SAYING NO TO THE YES MENTALITY

UNLESS HE'S WISE TO THE MORES OF
MANAGEMENT, THE ASPIRING EXECUTIVE MAY LEARN THE
HARD WAY THAT POLISHING JUST SOURS THE APPLE

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY

THE PRESIDENT of a medium-sized company in which I held a substantial interest once found himself hopelessly overburdened with work, due to the implementation of an expansion program. The company president—let's call him "Edward Blaine"—decided to hire an assistant. He thought a capable aide could relieve him of much onerous and time-consuming detail, keep an eye on minor routine matters and act as a sort of buffer and sifter. Blaine reasoned that with such help he would be able to better concentrate on the many major problems confronting his company.

Ed Blaine interviewed several prescreened and promising applicants. He finally settled on "Walter Thomas," a young man who seemed to show intelligence, drive and ambition and who gave every indication of possessing the ability to quickly grasp and efficiently handle the work expected of him. Thomas, in short, appeared to be a happy answer to a harried president's prayer.

But appearances can be deceiving and they certainly were in this instance. Walter Thomas' career as assistant to the president lasted less than three months; he was sacked—and with good reason.

Some time later, during the course of a general conversation that led to a discussion of personnel matters, Ed Blaine glumly recounted the incident to me. "Thomas proved to be one of *those* personnel errors," Blaine began, scowling at the recollection. "I hired him to take some of the load off my back; and the next thing I knew, I had far more work than before—and far less time in which to do it."

Ed went on to describe a type of executive and the situations he created that are unfortunately familiar to upper-level managers. By all outwardly measurable standards, Walter Thomas had been an entirely satisfactory choice. He *did* possess potentials and qualifications that fitted him for the position he was hired to fill. The trouble was that Thomas' weaknesses evidenced themselves only after he started on the job. It was then that his true nature came to the fore. He simply could not use his abilities constructively; his drive and ambition were directed to unproductive and purely self-seeking channels. Instead of performing the tasks at hand, he constantly gave performances intended solely to flatter and impress his superior. Walter Thomas was—to employ a charitable euphemism—an apple polisher, born and bred, beyond salvation.

"He'd come into my office a dozen times each day, soft-soaping me until I gagged, constantly asking my advice and acting as though I were omniscience personified whenever I gave it," Blaine related disgustedly. "In between these sessions, he'd dictate mountains of memorandums—all addressed to me, naturally. He did everything but the work he was supposed to do, trying to convince me he was slaving to the point of exhaustion, but doing it gladly because I was such a great guy."

Neither fool nor vainglorious egoist, Edward Blaine was singularly unimpressed by his assistant's tactics. When a blunt and vigorous re-educational cram course failed to have any effect, he sent the young man and his overworked polishing cloth packing.

Walter Thomas was by no means the first of his ilk to find the boot he'd sought to lick being firmly planted in his gluteal region and propelling him out the door. Strangely enough, no matter how badly bruised their posteriors, such types continue to crop up in almost all business organizations. They refuse to believe the basic truths that may be boiled down into a slightly muddled but nonetheless axiomatic metaphor that overpolishing the apple will create sufficient friction to remove its protective peel.

Like any individual who has achieved any degree of authority in the business world, I have encountered my share of toadies who sought to gain attention through flattery. However, while their numbers are considerable and the energy they expend is

great, their successes in achieving their goals are few. It has been my observation that such individuals are predestined to fail because they almost invariably make several major mistakes.

First of all, they are too eager for quick results. Hence, they employ what they consider the most potent, quickest-acting stratagems, which, 99 times out of 100, are so unsubtle and maladroit that they are completely transparent.

Second, the devoted apple polisher is so intent on his truckling and favor currying that he neglects his official duties. Any superior who has reached an upper-level position in the hardheaded, competitive world of business has done so only because he possesses an objective outlook. He judges a subordinate's performance on the basis of results achieved. No amount of bootlicking will compensate for inadequacies in the profit-and-loss statement.

Third—and this comes close to being an ultimate absurdity—the dedicated apple polisher is, like Walter Thomas, often a fundamentally intelligent and able individual with considerable potential. Were he to devote as much time and effort to productive work as he does to playing the slavering spaniel, he would advance much faster. And, what is more, he would in the process gain, rather than lose, the respect of those above him.

Fourth, most seasoned businessmen have long since learned the hard way that there is more than a grain of truth in George Herbert's acid adage: "Many kiss the hand they wish cut off." The scarred veteran of business battles is all too aware that the apple polisher is quite often a completely cynical opportunist—a sneak who seeks to ingratiate himself in order to make it easier for him to stab in the back those he flatters. Consequently, and if for no other reason, superiors are alert for signs of servile adulation. Whenever they recognize any such signs, they are instantly suspicious. Thus, the sycophant who briskly applies his polishing cloth is, more often than not, earning distrust rather than approbation.

It is, indeed, deplorable that some still believe otherwise, maintaining that principles such as those I've just set forth are fine in theory but not valid in practice. The basis for such arguments rests on the familiar contentions that "everyone likes flattery" and "all human beings enjoy being made to feel important." To make matters even worse for those who pay them heed, some "experts" are even wont to advise young executives that elbow grease expended in shining apples will carry them a long way down the road to success.

Permit me to cite an example, quoting from Victor A. Thompson's book *Modern Organization*, in which the author

writes: "Subordinates must create the impression that they *need* to be told what to do; that they *need* to be told how to do it; and, in general, that they could not get along without the boss." (The italics are Mr. Thompson's.) So far, so good—or so bad.

However, somewhat farther along—and with what I consider striking inconsistency—Mr. Thompson declares: "Since the superior is presented as the busiest and most important person, subordinates must create the impression that they understand that he has little time to deal with them." And even farther along: "Many subordinates, therefore, attempt communication with the boss infrequently and briefly. . . . Subordinates must create the impression that they feel awed and humble in his presence."

With all due respect to the author, I wish I could reconcile what I find to be glaring contradictions in these statements. At first, he sounds as though he is counseling executives to mercilessly pester their superiors, constantly ask them for orders and beg for detailed directions. Then, inexplicably, Mr. Thompson does an abrupt *volte-face*, apparently advising these same executives to leave their superiors (who have "little time to deal with them") pretty much alone. Finally, again abruptly changing his tack, he implies that the superior is to be treated with "awe" by "humble" subordinates.

Beyond finding these arguments to be contrary to all I have experienced in business, I cannot follow the fractured logic the author employs. But then, I have noticed that this same sort of tortuous and totally unconvincing reasoning characterizes all the arguments I have heard in favor of seeking success through flattery.

Now, I do not claim to know all there is to know about the business world. Far from it. Although I have been a businessman for more than 50 years, I do not exaggerate one whit when I say that I have learned—and still learn—something new about business every day. Nevertheless, I believe I have had enough business experience to know—and to state flatly—that, in the great majority of industrial and commercial organizations, the fawning timeserver is not only at the top of the expendable list but is usually quickly expended.

I have very little patience with the carpers who delight in characterizing businessmen and top executives as insecure, vainglorious nincompoops who would wither and die unless fed a steady diet of adulation by their subordinates. Occasional exceptions aside—and one can find exceptions to even the hardest rule—it simply isn't so.

The tempo and complexity of modern business, the heavy and continuing pressures on every executive at every level and the very nature of "organization" as we know it in business today are only a

few factors that utterly demolish any "bootlick-your-way-to-success" myth.

Theory versus practice? All right. Let us look briefly at the workaday truths and harsh operational realities that prove decisive in modern commerce and industry.

In our present highly competitive, rapidly and constantly changing era, businessmen have to be tough, practical and realistic in order to survive. The fundamental factors that tip the scales—to success or to failure—are self-evident and sharply defined:

1. A company either makes a profit or it does not.
2. An office or department either operates and produces efficiently or it does not.
3. An executive either does his job properly or he does not. If he fails to perform his duties and discharge his responsibilities in a satisfactory fashion—in making adequate contributions toward the achievement of the positive alternatives cited above—he is out. And no degree of vernity or sycophancy will be likely to keep his neck off the corporate chopping block.

Frankly, I would like to meet the successful president or upper-echelon executive of a successful company who cares more about his subordinates' kowtows than he does about his production costs. If such men and companies exist, then the stockholders thereof would be well advised to run, not walk, to the nearest brokerage house to unload their shares. The companies will not remain successful. Pride, it is said, goes before a fall. The high cost of feeding what Carlyle has described as "the sixth insatiable sense" of a vain top manager will swiftly plunge any organization into a sea of red ink.

Take it from me or, if you prefer, from just about every leading member of the business community I've ever met: There is mighty little room in business for either the man who wants his subordinates to be bootlickers or for the man who is willing to do the licking. Either type is definitely *non grata* and a liability no thriving company can afford.

Until now, I have approached my theme from a largely negative standpoint. I have hoped thus to impress my readers with the folly inherent in seeking business success through flattering superiors. I have touched upon positive aspects of the issue only by implication. Consequently, I believe it might be worth while to do my own version of an about-face and examine a few of what I have found and observed to be explicit positive pointers.

To begin with, every young executive must realize there is a very clear distinction between what I have labeled apple polishing and the common courtesy and

(continued on page 237)

Bunt Om A Limerick

a farrago of sexy five-liners that go from bawd to verse

By Ogden Nash



*A handsome young rodent named Gratian
As a lifeguard became a sensation.
All the lady mice waved
And screamed to be saved
By his mouse-to-mouse resuscitation.*

*In Duluth there's a hostess, forsooth,
Who doesn't know gin from vermouth,
But this lubricant lapse
Isn't noticed, perhaps
Because nobody does in Duluth.*



*A crusader's wife slipped from the garrison
And had an affair with a Saracen.
She was not oversexed,
Or jealous or vexed,
She just wanted to make a comparison.*

*A princess who lived near a bog
Met a prince in the form of a frog.
Now she and her prince
Are the parents of quints,
Four boys and one fine polliwog.*



*A dramatist of the absurd
Has a voice that will shortly be heard.
I learn from my spies
He's about to devise
An unprintable three-letter word.*

*A teenage protester named Lil
Cried, "Those CIA spies make me ill!
First they bugged our martinis,
Our bras and bikinis,
And now they are bugging the pill."*



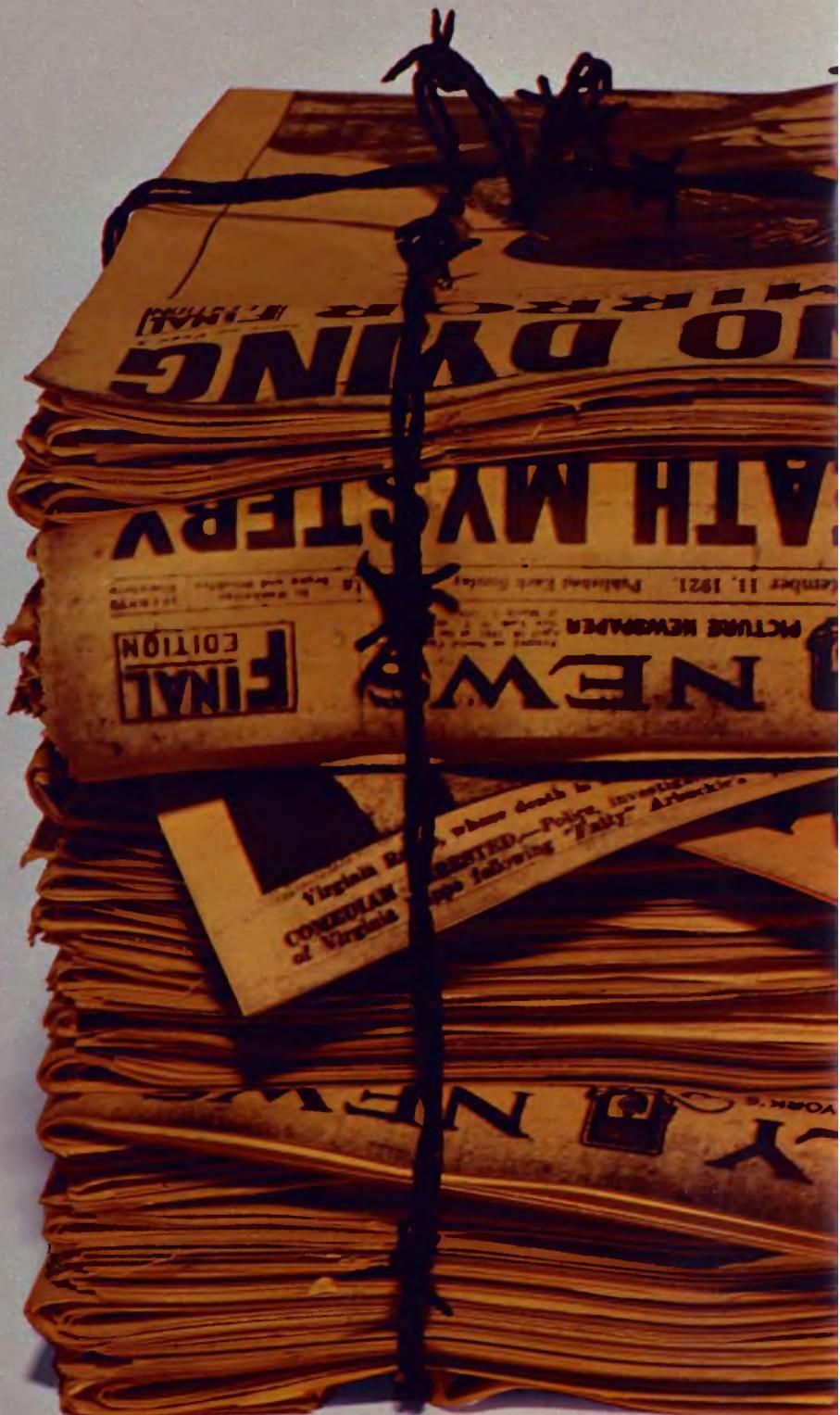
THE WAR OF THE TABLOIDS

this was yellow journalism's heyday in new york; if there wasn't enough crime, sex and scandal to beat the competition, a conscientious newsman made his own article **By JIM BISHOP**

DAWN, from sky to sewer, was dirty. New York City was a busted comb standing on its back. Long gray hairs of smoke hung between the teeth. Trash cans wore lids like berets. Summer pressed hot hands on the tenements. Water trucks flushed the cobbled streets. The outgoing tide carried oil, timbers, contraceptives and dead fish on its bosom. The dapper mayor, Jimmy Walker, awakened wearing pearl-gray spats.

This was the hour when the day people and the night people slept. The poor curled on floors, fire escapes and roofs. Bowery bums felt the rap of night sticks on broken shoes. Under the streets, the subways roared and sighed. Elevated trains screeched. Fire engines shrilled through red lights. Times Square, the womb of New York, contemplated its barrenness.

In the Bronx, anemic farms raised corn. The cemeteries of Brooklyn raised headstones. Wall Street, from Pearl to Trinity Churchyard, was as empty as a broker's pledge. The fashionable slept late. Park Avenue did it between silk sheets. Fifth Avenue squirmed in satin. Houston Street was pushcarts, bargains and hock shops. Hell's Kitchen was brogues, booze and novenas. Harlem, a mourning band on the arm of Central Park, was laughter, chicken and gin.





Greenwich Village was art, cockroaches and ego.

All the newspapers were still at this hour. The morning sheets could use nothing after five. The evenings would not begin to run until ten A.M. Jeff Burke slept at his desk under an eyeshade. He had a tomato face and no neck. On the bare boards, his feet could hear the silence of the presses more clearly than their throb. In the basement of the *Daily News*, rolls of newsprint stood threaded, like toilet tissue for a monster.

The weak sun stood behind Coney Island. It tipped the spires and tall buildings with pink. The shafts touched the editorial contenders one by one. On the East Side, the hot red brick of the *New York Journal* and the *New York American* were first. Behind the fat finger of the Municipal Building, the gold dome of *The World* flashed like a Pope's orb. A thin slash of dawn pointed straight down Park Place to the dingy loft of the *News*, where photos were on display so that passers-by would not confuse it with the sweatshops on the street.

The sun never tapped the *Daily Mirror*, on Frankfurt Street, because it was shouldered by saloons. On the Far West Side, daylight felt the greasy windows of the *New York Evening Graphic*. The ferry-boats hooted at the walls of *The New York Telegram* and listened to the late echo. On lower Broadway, *The Sun* seldom saw its namesake—in truth, never missed it.

The New York Times, newly moved to West 43rd Street, kept a skeleton staff at the city desk that remained awake, reading copy from the Associated Press and United Press machines. A few streets away, *The New York Herald*'s presses cooled as a lobster-trick man wiped the oil cups on the rollers. Down on the West Side, near the ferries, the *New York Post*, an eight-column paper, accepted the warmth of the new sun and hoped that the day would come when it could address more than 102,000 readers.

Buried in the canyons were others. *The New York Tribune*, *The Evening World*, *The Evening Mail*, not counting such regional sheets as the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, the *Bronx Home News* and the *Staten Island Advance*. The total, on

January 1, 1924, was 14 metropolitan newspapers and three robust sectional papers. The press lords of the time—William Randolph Hearst, Joseph Pulitzer, Frank Munsey, Adolph Ochs, the Reid family—were convinced that New York City was a great newspaper town. It wasn't. The metropolis had always been a place of quick mergers and slow deaths. In rebuttal, the press lords said that the metropolitan area included anything within 60 miles of Times Square. This gave them the fat part of Long Island, all of Westchester and northern New Jersey.

Most of these newspapers were doomed. Some were limping before the 40-year war began. The *Telegram* was bleeding from an old editorial ulcer. The *Post*, boasting that it had been founded by Alexander Hamilton, was gasping for readers. *The Sun*, threadbare snobbery with holes in the shoes, held its head so high that it wept up its forehead.

The economics were that 10,000,000 citizens refused to split their reading habits 14 ways. This also applied to the advertisers, all of whom had keen nostrils for editorial decay. Nor would they, in any case, split their dollar 14 equal ways. Their desire was to spend their money on those who needed it least—the healthy. An elite store like Bergdorf Goodman, for example, gravitated to the *Times* because the *Times*' readers had the purchasing power to generate additional sales at Bergdorf Goodman. Conversely, Klein's bargain dresses did well in the *News*, where thousands of secretaries and tightly budgeted wives might be looking for \$2.95 dresses.

There might have been no war if the sex screams of the tabloids had been stifled or stillborn. The *News* came first, in 1919. Five years later, Hearst entered the field with the *Mirror*. In the same year, a vegetarian with electric hair, Bernarr Macfadden, designed a pink-orange afternoon tabloid called the *New York Evening Graphic*. The result was catastrophic. A war erupted between the tabloids on the one hand and the standard-size sheets on the other. The cost was about \$70,000,000 and was played like *Ten Little Indians*, except that there were 14.

Newspapers died, or were merged, one by one. Men died, too, or were broken on the spinning presses. They crouched on whirling disks, fighting gravity, and some went quickly and others slowly. There were columnists who left momentary marks on hosts of readers: Don Marquis, Heywood Broun, Franklin P. Adams, Paul Gallico, Stanley Woodward, O. O. McIntyre, Floyd Gibbons, Arthur Brisbane, Damon Runyon, Mark Hellinger, John P. Medbury, Milt Gross, Bill Corum and Frank Graham. Over the years, their lights were turned off.

Editors went, too—fewer and faster. Herbert Bayard Swope, Victor Watson, Carr Van Anda, Stanley Walker, Emile

Gauvreau, Frank Carson, Joseph Medill Patterson, William Randolph Hearst, Adolph Ochs, Walter Howey, Joseph Pulitzer, Frank Munsey, Roy Howard—a sentimental list of stainless-steel hearts. The reporters? The photographers? Nobody remembers the common soldiers. They didn't even have dog tags.

The fight was five years old when I became a copy boy at the *News* in 1929. Simply stated, the advertisers had already decided to stick to the conservative journals unless a tabloid could hold 1,000,000 readers. The agencies despised the *News*, the *Mirror* and the *Graphic*, but conceded that, with 1,000,000 circulation, it would pay to buy lineage in a bastard journal.

This defined the battle area. The *Times*, *The Sun*, the *Tribune* and other eight-column conservative newspapers decided to husband their prissy propriety, losing circulation grudgingly, while maintaining advertising lineage. The tabloids—*News*, *Mirror* and *Graphic*—decided to wallow in sensationalism and aim for 1,000,000 circulation. Then the advertising would fall into their laps. First, they would try to kill each other.

I worked for two of these: the *News* and the *Mirror*. They were as lurid as a prostitute with a pad in a police station. If Christ had walked into a tabloid office, he'd have been referred to the religious editor, a fink whose function was to balance the stink of prurience with a whiff of celestial cologne. In fact, Jesus did appear once. At night, in toga, beard and sandals, he asked the *News* receptionist for the city editor. "Who shall I say is calling?" the kid said. "Jesus Christ," the man said. The receptionist stood and shook hands. "Glad to meetcha," he said. "I've heard a lot aboutcha."

It was on the lobster trick, and Jeff Burke, the neckless wonder, had no time for Jesus. If, for example, he had had a girl . . . or even a dog . . . Word went out that the hour was late, the presses had stopped and to try again on the day shift, when Harvey Deuell, the city editor, might have time to listen.

The tabloids had a formula for worthy stories. Jesus wasn't part of it. A man who betrayed an innocent girl was a story. If he was rich, it was a better story. If he beat her with Arabian whips or wrote his name on her abdomen with a lighted cigarette, it was a nine-day wonder.

The editors tethered their consciences in the men's room. They had rewrite men who could shade any story tabloid style. They could write about anything. James Whittaker of the *Mirror* made page three with a story about nothing: "Doris Duke," he wrote, "is so attractive, so rich, so fabulously well-heeled, so glamorous, that news yesterday that she is not engaged to a New York State assemblyman stunned Broadway."

The juices of the era had a bearing on

the cynicism of the newspapers. The tabloids could not have flourished at any time except the age of the flapper, the mockery of Prohibition, the one-way automobile ride, a Broadway featuring Florenz Ziegfeld, George White, Earl Carroll, Larry Fay, Texas Guinan, Arnold Rothstein, Legs Diamond, Mayor Jimmy Walker, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Dutch Schultz, Owney Madden, Nils T. Granlund, Al Capone, Two-Gun Crowley, Duddy Browning and Vincent Coll. Eliminate these and others like them and the editor is left with Bishop William T. Manning, Cardinal Hayes, Alfred E. Smith, Calvin Coolidge, Billy Sunday, Bobby Jones, Gertrude Ederle, the five-cent subway fare and near beer.

The jazz journalists required a florid bouquet of events. Vice raids were *de rigueur*. An errant husband was worthless, but a trusting, ever-loving wife who, let us say, parlayed a handshake with a cornetist into a boudoir duet was worth a photograph and a quote: "I only did it because I love my husband."

One editor had a tip that his spouse was in *flagrante delicto* and he was so eager to spring the trap that he summoned his chief photographer. They caught his wife in an amour which the editor claimed she had denied him, and the cameraman shot a few touching pictures. The lensman was so impressed that he passed out sets to the entire staff before printing one for the boss.

The words "LOVE NEST RAID" fitted nicely in five-column, 72-point type. The word "VICE" was also a good seller. "COP KILLER" had its attraction then and now. Two-Gun Crowley sold a quarter of a million tabloids by shooting policemen. One afternoon, 400 cops trapped him in a flat in the West 90s and, when he was handcuffed, a police inspector was so elated that he patted Crowley on the shoulder and said: "Kid, I'm going to buy you a steak." Crowley spat with contempt. "What?" he snarled. "On Friday?"

To acquire the coveted 1,000,000 readers, the tabloids had to dramatize the news, or invent it. When the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped in Hopewell, New Jersey, Emile Gauvreau, the limping genius who was managing editor of the *Mirror*, walked through the page forms in the composing room asking a printer to drop a special line of type in every third story.

The line said: "Come on in, I-X. Everything clear." I assumed that we had a contact with the kidnapers and asked Gauvreau what it meant. "Not a damn thing," he said softly. "I just want to excite the readers." When Ruth Snyder and a corset salesman were convicted of knocking off Mr. Snyder with a sash-weight, one of the tabloids paid Mrs. Snyder to keep a death-house diary on toilet paper and deposit it on top of the

(continued on page 254)

a congressional leader contends that pressure groups—despite their drumbeating, arm-twisting tactics—fulfill an important role in the democratic process

article BY U.S. SENATOR STEPHEN M. YOUNG I HAVE SERVED as a Senator of the United States since January 1959. Previously, I was elected four times to the U.S. House of Representatives; and before that, I served terms in the General Assembly of Ohio and in appointive office in the state government. I have encountered thousands of lobbyists and have known scores of them well. Most of them I respect and trust. Some I would throw out of my office on sight.

More than 50 years in public life have taught me that lobbying can be good or bad, constructive or corrosive. It's all in the eyes of the beholder and in the hands of the practitioner. Periodically, stories explode in the press charging sundry trickery and irregularities jointly to lobbyists and public officials—as in the Bobby Baker business, or in the more recent allegations concerning Senator Thomas Dodd's close relations with a lobbyist for foreign firms. Public and Congressional uproars follow. All of (continued on page 178)



ILLUSTRATION FOR PLAYBOY BY BILL MAULDIN

THE CASE FOR LOBBIES

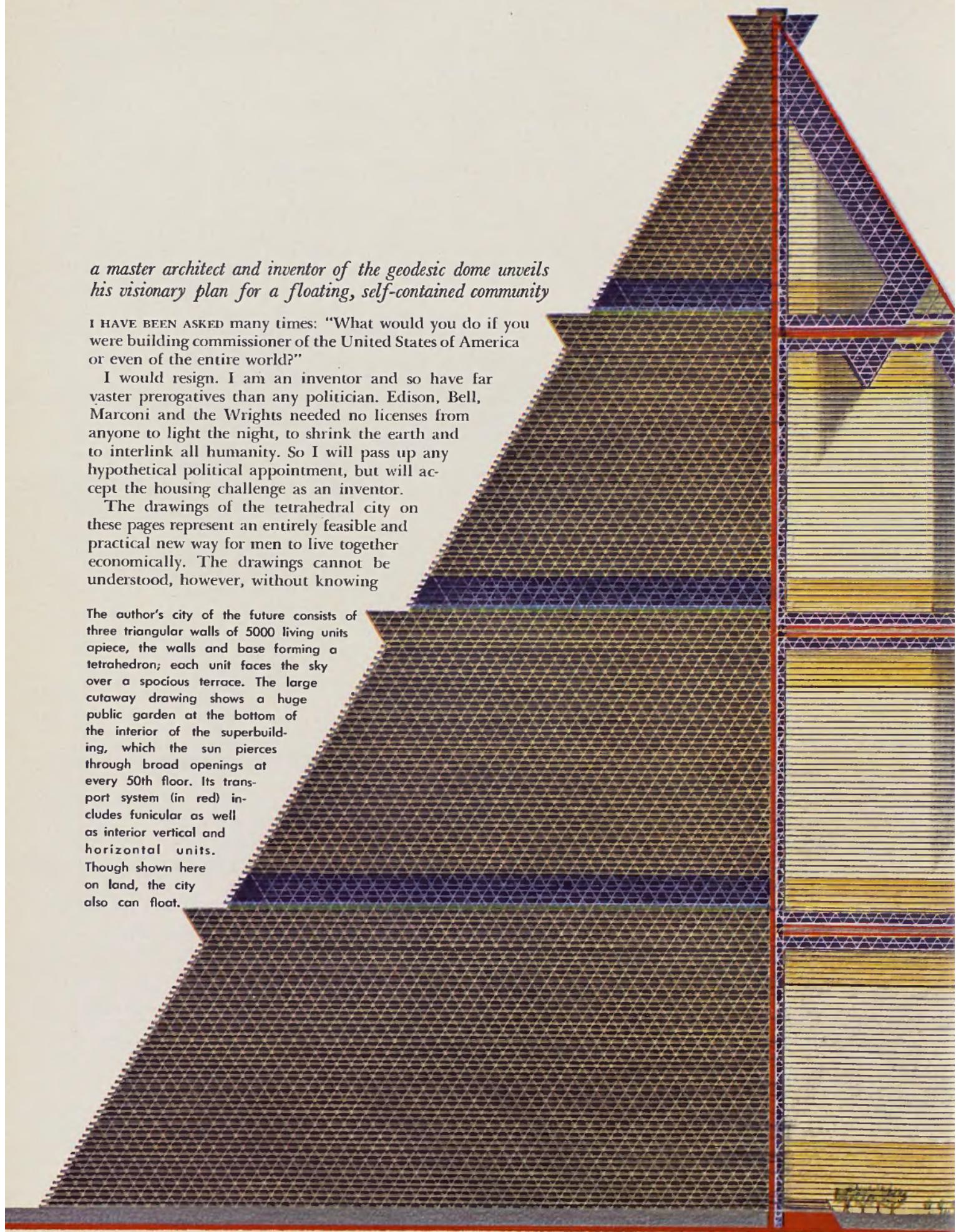
a master architect and inventor of the geodesic dome unveils his visionary plan for a floating, self-contained community

I HAVE BEEN ASKED many times: "What would you do if you were building commissioner of the United States of America or even of the entire world?"

I would resign. I am an inventor and so have far vaster prerogatives than any politician. Edison, Bell, Marconi and the Wrights needed no licenses from anyone to light the night, to shrink the earth and to interlink all humanity. So I will pass up any hypothetical political appointment, but will accept the housing challenge as an inventor.

The drawings of the tetrahedral city on these pages represent an entirely feasible and practical new way for men to live together economically. The drawings cannot be understood, however, without knowing

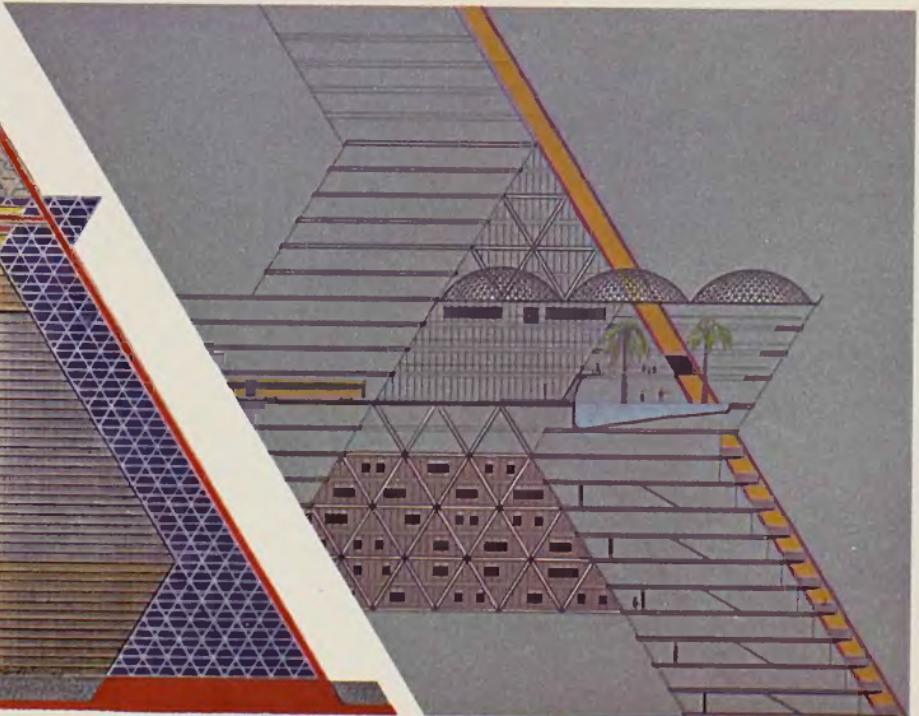
The author's city of the future consists of three triangular walls of 5000 living units apiece, the walls and base forming a tetrahedron; each unit faces the sky over a spacious terrace. The large cutaway drawing shows a huge public garden at the bottom of the interior of the superbuilding, which the sun pierces through broad openings at every 50th floor. Its transport system (in red) includes funicular as well as interior vertical and horizontal units. Though shown here on land, the city also can float.



article By R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER

CITY OF THE FUTURE

A drawing of the 200-story city superimposed on a photo of the outskirts of Tokyo vies for attention with Mount Fuji. The lowermost figure in the small cutaway drawing is at the back of the down-stairs level of his duplex. Seven stories above him is a section of one of the three city centers that rim the structure. Here the transport system has a terminus at a community park, complete with lagoon, palms and shopping center in geodesic domes. Offices and maintenance facilities (in brown) line the transport tracks.



the trends in housing and cities that lead up to them. And their full appreciation requires knowledge, too, of the importance of technology—and therefore of the inventor—in human affairs.

Yesterday's capitalists disliked inventors, who made the capitalists' machines obsolete. Businessmen were powerful enough to persuade society that inventors were screwballs. All that is changing; businessmen now find change profitable and inventors are becoming respectable. Inventors pay attention only to physical laws—which alone govern what man ultimately may do in the universe. If humanity succeeds, its success will have been initiated by inventions and not by the debilitating, often lethal biases of politics.

Our higher potentials are unrealized because environmental conditions have frustrated man's potentials. We have learned much, however, through recent behavioral-science research. For instance, we know that environmental conditions determine how much of the child's total brain potential will blossom into effectiveness.

Politics undertakes to reform only man, not his environment. For decades, society has tried to reduce automobile accidents by reforming drivers—with arrests, fines, behavioral exhortations and laws. I always thought that, instead, it is physically possible to prevent accidents: by split-level crossings, banked turns and divided highways. In 1906, people said, "You can't do that, it would cost millions." After trying unsuccessfully for 61 years to reform the drivers, and after seeing a greater mortality on our highways than in World Wars One and Two combined, society has at last undertaken to reform the driving environment. A 51-billion-dollar national highway program has already safely multiplied the 1906 auto speeds fivefold, while greatly reducing the accident rate per passenger mile.

Inventions alone have raised the number of people enjoying an advanced standard of living, from one percent of all humanity in 1900 to 40 percent in 1966, despite continuously diminishing natural resources. That same advantaged 40 percent are also living three times the number of years that man lived only a century ago. All of this has come about through inventions. Inventions have induced appropriate social reform, but only as accessories after the fact of invention itself.

Take away all the inventions from humanity and, within six months, half of us would die of starvation and disease. Take away all the politicians and all political ideologies and leave all the inventions and more would eat and prosper than do now.

My task as an inventor is to employ the earth's resources in such a way as to support all humanity while also enabling

all people to enjoy the whole earth—all of its historical artifacts and its beautiful places—without one man interfering with another and without any man enjoying life at the cost of another.

The first thing I must understand in order to undertake this task is the history of man's dispersal around the globe. In chapter one, humanity lived in huts on rafts beside the rivers, lakes, bays and oceans. Fish were plentiful and the rafts kept men safe from wild animals on shore. Some of these raft dwellers were blown out to sea, preponderantly eastward around the earth's surface. In the second chapter of history, men learned to sail to windward, following the sun, to which they intuitively attributed their metabolic regeneration. Almost all of the past 6000 years of recorded history took place during chapter two's westbound movement. In the Eurasian continent, this westward motion finally funneled into western Europe. As humanity converged, it crossbred. Western Europe represented an amalgam of previously isolated "nations." These nations had developed unique local subsistence patterns through millenniums of inland, inbred adaptations. Those in the north had become bleached and blond; those isolated in the hot equatorial sun had become darkened. Further inbreeding heightened the differentiations. Along the waterfronts, the sailors crossbred and their skins became pink or swarthy.

Crossbreeding Europeans, intermingling with the Angles and the Jutes, poured into the British Isles to cross-breed even more. Westbound Indian Ocean people and others inhabited Africa—inbreeding, ever darkening their skin. Then western Europeans jumped westward across the Atlantic to the Americas. For 11 successive generations, they have settled farther westward. As they moved westward, they crossbred acceleratingly, not only with their own westbound, "chapter-two" Eurasian stocks but with the Eurasian stock of chapter one, which had drifted eastward to the American continents between 30,000 and 10,000 years earlier. Into the North and South American continents and their islands there also flowed westward, by both slave trade and migration, a swiftly crossbreeding homogenization of the inbred African tribesmen.

In California, at the mid-point of the Western shores of America, crossbreeding man has become so genetically integrated that he frequently is unidentifiable with any of the earlier inbred national characteristics of Eurasia. Chapter two climaxes in the emergence of world man, who is poised on an epochal springboard. He will fly both skyward and into the seas' depths and thus open chapter three of history—that of universe man, who will enjoy free, four-dimensional occupancy of the universe. Man will free himself from local time and geographical

bases and will progressively discard encumbrances, giving all heavy, static and economically nontransportable properties to libraries, museums and universities, scrapping them as he is able to rent superior devices and services everywhere around the earth.

Before envisioning the way this new and eminently mobile man will live, we must have a clear idea of the development of the home and of the city. On the old farmstead, there were a great many buildings—the great barn containing hay and cows, stables, corncribs, silos full of fermenting ensilage, a woodshed, a pigsty, a carriagehouse, a cold cellar and a warm cellar. All these buildings and many others on the farms are disappearing or have disappeared, because machinery in the house has displaced the functions the buildings performed. Small electric-refrigerating devices took the place of the icehouse and the icebox system. Electric current took the place of wood, woodshed and stove. In two decades, the windmills, formerly found on every farm, have also gone. Still, the layman fails to understand what Corbusier meant when he said, "A house is a machine to live in."

When the early homesteaders went onto the land with few or no tools, they had to spend every minute of daylight working in the fields or building their energy-controlling structures. The design of their farmhouses told the story—little boxes with vertical walls going down into the ground. There were no porches or stoops. There were a few windows, enough for the farmer's wife to see where he was and to see if Indians were coming. When tools, and more tools, came to shorten the time taken to do a given job, the farmer gained more time for leisure. Finally, he had enough time before twilight to sit and look at the scenery, and he built porches around his house. As he began to have more and more time, he put screens on the porches. With still more time, he put glass windows on the porches. Sitting on his porch, he watched other people go by.

Then came the automobile, which, in effect, put wheels under his glassed-in front porch, so that instead of waiting for people to pass by, he could drive down the street to look for them. Because we are conditioned to think of the house as static, we fail to realize that the automobile is as much a part of the house as was the addition of a woodshed. The automobile is part of the house, broken off, like a hydra cell, to enjoy a life of its own. Young people who used to court in the parlor, then on the glassed-in front porch, now do their courting in the porch on wheels, often driving their mobile parlor to the drive-in theater.

In 1920, 85 percent of the cost of production of a single-family dwelling in the United States went into the house's shell

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a portfolio of the past delightful dozen



Lynn Winchell MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

"WHAT'S PAST IS PROLOG," especially for the consummately attractive girls whom **PLAYBOY** finds to grace its gatefold each month: The world-wide exposure of the Playmate invariably opens the door to exciting new opportunities both within and outside the magazine's special world. Shakespeare's line has meaning, too, for **PLAYBOY** readers, who are reintroduced each January to the previous twelvemonth's Playmates. First among our recaptured captivators this year is last year's ultimate entry. Lynn Winchell, a five-foot picture of vivaciousness, remains well settled in Southern California, where her public-

relations work for a land-development company helps others settle in what she calls "the grooviest state in the country." Recreational activities as dissimilar as water-skiing and jockeying a dune buggy in the expanse of desert between her native San Fernando Valley and the area around the Salton Sea occupy busy Lynn's precious nonworking hours, and their very dissimilarity is the key to her crush on California: "Where else are the desert, good skiing and incredible beaches all within easy driving distance and usable year round?" asks Miss December, a typically enthusiastic and life-loving 1967 Playmate. 169



Heather Ryan MISS JULY

Nature girl Heather Ryan is in the midst of a year away from her prelaw studies at Glendale College. "I gave myself a year off," Heather says, "just to see what it's like when you don't have to worry about exams. *PLAYBOY* sent me on a great promotion to Palm Springs last fall and I've been working as a receptionist and gal Friday for Bill Figge, the photographer who took my *Playmate* pictures." In her free time, untamed Heather still goes skindiving and quail shooting, and for long stare-provoking, neighborhood-startling walks with her pet—an ocelot.

Angela Dorian MISS SEPTEMBER

At the apex of the pop-poster craze, the *PLAYBOY* centerfold remains the college man's favorite decoration; so it's a safe bet that thousands of returning collegians began last fall under the warm gaze of Angela Dorian. Miss September's an accomplished dancer and folk singer, but her creativity is currently most strongly channeled into acting: She will appear next summer in *Rosemary's Baby*, a new Roman Polanski film co-starring Mia Farrow and John Cassavetes—and is currently choosing the next step in a career that clearly promises cinematic success.

Joey Gibson MISS JUNE

For Joey Gibson, 1967 was a year of both promise and travail. From a field of over 200 aspirants, Miss June won a cameo role in *The Legend of Lylah Clare*, a big-budget MGM film in which she'll appear with Kim Novak and Peter Finch; but a dark cloud also appeared on Joey's horizon: publicity concerning a run-in with the law, widely circulated because of her *PLAYBOY* association. Joey's loyal friends rallied round and many *PLAYBOY* readers wrote sympathetic letters, proof positive to Joey that she does, indeed, have friends who share her upbeat confidence in the future.





Kim Farber MISS FEBRUARY

Kim was an added-attraction ticket taker at Chicago's Playboy Theater when a **PLAYBOY** staffer decided she was the show's best feature and suggested her as a Playmate. She donned Bunny ears after the story appeared and began her welcoming duties at the Chicago hutch. "My biggest thrill in almost a year of being a Playmate-Bunny," the brunette beauty says, "was getting the assignment to deliver a **PLAYBOY** Lifetime Subscription to a Vietnam-bound soldier. Everybody at the base treated me like a star, even though all I had to do as a Playmate was be myself."

Kaya Christian MISS NOVEMBER

Water-loving Kaya Christian dove into a new round of activities immediately after her diving-filled Playmate pictorial appeared. Following a persistent creative urge, Kaya left her job as a photo-lab technician to begin secretarial duties at a Beverly Hills literary agency—where she hopes to someday sell the TV-script outlines she writes after hours. "My first Playmate promotion took me to Boston as hostess of the New England Auto Show," Kaya says. "It was such fun that I came back bursting with ideas for a show about the adventures of being a Playmate."

Surrey Marshe MISS JANUARY

Playmate Surrey Marshe kept up with her Door Bunny and Gift Shop duties at the New York Playboy Club for a few months after her gatefold appearance and then obtained a Club leave of absence to devote all of her time to fashion modeling and to the many requests that she be "the girl" in East Coast Playmate promotions. Miss January's charming Danish accent and presence have graced the Johnny Carson show, promotional functions from Montreal to Mobile and an enthusiastic Harvard Business School class she addressed on **PLAYBOY**'s success.





Fran Gerard MISS MARCH

The photos in Fran Gerard's Playmate story depicting her initial attempt to stand on skis are now mementos of awkwardness overcome: Fran caught the ski bug on her first outing and has since become a devotee. The generously configured astrology and hypnotism fan has also moved into the financial world, working at a north-of-Los Angeles bank, and is still much involved with her twin hobbies: She collaborated recently with a Chicago hypnotist who is preparing an article on the subject, and remains California's most heavenly bodied stargazer.

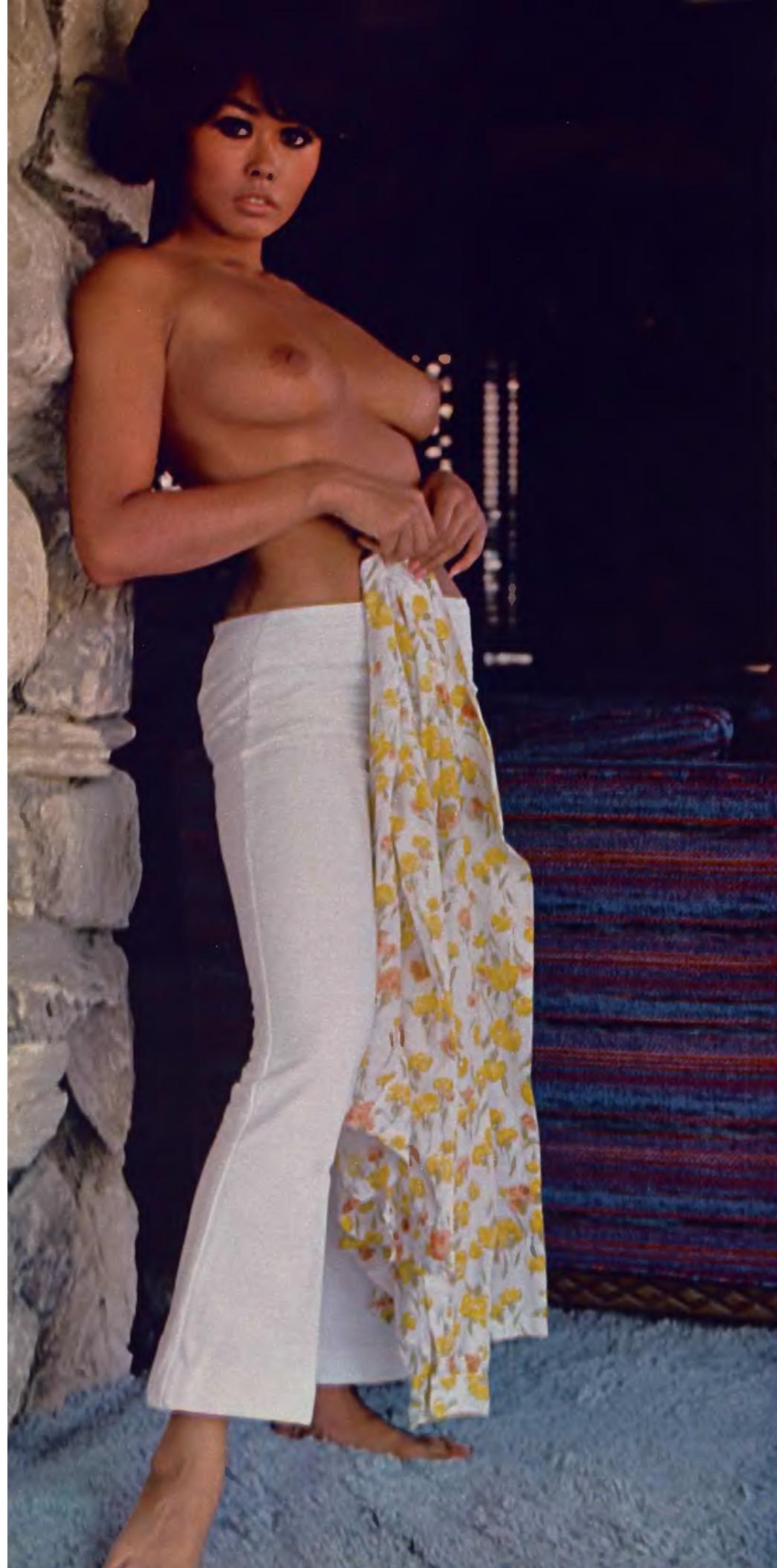
Reagan Wilson MISS OCTOBER

Reagan Wilson's words-and-pictures story captured a girl-on-the-Hollywood-go who takes her ease almost every afternoon on horseback at a ranch in the Santa Monica Mountains. "Since the issue appeared," Reagan says, "I've spent more and more time screen-testing and answering calls for interviews, but—perhaps because I am so busy—I've also made sure I keep getting the exercise and relaxation riding gives me. The whole scene fits in beautifully with my philosophy—which is to live every day as fully as possible. I honestly believe that being bored is a sin."

DeDe Lind MISS AUGUST

Since brightening PLAYBOY's gate-fold, freckle-faced DeDe Lind has been occupied with a steady round of interviews and auditions aimed at convincing producers she's ready for more than the youth-aimed modeling assignments she has had for years—and from which she hopes to graduate. During the fall, DeDe took a respite from her Hollywood rounds to do Playmate promotions at several Midwestern men's stores. "It was only my second trip outside California," Miss August says, "so I was as enthusiastic as the guys were to be meeting a Playmate."





Gwen Wong MISS APRIL

Last month's feature on *The Bunnies of Hollywood* uncovered the happy fact that the Los Angeles Playboy Club includes on its hutch roster nine Playmate-Bunnies and lavished special photographic attention on the delicate beauty of Gwen Wong. "The hours at the Club each night provide just about the right amount of excitement," our soft-spoken Miss April says, "so I try to make the rest of my day as peaceful as possible. My two favorite hobbies are exploring—and sketching—the California countryside and fixing dinner for friends in my apartment."

Anne Randall MISS MAY

Cloak-and-dagger fans are in for a special treat when comely Anne Randall debuts in the soon-to-be-released spy thriller *Operation M*. Anne's first important role (as a teenaged Communist agent) was a direct result of interest created by her Playmate story and promises to be just a start. "Since we finished *M*, I've been spending most of my time reading scripts and talking to producers about other movies. I'm especially anxious to find something that would take me to Europe. It's all more than I hoped for when I was lucky enough to be chosen as a Playmate."



THE CASE FOR LOBBIES *(continued from page 165)*

the abuses of lobbying—real and potential and, in some cases, imagined—are aired. Sweeping changes in the laws regulating lobbying and the registration of lobbyists are demanded and shotgun blasts are fired at the moral caliber of politicians and public officials.

I'll get to the lobbying laws in a minute. Obviously, they should be strengthened and tightened. But I'll say right now that I am fed up with thundering editorial writers who relish every occasional proof or charge of corruption in lobbyist/officeholder relationships as a golden opportunity to tarbrush all public servants as too feeble-minded or too loose morally to resist the blandishments of shrewd operators and conniving seekers of privilege. Let me straighten that out quickly. Most of us are honest people trying to serve the public as best we can. We are not sitting ducks for lobbyists on the hunt. Nor do most lobbyists think we are. Most of them are honest, too, as are most editorial writers.

Lobbying essentially is grinding an ax. It is pushing your own or someone else's cause. More frequently, lobbyists represent corporations, unions or associations. This is promotional work, public relations and advertising—bundled together to put pressure on public officials. But, let's face it: It's also the exercise of the right to petition—a right guaranteed all Americans in the First Amendment to the Constitution of our country. If inconvenience sometimes accompanies that right, I am willing to abide it.

The way some practice it, lobbying is hocus-pocus: a fat expense account and a big front; flattery and favors to score points for your client or cause. However, with most lobbyists working on Capitol Hill and concerned with legislative matters, it is a job done responsibly and with conviction. One person, or an association representing millions of persons, can constitute a lobby.

We inherited the practice of lobbying from the British. It started a good three centuries ago, when Englishmen seeking special privileges from Members of Parliament customarily gathered in the outer lobbies of the House of Commons to buttonhole various M.P.s.

As in so many things, it remained for Americans to perfect and expand the practice into an institution. It has been said, with only slight exaggeration, that there are more lobbyists in Washington than lobsters in New England, and if lobbyists were suddenly evacuated from the nation's capital, there would be very few guests—and even fewer hosts—at cocktail parties.

The "lobbying problem," as some Members of Congress insist on calling it, is as old as our Government; indeed, older. Lobbyists fluttered around at the first sign the 13 colonies gave of seeking

independence from the mother country. In those Colonial days, New England merchants opposed to separation from Great Britain wined and dined delegates en route to the First Continental Congress, hopeful that some good mutton and huge quantities of spirits would exorcise that radical spirit of independence.

The spiritual descendants of these early merchants—now banded together in the National Association of Manufacturers and United States Chamber of Commerce—still cry out against radicalism. They testify before Congressional committees and lobby among Representatives and Senators against Medicare, Federal aid to education, the war on poverty, the Great Society—against all sorts of liberal legislation and other proposals that offend their sense of good Americanism. Though this is their right, their lyrics are boring. They have been singing the same song too long.

Our patriot fathers in the Continental Congress and in succeeding Congresses also had their encounters with lobbyists. The first business lobby was Alexander Hamilton's Philadelphia Society for the Promotion of National Industry. This group was interested in tariff legislation. Long before the Civil War started, petitioning the Government was on its way to becoming the gigantic activity that it is today. Daniel Webster and other Senators of an earlier era wrote supporting letters for lobbyists that no Senator of modern days would write. At least I hope not.

Lobbying had become so entrenched in Washington and in state legislatures—and lobbyists so abundant—by the middle of the 19th Century that concerned legislators of that early date were already looking for an out. When Samuel Colt wanted to renew the patent on his revolver in 1855, he set up headquarters in various hotels. Food and wine were made available in prodigious quantities. He paid a "contingent fee" of \$10,000 to a Congressman to refrain from attacking the bill that would extend his patent. Elaborately decorated revolvers were distributed to legislators. And, for those gentlemen who were not interested in guns, he kept a supply of "three charming ladies"—known as "spiritualists"—available to ply their craft for the enlightenment of Congressmen. There were also some nonspiritual types for Congressmen who knew how to vote correctly. The tradition established by Colt flourished so successfully that the lobbying scandals of the late 19th Century could fill quite a number of volumes.

From that period emerged the most simple and effective solution to the lobbying problem ever proposed. The influential Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, truly a great U.S. Senator, was feeling the heat from lobbyists

seeking a profitable shipbuilding subsidy. To their surprise, Senator Benton quickly agreed to help. But he pressed one condition: "When the vessels are finished, they will be used to take all such damned rascals as you out of the country."

If this was a practical idea then, it is obsolete today. There aren't enough ships. Besides, lobbying is a big business and it is here to stay. More than 5000 ex-Congressmen, lawyers, former Government officials, business representatives, union officials and public-relations men are now lobbying in Washington. There are more than 300 registered lobby groups. Nearly \$5,000,000 a year is acknowledged as being paid out in direct lobbying expenses. And this is only a fraction of the total spent to influence support for various legislative proposals.

Additional thousands of individuals and millions of dollars are wrapped up in indirect lobbying—the "new lobbying"—consisting mostly of nationwide public campaigns to arouse concern over specific issues and let loose a flood of mail, telegrams and phone calls to Congressmen and Senators.

Pressure mail from citizens stirred up by the professional propagandists of the "new lobby" is, of course, easy to spot. Some time ago, I received thousands of letters from various cities in Ohio, each envelope being addressed "Hon. Stephen A. Young." The lobbyist directing the campaign was careless about my middle initial, which happens to be M. Also, inclusion of the specific legislative number of the bill in question indicates that the letter was probably written at the urging of a Washington lobbyist. (Frankly, most Senators do not know—nor do we try to know—the numbers assigned to various House or Senate bills.) Similarly, a flood of letters or postcards urging a specific position on an issue, all written in the same style and phraseology, reveals an organized pressure campaign.

Of course, 20,000 letters obviously written in response to pressure from chamber-of-commerce officials, union officials or other organizations are less effective than a few hundred letters written personally, expressing the view and belief of the writer himself. I know that my Senatorial colleagues, like myself, pay great attention to individual letters and telegrams that appear to truly represent the views of the writers. Sometimes detailed personal arguments and observations can be very convincing.

In the public mind, lobbying has a sinister association. It evokes pictures of slick promoters hovering around Congressional and Federal agency offices, the green corners of large-denomination bills poking invitingly out of their pockets to lure weak or dishonest public officials. It's a great picture and a dramatic one, occasionally buttressed by

(continued on page 266)

THE NEW GIRL

*an appreciative appraisal
of the emergent modern female ...*



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opinion BY JOHN CLELLON HOLMES A VIRGIN COED, on being asked why she is taking the pill, explains that just as she wants to feel absolutely free to say yes without fear of pregnancy, so she wants to be sure that when she says no she isn't using this same fear as a cop-out. A lyrically graphic book of poetry about sexual euphoria, composed largely in love's forbidden language, is the object of an obscenity action in San Francisco, and its author is neither Allen Ginsberg nor Henry Miller but a pretty young poetess in tank top and hip-huggers. A clear-eyed maiden in patterned stockings lists her five civil rights arrests with the same quiet pride with which her older sister once listed her sorority affiliation. A high-fashion model, earning \$50,000 a year, takes ten months off to gypsy around Europe with a hippie poet, making the *Provo* scene in Amsterdam, living on bread and wine on the beach at Ibiza, and comes home to resume her career with no more scars to her psyche than the secretary of the past brought back from her proverbial two weeks of man hunting in the Poconos. A plain girl from a plain neighborhood in Brooklyn, driven by the urge to sing but refusing to accept the old showbiz rule that plain girls are doomed to being funny (so many Cass Dalys or Martha Rayes), creates an eerie beauty out of her large nose and aquiline features, inspiring thereby a whole style of kookie chic. Serious actresses, who have "done time" at the Actors Studio, appear fully nude in films or Happenings and do not feel like exhibitionists, much less whores. A folk singer devotes part of the fortune she has amassed with her ethereal, May-moon voice to the establishment of a school for the teaching of nonviolent direct action. A young socialite, bored by the charity-bazaar organizing and cotillion chaperoning that were the fate of her kind in other years, appears in underground movies, pals around with working-class minstrels from Liverpool and, far from being ostracized by her set, leads the march of Park Avenue down to the East Village.

Though these young women and their counterparts do not yet represent the numerical majority of their generation, there are strong reasons for believing that they constitute the advance guard of a new female attitude, an attitude that heralds the most profound change in femininity since the suffragettes, a change that is creating nothing less than a New Girl (the counterpart of the New Young Man), a girl with the very interests—sexual freedom and psychedelics, skindiving and the swim, Bobby Kennedy and Bobby Dylan, the New Left and civil rights—that so sharply distinguish that young man from his elders. Like all advance guards, this New Girl is pioneering the

...self-emancipated, unabashedly sexy, charmingly individualistic and a joy to the men in her life

territory her sisters will eventually colonize; and what has happened to her may well happen to all young women tomorrow. What has happened is the emergence, at long last, of the Postfeminist Girl.

What Joan Baez and Baby Jane Holzer have in common is not a similar moral or political attitude, any more than what Barbra Streisand shares with poet Lenore Kandel is an identical life style or clothes taste. Indeed, young women today are astonishingly diverse in their solutions to the question of how they want to live and toward what ends. What they all share, however, is a radically new relationship to the stereotypes that have defined womanhood heretofore—those stereotypes of wife, mother, spinster, courtesan, whore or ball breaker that were the only options offered to women in the past, roles that were conceived by men for the most part and reflected male attitudes that had their source in male needs. What the New Girls of today all exhibit in their various ways is an impatience with these roles and a rejection of the traditional idea that women, unlike men, are somehow supposed to be *fulfilled* by the roles they play, among which they would include the historically most recent, and emotionally least fulfilling, role of all (created by women themselves)—that of the feminist.

If the New Girl's impatience with role playing seems curious to some men, it is because these men forget that oppressed groups, in order to survive, are forced to act out the image of themselves that their oppressors find most acceptable. The Negro's evolution in America, for instance, could be described as a process of Stepin Fetchit turning into "Bojangles" Robinson turning into Harry Belafonte turning into Dick Gregory—all of which succeeding "images" revealed more about the white man's changing attitudes toward the Negro than the Negro's actual attitudes toward himself.

Women, it must be remembered, have been full citizens of the U.S. for less than 50 years—only half as long as Negroes. Before 1920, they had little choice but to become so many *Little Women*, *Sister Carries* or *Madame Bovarys*. And, like Negroes, women's social emancipation (at least in terms of real equality of opportunity) remained, until recent years, largely a matter of a constitutional amendment that carried about as much weight as the paper on which it was printed. Also like Negroes, the psychic liberation of women from all the subtle hangovers of chattel status in the past has taken considerably longer. Its achievement may be only now in sight, and perhaps the most persistent hangover of all has been feminism itself.

"Psychologically, feminism had a single objective: the achievement of maleness by the female." So wrote Marynia Farnham and Ferdinand Lundberg in *Modern Woman, the Lost Sex*. For the feminist played a role no less thwarting to her development as a human being than the patient helpmate or compliant mistress whom she hoped to supplant. If her aims were positive, the attitude

behind them was deeply negative. Though she was always loudly defending female rights, she was actually preoccupied with attacking male privileges. Her crusades for birth control, for the right to smoke and drink in public and for an abolition of the double standard in sex and business stemmed largely from her sense of outrage at injustice, rather than from a desire to live more fully, more experimentally, more permissively. And the feminist attitude did not vanish with the passage of the 19th Amendment, which granted women the vote.

In the 1920s, for instance, the emancipated woman bound down her breasts, chopped off her hair and stood at the speak-easy bar, knocking back bootleg with the men and thereby acting just like all strangers in a new church: She watched what the other guy was doing and imitated him. As an example, Lady Ashley (heroine of Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*) reserved her ultimate contempt for the male character who "wanted me to grow my hair out. . . . He said it would make me more womanly," because her aim, of course, was to be *less* "womanly" in the feminine sense, associated, as that was, with the hateful past.

In the 1930s and 1940s, having discovered that male domination was fully as psychological as it was social, women became more openly aggressive, taking over the trousers as well as the causes once considered exclusively male and insisting that they were not only just like men but might even be superior to them. Indeed, one of Mary McCarthy's heroines, after a night of lovemaking with a businessman in a lower berth, could haughtily think of herself "as a citadel of socialist virginity, that could be taken and taken again, but never truly subdued. . . . She had come out of it untouched, while he had been reduced to a jelly." The women of those years wrote books that grimly attempted to prove that females were far more adaptable to the collectivized circumstances of modern life than males, and others that triumphantly stated that because the clitoris had measurably thicker nerve endings than the penis, female sexuality was immeasurably more rewarding than male.

All these feminist positions, however, had a single self-defeating characteristic in common: They defined femininity by comparison with, or in contradistinction to, masculinity. All were influenced by the viewpoint of the liberated slave, which seeks to first emulate, then compete with and finally destroy the master. For at the bottom of it, the feminist was not seeking femininity at all but was still imprisoned by the idea that she could escape the demeaning role of "weaker sex" only by adopting yet another role: the masculinized woman.

Feminism was basically a movement of social reform, but though legislation

and changing mores gradually emptied it of substance, it continued to have a more or less fugitive existence in the platforms of left-wing political parties, where it was known as "the woman question." No better indication of its final and complete demise can be found than the fact that the New Left (in whose ranks there are almost as many girls as boys) may be the first radical movement in modern history that does not concern itself with women's rights at all.

Doctrinaire feminism would strike the dedicated young women of Students for a Democratic Society as an anachronism about on a par with Prohibition, for they simply do not feel like an aggrieved minority that needs defending. Indeed, even the special status immemorially reserved for women who "worked for the cause" (manning the mimeograph rather than the barricades) seems silly to the New Girl of today, in light of that hunger for immediate, personal involvement that is her strongest motivation. It would never occur to her to stay behind, mailing out leaflets, when the bus leaves for the Pentagon; and the idea that there are certain confrontations from which she is excused on account of her sex is an idea as foreign to her as taking to her bed during menstruation. Confrontation, putting one's self on the line, walking down a Southern street side by side with a Negro youth (and thus risking the ugliest epithet—"Nigger lover"—that a bigot can think of to hurl at a woman, a sexual epithet specifically designed to insult her femininity); all this is precisely the *point* of her involvement; for by refusing to accept even a role that might exempt her from the consequences of her beliefs, she is affirming her conviction that *all* role playing is degrading to a human being. To help the Negro escape the necessity of playing Uncle Tom, she is willing to forgo the protection that is accorded Little Eva.

* * *

Feminism, then, is dead as a social movement; but is the New Girl really free of the psychic prejudices that succeeded it? Some raw comparisons may be illuminating.

In their day, Ingrid Bergman and Elizabeth Taylor flouted accepted social morality by changing marital partners without waiting to be divorced. Both risked, and suffered, the wrath of an outraged public, meanwhile portraying themselves as martyrs to a love so great it transcended custom. But both quickly married their lovers once they were free to do so. New Girl Julie Christie, on the contrary, lived openly and happily with her former mate, blandly announced that she had no plans to marry and averred that it was nobody's business but her own.

After Hedy Lamarr appeared nude in *Ecstasy* in the 1930s, she spent most of

the rest of her career trying to live it down, confessing in interview after interview what a mistake it had been and refusing to pose for any but the most decorous pinup pictures. But when Vanessa Redgrave appeared nude in a movie in the 1960s, she did not feel that she had compromised herself or her craft, much less that the Academy Award nomination that she received for the role was a tribute to her figure rather than her talent.

Edna St. Vincent Millay's arrest in connection with the Sacco-Vanzetti case was the culmination of her revolt against the moral double standards of her time; for in her eyes, radical sexual attitudes assumed radical political ones. The young activists of a few years ago, however, who could (and did) boast of civil rights jail records as long as their arms, considered themselves morally superior to girls with none and would not have countenanced being treated like camp followers by anybody.

The difference is simple: The female rebels of the past defied the conventional roles of womanhood and then more or less meekly paid the price for that defiance, whereas today's New Girl thinks of herself as affirming her integrity as a person (a person who happens to be a woman) and fully expects to be rewarded for this affirmation by an increased sense of her individual worth.

All signs indicate that it is femininity itself that the New Girl seeks to experience and define afresh. She wants to know nothing less than what it is like to be a female human being, no longer either a willing or a rebellious appendage to some man but her own unique self. In the process, she has discovered that many of the assumed differences between men and women are shabby myths and many of the denied ones have a stubborn reality. For instance, at one and the same time, she can assert that her intelligence is as powerful as any man's and can also admit, with no feeling of inferiority, that it tends to operate on a different current—A.C. rather than D.C., as it were. But that she wants to accept and inhabit herself as a woman (and not one or another version of Adam's rib) is clear, no matter where you choose to look.

The most basic role that women were required to play in the past was that of the mannequin, the clotheshorse, the *living* doll. Unlike men, women were compelled to experience themselves as objects—vessels of purity or seductiveness, fragile beauty or fleshly allure—things to be adorned, posed, desired and possessed. In this sense, women's fashions were so many costumes that identified the roles that women had chosen, or were compelled to play. It was assumed that a girl's morals were reflected in her necklines.

(continued on page 186)

WELCOME
1968



*"We went through all this last year, but I can't recall
that it did any good."*

the bloody bey's silver cup

Ribald Classic

from the *Algerian Adventures*
of Alexandre Dumas



IT IS NIGHT; outside the windows of my dear Château Monte-Cristo, snow is falling, and I add another log to the fire. My shiver, at this moment, does not come from the bleakness of the weather but from my memory of a tale heard long ago on another evening. I recall the handsome face of General Yusuf as, with infinite sadness, he told me that story.

Being partly Italian by ancestry and having served in more than one European army, the general followed our social customs to a degree—and thus it was that, on the evening I dined at his Moorish castle overlooking Algiers, his lovely wife, the princess Kabousah, sat by his side.

How shall I describe the dancing girls who entertained us that evening? Lithe as houris, flesh firm as dusky marble, adorned richly with sequin-covered caps, velvet bodices, crimson satin pantaloons, they awaited the signal for the music. Suddenly, drums and tambourines. At first the dancers scarcely moved from the places where they stood, then arms and bodies began to move into the swift tempo, finally they bent backward and forward in a wild abandon, until the small caps fell to the floor. The gyrations increased; bodices and pantaloons followed the caps, until the room seemed filled with a moving arabesque of naked bodies. When the dance reached its climax, there were wild cries of animal passion from the girls; then all was silence as they sank to the floor.

Graceful as young adders, they arose again, covering the two places Moorish women should not show—the face and the shaven realm of Venus. As if nothing of note had happened, the princess continued our conversation. "You have come from Gibraltar, then, Monsieur Dumas? A terrible place with nothing but fog."

"In fact, it is not nature but the English who create that dank atmosphere, your Highness." Then I continued, speaking of my experiences in their own country. As I talked, Yusuf toyed with his cup, a magnificent piece of chased, antique silver, probably of Damascus workmanship, and his lady followed the conversation with mild interest. At last I spoke of my adventures while hunting lions near Constantine.

The effect was dramatic. Princess Kabousah at once complained of a sharp headache. She arose and suddenly she had gone. The general displayed a thunderous scowl and said nothing. It was only later, when we sat in the cool, moonlit courtyard with our pipes and rose-perfumed coffee, that he broke his silence. "My story begins in Constantine," he said in a melancholy voice.

Yusuf had begun his service as a young officer of the *bach mameluke* employed by Mohammed Bey, who was, for sufficient reasons, known as the Bloody Bey. He was fond of carrying out executions personally—the male criminal dispatched with a sweep of his heavy sword, the female lawbreaker strangled delicately with a bowstring. Women caught in adultery were sewn into a sack along with a cat, a cock and a viper and thrown into the sea. Mohammed was even accused of the death of his own brother, the gentle Bey Ben-Karim, who left behind a charming daughter named Kabousah.

One day the young officer chanced to see this girl and was smitten at once. Risking everything, he bribed one of the women of the Bey's household to carry messages of love. Kabousah was at first wary, then intrigued by the persistence of the handsome young officer; finally she agreed to a night rendezvous in a tent outside the city. They gazed into each other's eyes; love swept them away; until dawn, they enjoyed the pleasures of paradise on a fine Persian rug laid on the sand. In the chill of the morning, Yusuf suddenly thought of the great curved sword of the Bey, and Kabousah reflected on the fatal sack.

Now it was Kabousah who finally had the grand inspiration. She let it be known that she had become restless and that she had developed a taste for travel. She could be seen leaving the Bey's great house, being assisted into her *atouche*—the small curtained shelter on a camel's back in which ladies ride protected. Then, at a slow pace, the driver would lead the camel off on the road toward some distant town where Kabousah was to visit the bazaar. The rest is veiled by the modest curtains of the *atouche*—how Yusuf slipped inside, how clothes came off, how the two indulged the vigor of their love. All we know is that certain travelers remarked on the peculiar swaying of the *atouche* at times—a movement hardly accounted for by the gait of the camel.

Late one afternoon in a deserted place, the lovers dismounted to watch a sunset behind the tumbled ruins of a Roman fortress. "We

must escape your uncle's power; we must flee to some distant country and be married. There we can live happily without being forever on the swaying back of a camel," Yusuf said.

"Agreed," said the princess, "but there is one thing you must do." There remained only one belonging of her father's, a magnificent silver cup, now the pride of Mohammed Bey. Yusuf, she said, must steal it as proof of his love. Yusuf, without hesitating, agreed to this whim of his beloved.

Now, every Arab regards his silver cup as his most prized possession. It is shaped like a bowl and it has a handle through which loops a long cord. The horseman crossing a river at a gallop can reach down, fill the cup with a quick rotary movement and raise it to his lips without spilling a drop.

The Bey was not in Constantine; he was engaged in a punitive expedition against some bandits far away. When Yusuf came up with him at last, he discovered the camp on the bank of a river. Yusuf hid his horse and waited until nightfall before making his attempt; then he stripped quite naked, retaining only his belt and his *moun*, a deadly little dagger that can sever a man's arm at a stroke.

Yusuf eased himself into the dark water, swam the river and wriggled like a snake among the saddles on the ground around the principal tent. All was silent. The guard seemed to be, for the moment, elsewhere, and Yusuf breathed easier. Suddenly, the Bey's *chiaouch*, or personal servant, emerged from the tent and, in the vague moonlight, seated himself on a saddle. The fellow was very much at ease and in no hurry; he drew from a pouch a curious pipe with a large bowl, stuffed it full of tobacco and began a long, meditative smoke.

Now, Yusuf had been caught in an awkward position by the appearance of the *chiaouch*. He had just rolled onto his back, with the idea of slitting the tent's side and slipping beneath. There he lay, sprawled, less than a meter away from the smoker, frozen in his posture. He dared not move a muscle.

Something was wrong with the tobacco. The servant grunted in disgust. He turned the pipe over, reached out, knocked it against the saddle—and the whole fiery mass spilled down upon Yusuf. The servant then proceeded deliberately to fill and smoke another pipe.

It required all of the young officer's soldierly courage, all of the stoicism of his desert forebears, to keep him from crying out in pain. But somehow Yusuf was able to contain his agony. Then came a second shower of sparks in the same place. Yusuf used the last ounce of his self-control to keep himself from springing up and plunging the *moun* into his tormentor. Only the thought of his beloved sewn into the awful sack withheld him.

At last the *chiaouch* yawned, rose and moved away to another tent. More dead than alive, Yusuf squirmed into the tent, found the silver cup and reached the riverbank again. The cold water revived him; he rode all night; and the next morning, the delighted Kabousah held in her hands the precious cup of her father.

The rest was less dramatic—the lovers rode posthaste to El-Arouch, where they were married in the exquisite mosque of that small, sandblown town. The Bloody Bey swore horrible vengeance and was about to pursue them when a sudden revolt sprang up against him. As fate would have it, Mohammed Bey was forced to flee, himself—to Tetuán, where he lived in exile and could practice no more of his loathsome cruelties.

"It is all very sad," said my host, getting to his feet. The story was ended.

"But, my dear general," I said, "surely this is one tale with a happy ending. You carried off the silver cup and your beautiful princess. You are a great and honored man in your own country."

"I am a very tired man, Monsieur Dumas," said the general. "Sleep beckons." We walked across the courtyard. At the Moorish arch, we paused together, side by side, and he turned his face away from me into the shadow cast by a sweet-smelling white lotus tree. He said softly, "Don't you understand? The fire from that accursed servant's pipe destroyed my manhood forever."

"Mon Dieu," I cried.

"And the princess, a lady of great honor and faithful to her word, married me all the same."

And now I knew the ghastly irony that had given his face and voice the look of eternal sadness. I left him standing there in the shadow of the lotus tree.

—Retold by Robert McNair



THE NEW GIRL (continued from page 182)

The New Girl, however, is not interested in dressing up, or down, to men's unexamined conceptions of women. Not for her to feel that her body is shameful and thus, at the onset of puberty, to buy her cashmeres three sizes too big and lower her skirts to disguise the fact that girls have comely knees or risk being thought "fast and loose." Not for her (if she is a few years older) to allow herself to be gotten up in a succession of grotesque "new looks" by one or another Mr. Fruit, whose evident intention is to distort or humiliate her femininity.

Instead, she comes hurrying down the street in her white plastic boots or plumb-colored snubby flats, her figure *there* for all to see—in miniskirt or minipants or miniseparates; her dress, more than not, designed to reveal her lingerie and her lingerie, more than not, designed to reveal her body; violets in wild clusters on her panties, bra more of a window than a garment; wearing her pajamas in the street and, like as not, little more than a smile in her bed; arraying herself in a veritable peacock profusion of bold colors and bolder prints, of wild fabrics and even wilder designs—all of which add up to a style that is kinky, pert, daring, frivolous, flamboyant, theatrical and unabashedly sexy; a style whose basic ingredients seem to be flair and imagination, a style that is above all an *eccentric* style, resulting from *boutique* browsing, hours of experimentation before a mirror and an eagerness to discover her own taste and her own chosen image.

The New Girl's fashions all emphasize femaleness (whether the model be The Dragon Lady or Alice in Wonderland) and they are mostly created by women, and young women at that. More than anything else, these clothes express the conviction that the female body is superbly natural, sensuous and efficient; that it was created to move (rather than stand still) and to move men (rather than the envy of other women). When designer Mary Quant was asked what was the *point* of the new fashion, she replied unhesitatingly: "Sex." In short, it is clear that the New Girl, even in her manner of dress, is declaring a fresh awareness of herself and of men and, above all, of the relation between the two.

What most distinguishes the Postfeminist Girl from her mother is her attitude toward sex, and her own sex in particular. It is not so much a question of a wider moral latitude as it is a matter of deeper self-knowledge. I don't mean to imply that women are, in actual fact, exclusively sexual creatures (in thrall to their biology and its cycle) when I say that almost every aspect of the New Girl's personality reflects her final freedom from the sexual status that was the

fate of women in the past. But nevertheless, a female's life, until recently, was defined by two all-but-irrevocable facts: the necessity of marrying young, which her subservient economic position made almost obligatory, and the constant possibility of pregnancy, which her gender made the essential condition of her existence. Like it or not, she was reduced to the level of a sexual object (as much by her body as by the male's), and if her emotional life often remained stunted, it was because she could never fully escape from the phantoms of marriage and motherhood that seemed to haunt her future. If most women dutifully played the roles of wife and momma (or felt guilty if they did not), it wasn't only because there were few other roles available but because they could not conceive of themselves *except* in terms of the mating and mothering to which their very bodies seemed to condemn them.

All this has changed now and it has changed forever, and the single most important factor in that change has been, quite simply, the advent of the contraceptive pill. At one stroke, it accomplished a triple liberation that centuries of *coitus interruptus*, calendar counting and precautionary technology had never been able to achieve. It freed women from their own biology, putting into their hands (rather than men's) an inexpensive, simple-to-use, foolproof method of preventing conception and even controlling menstruation, a method that involved neither temperature taking, humiliating diaphragm measurements well before the act nor mood-breaking diaphragm insertions just prior to it. No longer does a girl have to premeditate her desire by deciding whether to take her "equipment" along on a date or risk being overcome when unprepared. No longer does a girl have to excuse herself to "outwit" her anatomy at the very moment when she feels most like indulging it. And the degree to which the pill has made possible the preservation of feminine dignity and integrity is suggested by this reaction (on the part of a 22-year-old) to the famous diaphragm-fitting scene in Mary McCarthy's *The Group*: "My God, how could any girl feel that sex was going to be good, much less fun, after being so clinically groped and measured by a total stranger that way!" To the New Girl of today, the very mechanics of contraception before the pill tended to demean a woman in her own eyes.

But in freeing her from her body, the pill accomplished something considerably more important: It freed her to its desires. By allowing a woman to enjoy sex without either the fear of pregnancy or the embarrassment of premeditation, it encouraged her to discover sexuality itself—female sexuality. All nonerotic

considerations having been removed, women can at last confront their sexual natures with the same libidinous directness that men have always exhibited, a directness (as Lenore Kandel says) that "devour[s] all my secrets and my alibis"—with the result that in the past ten years we have learned more about female sexual response than in the ten centuries that preceded them, and we have learned it from women themselves.

But the third liberation that the pill made possible may have the most far-reaching consequences of all, because, having freed women from biology, and thus sexual reticence, it freed them from men as well and from men's wishful images of them. No longer dependent on a man to marry her if she "gets caught," released from the secondary sexual role (and all its distractions) that this dependency imposed on her, the New Girl is finally free of role playing itself and has entered into an equality with men, psychic as well as legal, in which she can at last discover and develop a uniquely individual and a uniquely feminine personality.

Menstruation, marriage and motherhood: These were the central facts of female life heretofore. But this is no longer true and young women today exercise a degree of control over these facts that has made it possible for each of them to say and mean that she "enjoys being a girl." That unsettling moment, when the arrival of "the curse" and the budding of breasts were such a shame and an embarrassment to young girls, is no longer an ordeal. In this era of the training bra, 12-year-olds are envious of 13-year-olds because they have bosoms; and 14-year-olds, anticipating a beach party that is scheduled at an inopportune time, borrow Enovid, not to prepare for something sexual but to postpone anything biological that might curtail their fun. As the teenage heroine of Rosalyn Drexler's *I Am the Beautiful Stranger* puts it: "I'm so glad I got my period. I waited a long time. Now so much will change." It is this note of outright eagerness to be initiated into the mysteries of womanhood that is new.

College girls, 44 percent of whom (according to a recent survey) feel that premarital sex between engaged couples is perfectly all right, nevertheless insist that their moment of sexual decision be as free as possible of the dilemma once expressed by the paradoxical "If I do, he'll think I'm cheap. But if I don't, he'll think I'm prudish," just as they refuse to accept the male prejudices to which this age-old female watchword referred: "Don't act too bright, or he'll be intimidated. But don't act too dumb, either, or he won't be interested." Girls today simply do not regard themselves as being

(continued on page 214)

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

last-minute yule largess



Under-the-wire Christmas gift suggestions for late starters. Top row, left to right: Circa Total-Sound Chair with ear-level stereo speakers can be connected to most amplification units, by Electrohome, \$299. Pure cashmere kimono with plaid lining, by Alexander Shields, \$165. Three Italian-made short-sleeved cotton shirts for mid-winter tropical trips, from Cezar Ltd., \$15 each, a lightweight zephyr wool turtleneck, from Battaglia, \$27.50, and an all-silk tie, from A. Sulka, \$6.50. Circa 703 oiled-walnut AM/FM stereo console houses two air-suspension speakers, amplification unit and Garrard 3000 changer, by Electrohome, \$599. Bottom row, left to right: Professional DS8/BTL double super-8mm movie camera with Angenieux 8-64mm f1.9 zoom lens, leather carrying case and pistol-grip handle, by Radiant-Pathé, \$989. Riviera four-band portable radio features separate treble and bass controls plus tape-recorder and earphone connections, by Blaupunkt, \$139.50. Terrycloth beach towel and headrest has two separate compartments that can be stuffed with pillows, from Alexander Shields, \$26. Portable 14-inch color-TV model 2358 with slide-rule dial, by G.E., \$330. Royal Regiment cologne, 7 ozs., by Max Factor, \$4.50. Persian Lime cologne, 8 ozs., by Wolff Freres, \$9. Centaur cologne, 8 ozs., by Century Creations, \$10. Op-design porcelain decanter set for gin, vodka and whiskey, \$30, and matching pipe-tobacco humidor, \$10, both from Raymor. Playboy briar pipe with sandblast finish, by Playboy Products, \$15. Motorcycle AM radio model 7-152 comes in weatherproof case; flexible antenna and mounting parts included, by Tenna Corporation, \$79.95. Quick-tripper double-woven-canvas suitcase with leather trim, from Mark Cross, \$65. Two-tone perforated driving gloves of capeskin, from A. Sulka, \$11.



Top row, left to right: Lightweight 1½-hp trolling outboard with self-contained gas tank, weighs only 19 lbs., by Johnson Motors, \$125. Multidirectional three-head mood lamp for atmospheric lighting, from Raymor, \$195. Walnut-and-brass reproduction of cigar-store lighter, by Litetime, \$100. "Wines of the World," edited by Andre L. Simon, by McGraw-Hill, \$20. Auto/Sharp 642 slide projector holds 100 slides, by Honeywell, \$129.50. Art nouveau-patterned pillow, from Scarabaeus, \$100. "The Bullfight" LP, narrated by Norman Mailer, plus book, by CBS Legacy, \$9.95. "The Frank Sinatra Deluxe Set" with six stereo LPs, on Capitol, \$18.98. Pour-O-matic coffee maker can automatically drip-brew up to eight cups, by Bunn-O-Matic, \$79.30. Top right: Aluminum chessmen in walnut case, \$84, and matching walnut and aluminum chess/checker table, \$79.95, both by Austin Enterprises of Akron. Zip front suede jacket, from A. Sulka, \$85, shown with all-silk paisley scarf, from Brooks Brothers, \$8.50. Bottom row, left to right: Laminated cutting board, by Don Owens Designs, \$18.50. Cut-glass decanter, \$75, plus 5-oz. and 10-oz. glasses, \$10.50 and \$12.50 each, all from Exclusive China Company. Distressed-copper-covered cigar humidor with cork lining, by CC Company, \$25, with Brevas cigars, by Dunhill, \$16 for 50. Rubbed-wood cigarette box and rechargeable lighter combination, by G.E., \$29.98. Rosewood-cased electric alarm clock, by Howard Miller, \$40. Rosewood block puzzle, from Bonniers, \$15. Wrist watch and matching band of 14-kt. gold, by Rolex, \$495. Woven 18-kt. gold cigarette case, by Ellis Barker, \$1200. Formal shirt, \$14.50, and brocade-designed vest with tie, \$25, all by After Six. "A Toscanini Treasury of Historical Broadcasts" with five LPs and booklet, on RCA Victor, \$24.



Top row, left to right: Nylon umbrella with leather handle, automatic opener, by Shadrain, \$7.50. Leather overnighter with gussets, shown closed and expanded, by Karl Seeger, \$142.50. Mongolian cashmere robe, from Mark Cross, \$150. Middle row, left to right: Component G3 AM/FM stereo system with Garrard 3000 changer, amplifier unit and globe speakers, by Clairtone, \$395. Audio Color Translator turns music into color patterns, by Conar Instruments, \$54.95. Deerskin duffel bag, from Hunting World, \$80. Front row, left to right: Battery-powered cocktail shaker shaped like cement mixer, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$10. Clock AM/FM radio in walnut and brass, by Bulova, \$59.95. Electric 210 portable typewriter with electric carriage, by Smith-Corona, \$199.50. Straight-grain Corsican briar pipe handmade by Svend-Axel Celius, from Pipe & Pouch, \$140. Sterling-silver vermouth hypo, from Lambert Brothers, \$10. Rechargeable FL-11 flashlight with power base, by G.E., \$12.98. Solid-mahogany portable writing desk, from Design Group, \$100. On desk, top to bottom: Wrap-around sunglasses, by Renaud, \$10. Hi-Frequency Observatory self-winding chronometer in 18-kt. gold, by Girard Perregaux, \$465. Egg-shaped 18-kt.-gold watch, by Baume Mercier, \$225. Solid-gold felt-tip pen, by Mark Cross, \$75. Oval-shaped 18-kt.-gold cuff links, by Ellis Barker, \$90. Continuing right: Palomino-skin toiletries and writing kit, by Swank, \$15. Weathercaster provides continuous FM weather news, by Radio Communications, \$34.95. Brass bamboo-design 12-pick hors d'oeuvre set, from Neiman-Marcus, \$7.50. All-wool flat-knit cardigan, from A. & F., \$75. Royalty cologne, 9 ozs., by Royalty Cie., \$10. Lime cologne, 8 ozs., by Raffia, \$7.50. Aluminum and phenolic ashtrays, by Venturi, \$3 each.



Silverstein HOLLYWOOD

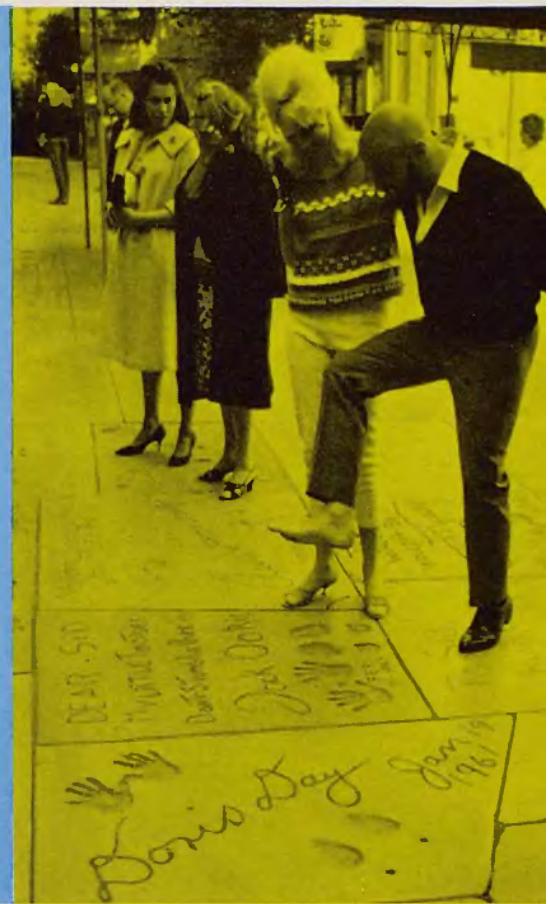
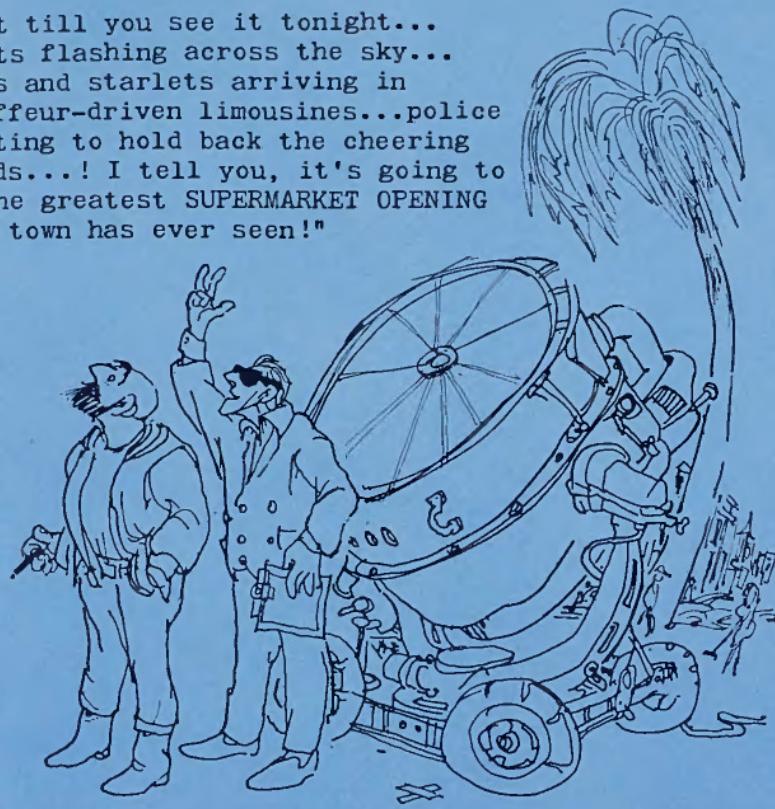
playboy's roving cartoonist laureate sets his sights on the exotic fauna flourishing in and about tinseltown

FOR MORE than a decade now, *PLAYBOY*'s bewhiskered cartoonist, Shel Silverstein, has risibly illuminated for us many of the nation's odd corners, including Fire Island and Greenwich Village; he has toured the Middle East, the Far East and Africa, gone bird watching in London and embarked on his own mission to Moscow. Yet his star had never led him to Hollywood—an omission that is rectified herewith, as Shel dispels the golden haze and peeks under assorted halos to portray the producer-hunting starlets, the status-hunting executives, the goggle-eyed tourists, the fast-talking guides and the fast-moving youth of the world's dream capital. Not even the secrets of such sanctified figures as Mickey Mouse and Goofy escape Shel's quest for truth. "It's all true: It is a town of phonies," says Shel, "lazy, shallow guys, desperate girls and smalltime hustlers—I feel completely happy and at home there!"

"This is it, folks, Hollywood and Vine, the heart of movieland, crossroads of the stars, where at any moment—Hi ya, Frank! That was Frank Sinatra who just drove by in that sports car, folks. Hey, Marlon, baby—how's it goin'? That was Marlon Brando who just looked out of that window up there. And, if I'm not mistaken, that's the Tony Curtis limousine coming down the street—and who's that riding with Tony? Why, it's Natalie Wood and Rock Hudson and Kim Novak and Cary Grant—and they're heading this way. Oops, too bad—they turned off—yessir, folks, you're really seeing the great ones today...!"

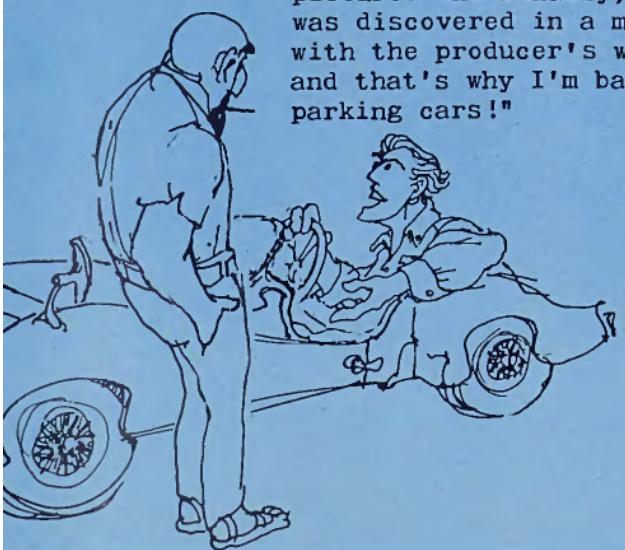


"Wait till you see it tonight... lights flashing across the sky... stars and starlets arriving in chauffeur-driven limousines...police fighting to hold back the cheering crowds...! I tell you, it's going to be the greatest SUPERMARKET OPENING this town has ever seen!"



At Grauman's Chinese Theater, Shel plays arch-tourist, tries to fill Jack Oakie's footprints.

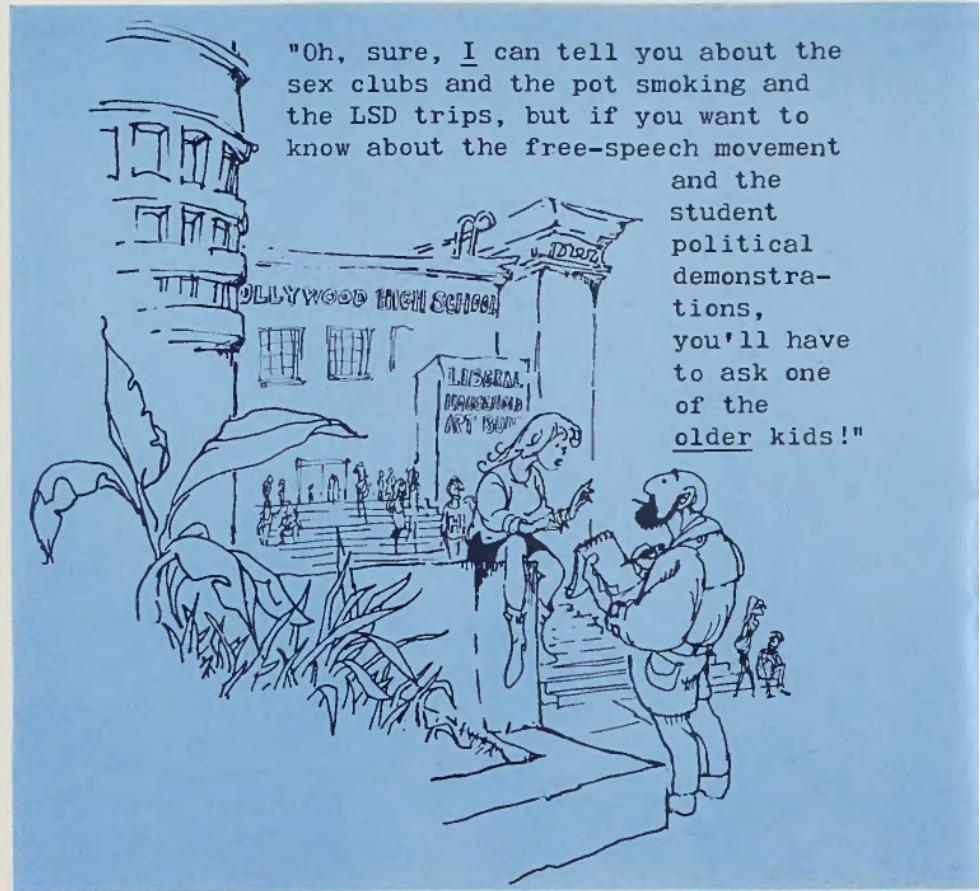
"In Hollywood, it's all a matter of being discovered. I was originally discovered parking cars at Dino's on the Strip--got myself a contract at Paramount. Then I was discovered sitting in the studio commissary--got a small part in a TV Western. Then I was discovered by a major producer--got an important role in a big-budget picture. And finally, I was discovered in a motel with the producer's wife--and that's why I'm back parking cars!"



"Of course I'm going to be a big star!...you noticed me on that crowded dance floor at P.J.'s--that proves I have personal magnetism...you propositioned me--that proves I have sex appeal...I did everything you told me to do--that proves I can take direction...and I convinced you that you're a great lover--that proves I can act!"



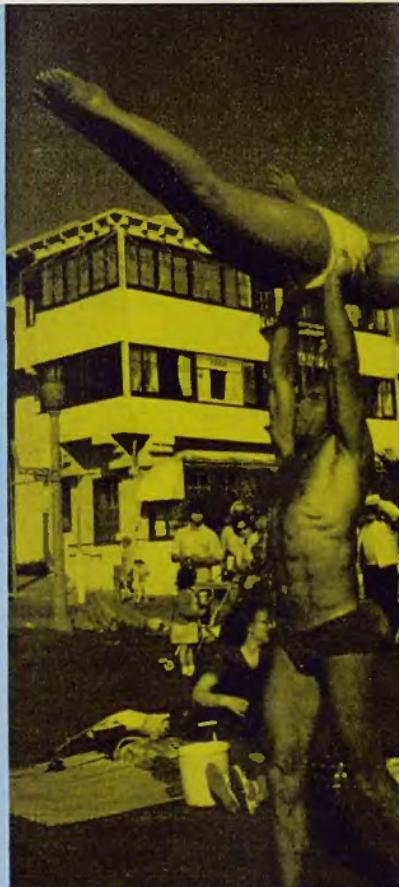
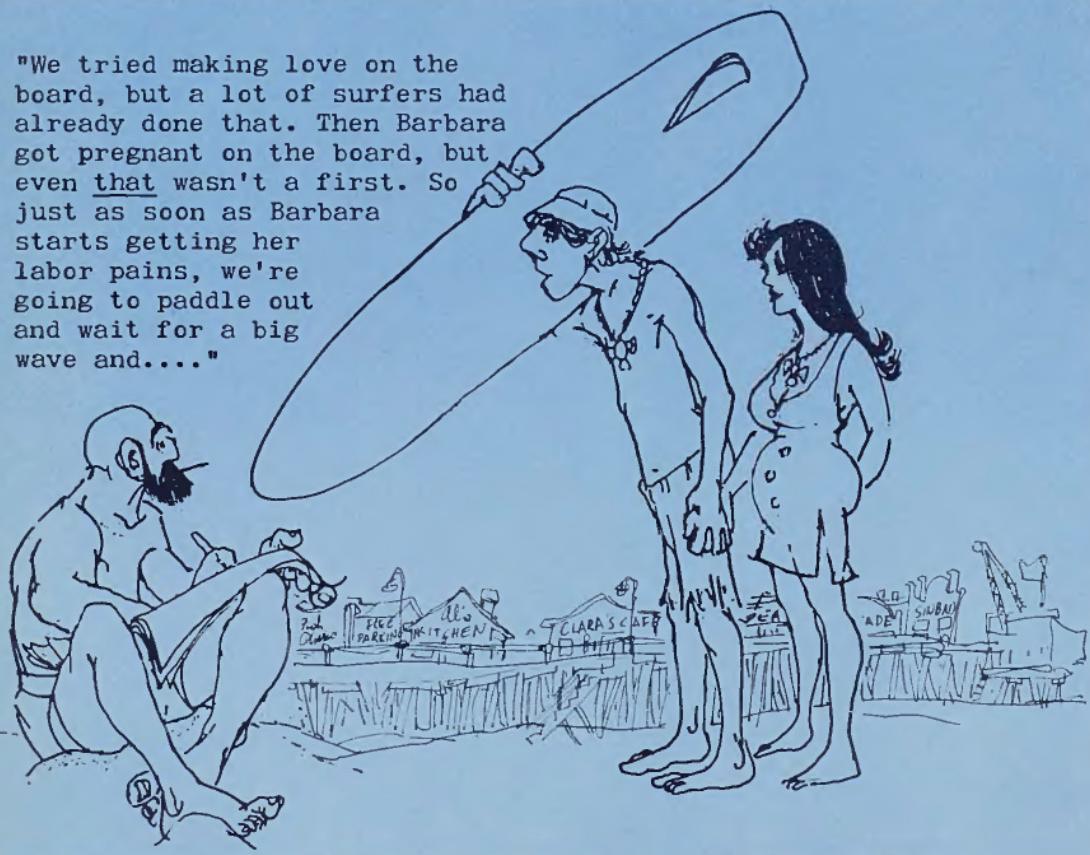
"So my agent asks me if I want to make a TV pilot, and I say, sure... and the next thing I know, I'm in a hotel room with a naked guy in aviator goggles...."

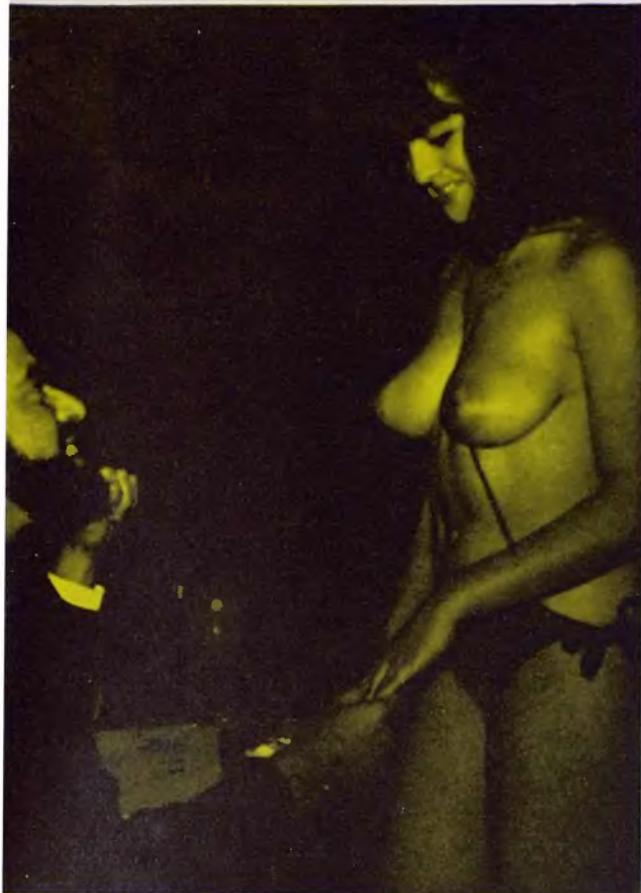


"Oh, sure, I can tell you about the sex clubs and the pot smoking and the LSD trips, but if you want to know about the free-speech movement and the student political demonstrations, you'll have to ask one of the older kids!"

At Muscle Beach, Shel draws the latissimus dorsi but eyes the pectorals.

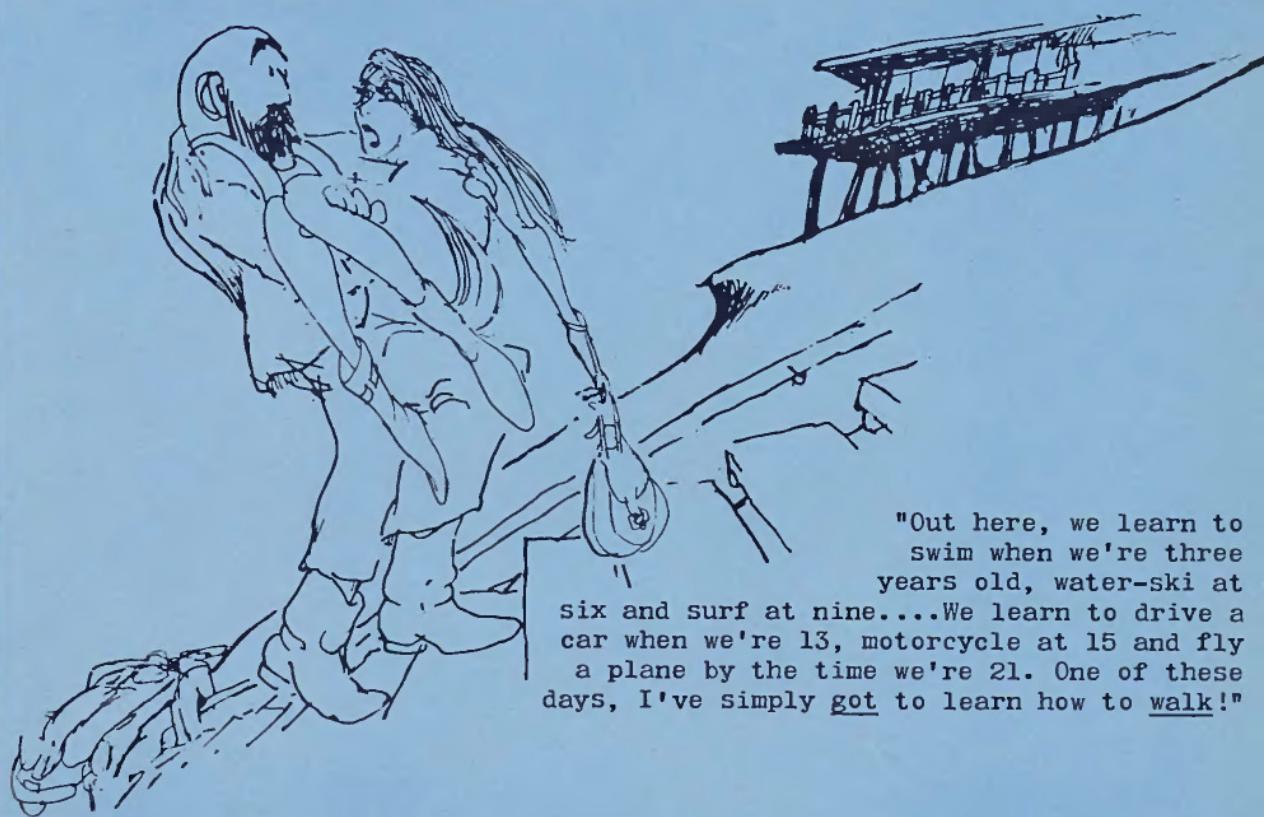
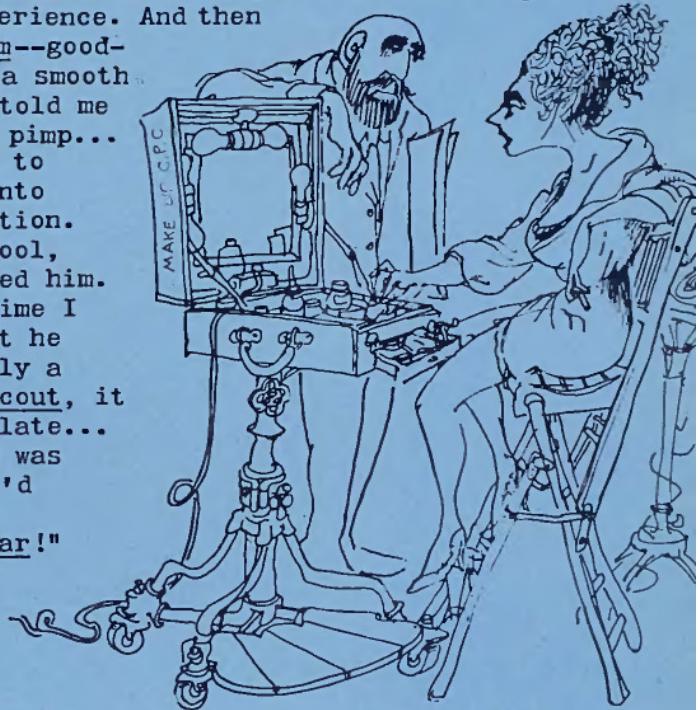
"We tried making love on the board, but a lot of surfers had already done that. Then Barbara got pregnant on the board, but even that wasn't a first. So just as soon as Barbara starts getting her labor pains, we're going to paddle out and wait for a big wave and...."





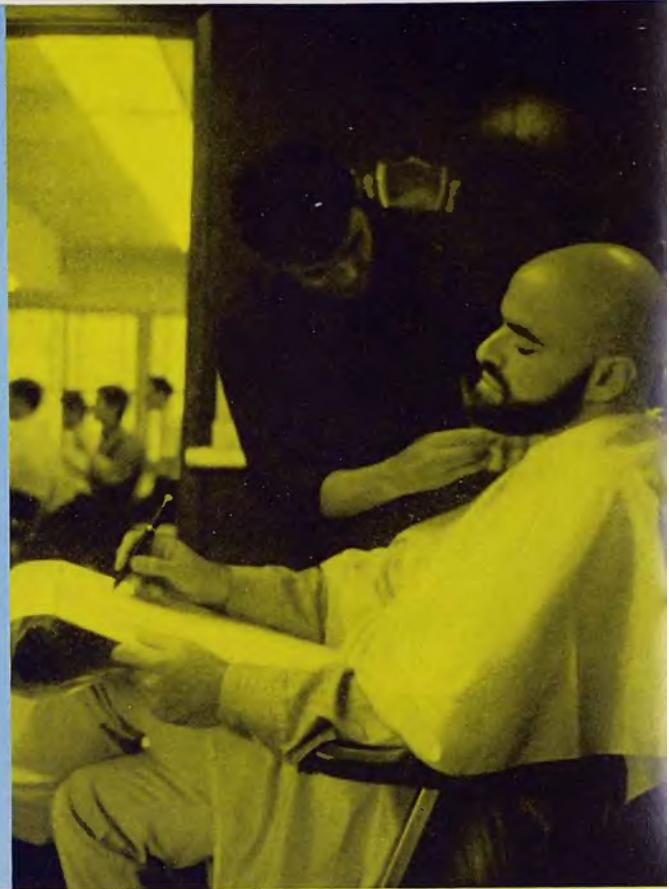
Silverstein can't decide what to order at The Ball, a topless bistro. Shel's appraisal: "The beef Stroganoff was just fair."

"Mine is a rather unusual story....I really came to Hollywood to become a hooker.... But there were too many girls on the Strip with more experience. And then I met him--good-looking, a smooth talker--told me he was a pimp... promised to get me into prostitution. Like a fool, I believed him. By the time I found out he was really a talent scout, it was too late... my dream was gone...I'd become a movie star!"

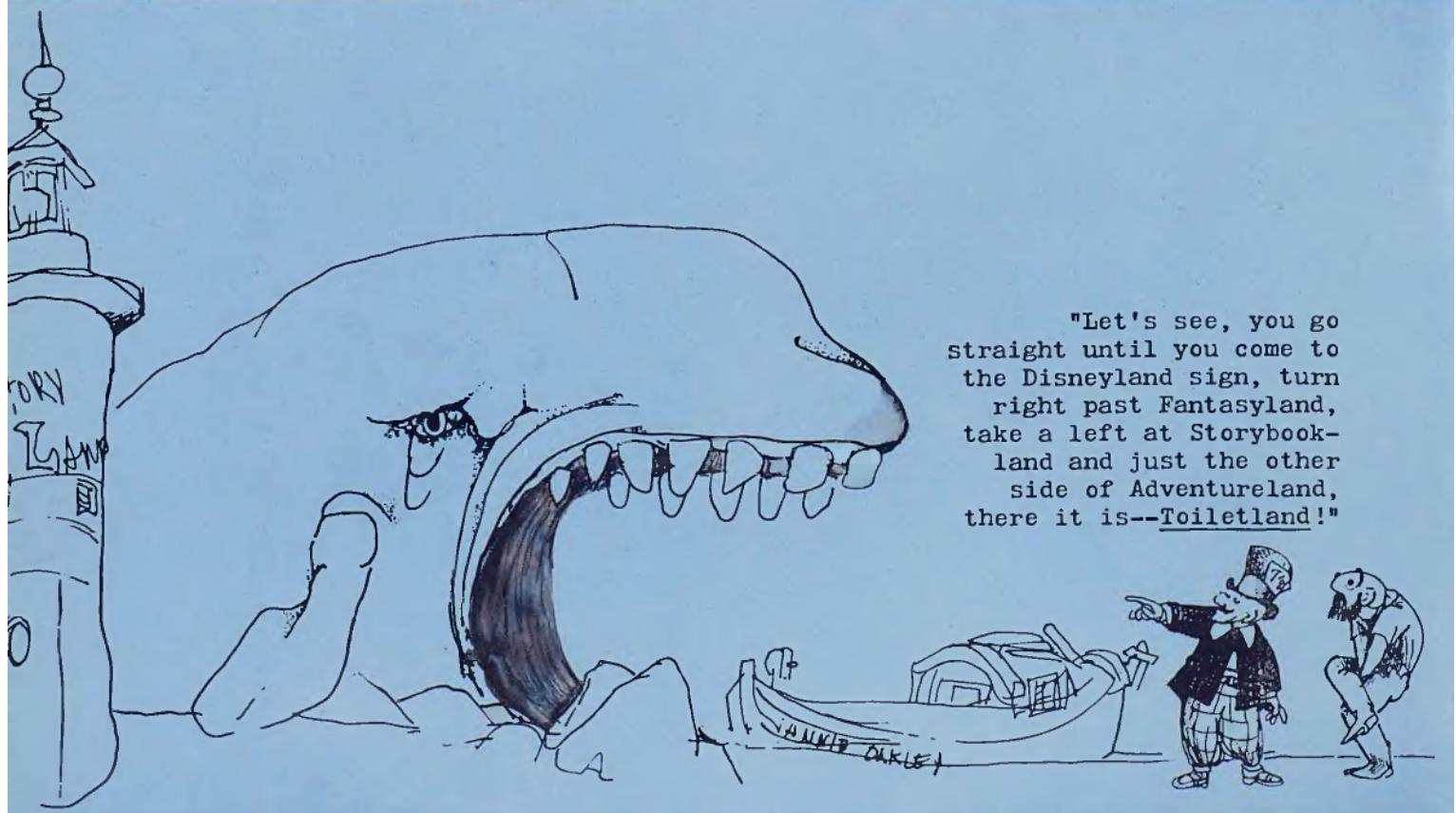


"Out here, we learn to swim when we're three years old, water-ski at six and surf at nine....We learn to drive a car when we're 13, motorcycle at 15 and fly a plane by the time we're 21. One of these days, I've simply got to learn how to walk!"

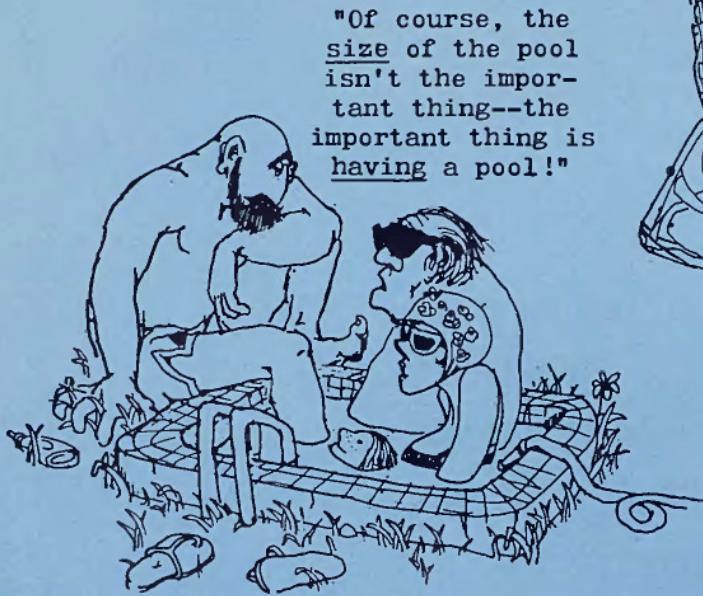
"Sure, you hear rumors about all the homosexuals in Hollywood, but you don't see any evidence to substantiate the rumors!"



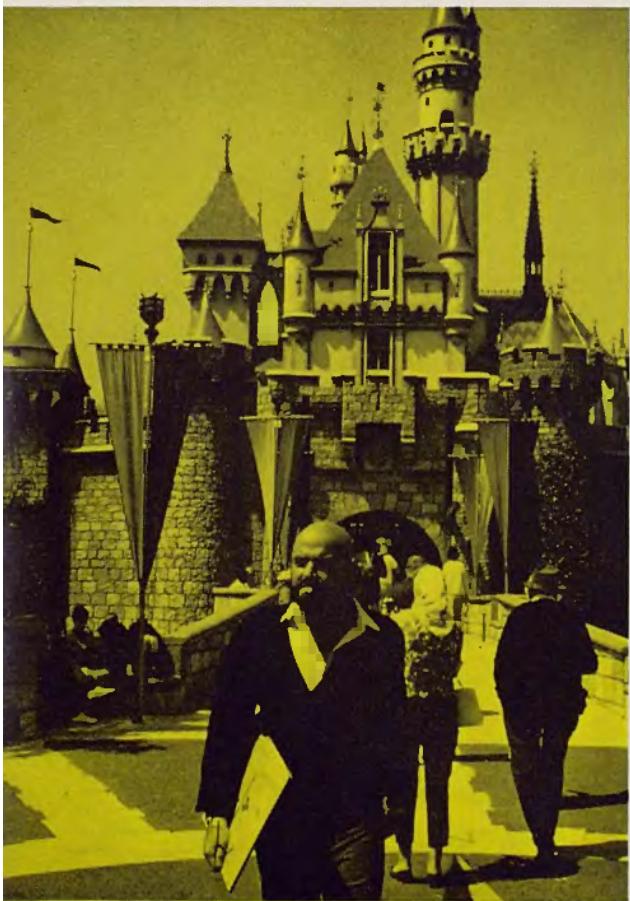
Faced with a glossy pate, Jay Sebring, tonsorial artist to the stars, settles for trimming Shel's beard.



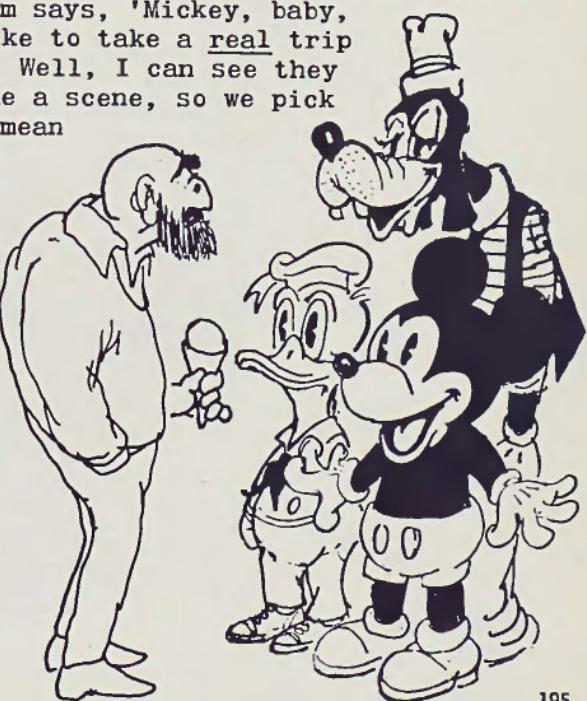
"Let's see, you go straight until you come to the Disneyland sign, turn right past Fantasyland, take a left at Storybookland and just the other side of Adventureland, there it is--Toiletland!"



Shel sizes up the pleasure-domed gold mine built by a noted fellow cartoonist, dreams of his own Silversteinland.



"Sure, it's hot wearing these costumes, but the gig is really sort of groovy; I mean, like last week these two crazy-looking chicks start following me around the park and, when it gets close to closing time, one of them says, 'Mickey, baby, how would you like to take a real trip to Fantasyland?' Well, I can see they have eyes to make a scene, so we pick up Bob, here--I mean Goofy--who also grooves with the idea, and the four of us split for the chicks' pad, where we settle back and smoke some Acapulco gold and...."



WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE

seem unfriendly, it has nothing to do with you."

"I thought maybe I bored you."

"No, no," she said gamely, "not at all. You certainly know some very interesting history." Among other things, the Foxy Grandpa claimed to have known J. Edgar Nation, the Grand Rapids druggist who was the father of ethical birth control.

"Then *look* like you're interested," he told her. He could get away with that sort of impudence. The thing was, he could leave any time he wanted to, right up to the moment he asked for the needle—and he had to *ask* for the needle. That was the law.

Nancy's art, and the art of every Hostess, was to see that volunteers didn't leave, to coax and wheedle and flatter them patiently, every step of the way.

So Nancy had to sit down there in the booth, to pretend to marvel at the freshness of the yarn the old man told, a story everybody knew, about how J. Edgar Nation happened to experiment with ethical birth control.

"He didn't have the slightest idea his pills would be taken by human beings someday," said the Foxy Grandpa. "His dream was to introduce morality into the monkey house at the Grand Rapids Zoo. Did you realize that?" he inquired severely.

"No. No, I didn't. That's very interesting."

"He and his eleven kids went to church one Easter. And the day was so nice and the Easter service had been so beautiful and pure that they decided to take a walk through the zoo, and they were just walking on clouds."

"Um." The scene described was lifted from a play that was performed on television every Easter.

The Foxy Grandpa shoehorned himself into the scene, had himself chat with the Nations just before they got to the monkey house. "'Good morning, Mr. Nation,' I said to him. 'It certainly is a nice morning.' 'And a good morning to you, Mr. Howard,' he said to me. 'There is nothing like an Easter morning to make a man feel clean and reborn and at one with God's intentions.'"

"Um." Nancy could hear the telephone ringing faintly, naggingly, through the nearly soundproof door.

"So we went on to the monkey house together, and what do you think we saw?"

"I can't imagine." Somebody had answered the phone.

"We saw a monkey playing with his private parts!"

"No!"

"Yes! And J. Edgar Nation was so upset he went straight home and he started developing a pill that would make monkeys in the springtime fit

(continued from page 156)

things for a Christian family to see."

There was a knock on the door.

"Yes?" said Nancy.

"Nancy," said Mary, "telephone for you."

When Nancy came out of the booth, she found the sheriff choking on little squeals of law-enforcement delight. The telephone was tapped by agents hidden in the Howard Johnson's. Billy the Poet was believed to be on the line. His call had been traced. Police were already on their way to grab him.

"Keep him on, keep him on," the sheriff whispered to Nancy, and he gave her the telephone as though it were solid gold.

"Yes?" said Nancy.

"Nancy McLuhan?" said a man. His voice was disguised. He might have been speaking through a kazoo. "I'm calling for a mutual friend."

"Oh?"

"He asked me to deliver a message."

"I see."

"It's a poem."

"All right."

"Ready?"

"Ready." Nancy could hear sirens screaming in the background of the call.

The caller must have heard the sirens, too, but he recited the poem without any emotion. It went like this:

*"Soak yourself in Jergen's Lotion.
Here comes the one-man population
explosion."*

They got him. Nancy heard it all—the thumping and clumping, the argle-bargle and cries.

The depression she felt as she hung up was glandular. Her brave body had prepared for a fight that was not to be.

The sheriff bounded out of the Suicide Parlor in such a hurry to see the famous criminal he'd helped catch that a sheaf of papers fell from the pocket of his trench coat.

Mary picked them up, called after the sheriff. He halted for a moment, said the papers didn't matter anymore, asked her if maybe she wouldn't like to come along. There was a flurry between the two girls, with Nancy persuading Mary to go, declaring that she had no curiosity about Billy. So Mary left, irrelevantly handing the sheaf to Nancy.

The sheaf proved to be photocopies of poems Billy had sent to Hostesses in other places. Nancy read the top one. It made much of a peculiar side effect of ethical birth-control pills: They not only made people numb—they also made people piss blue. The poem was called *What the Somethinghead Said to the Suicide Hostess*, and it went like this:

*"I did not sow, I did not spin,
And thanks to pills, I did not sin."*

I loved the crowds, the stink, the noise.

And when I peed, I peed turquoise.

*I ate beneath a roof of orange;
Swung with progress like a door hinge.*

*'Neath purple roof I've come today
To piss my azure life away.*

*Virgin Hostess, death's recruiter,
Life is cute, but you are cuter.
Mourn my pecker, purple daughter—
All it passed was sky-blue water.*

"You never heard that story before—about how J. Edgar Nation came to invent ethical birth control?" the Foxy Grandpa wanted to know. His voice cracked.

"Never did," lied Nancy.

"I thought everybody knew that."

"It was news to me."

"When he got through with the monkey house, you couldn't tell it from the Michigan Supreme Court. Meanwhile, there was this crisis going on in the United Nations. The people who understood science said people had to quit reproducing so much, and the people who understood morals said society would collapse if people used sex for nothing but pleasure."

The Foxy Grandpa got off his Barcalounger, went over to the window, pried two slats of the blind apart. There wasn't much to see out there. The view was blocked by the backside of a mocked-up thermometer 20 feet high, which faced the street. It was calibrated in billions of people on Earth, from 0 to 20. The make-believe column of liquid was a strip of translucent red plastic. It showed how many people there were on Earth. Very close to the bottom was a black arrow that showed what the scientists thought the population ought to be.

The Foxy Grandpa was looking at the setting sun through that red plastic, and through the blind, too, so that his face was banded with shadows and red.

"Tell me," he said, "when I die, how much will that thermometer go down?

A foot?"

"No."

"An inch?"

"Not quite."

"You know what the answer is, don't you?" he said, and he faced her. The senility had vanished from his voice and eyes. "One inch on that thing equals 83,333,333 people. You knew that, didn't you?"

"That—that might be true," said Nancy, "but that isn't the right way to look at it, in my opinion."

He didn't ask her what the right way was, in her opinion. He completed a thought of his own, instead. "I'll tell you something else that's true: I'm Billy the Poet, and you're a very good-looking woman."

With one hand, he drew a snub-nosed

a large
Johnnie Walker
...strictly for
whisky drinkers



revolver from his belt. With the other, he peeled off his bald dome and wrinkled forehead, which proved to be rubber. Now he looked 22.

"The police will want to know exactly what I look like when this is all over," he told Nancy with a malicious grin. "In case you're not good at describing people, and it's surprising how many women aren't:

*I'm five foot, two,
With eyes of blue,
With brown hair to my shoulders—
A manly elf
So full of self
The ladies say he smolders."*

Billy was ten inches shorter than Nancy was. She had about 40 pounds on him. She told him he didn't have a chance, but Nancy was much mistaken. He had unbolted the bars on the window the night before and he made her go out the window and then down a manhole that was hidden from the street by the big thermometer.

He took her down into the sewers of Hyannis. He knew where he was going. He had a flashlight and a map. Nancy had to go before him along the narrow catwalk, her own shadow dancing mockingly in the lead. She tried to guess where they were, relative to the real world above. She guessed correctly when they passed under the Howard Johnson's, guessed from noises she heard. The machinery that processed and served the food there was silent. But, so people wouldn't feel too lonesome when eating there, the designers had provided sound effects for the kitchen. It was these Nancy heard—a tape recording of the clashing of silverware and the laughter of Negroes and Puerto Ricans.

After that she was lost. Billy had very little to say to her other than "Right," or, "Left," or "Don't try anything funny, Juno, or I'll blow your great big fucking head off."

Only once did they have anything resembling a conversation. Billy began it, and ended it, too. "What in hell is a girl with hips like yours doing selling death?" he asked her from behind.

She dared to stop. "I can answer that," she told him. She was confident that she could give him an answer that would shrivel him like napalm.

But he gave her a shove, offered to blow her head off again.

"You don't even want to hear my answer," she taunted him. "You're afraid to hear it."

"I never listen to a woman till the pills wear off," sneered Billy. That was his plan, then—to keep her a prisoner for at least eight hours. That was how long it took for the pills to wear off.

"That's a silly rule."

"A woman's not a woman till the pills wear off."

"You certainly manage to make a

woman feel like an object rather than a person."

"Thank the pills for that," said Billy.

There were 80 miles of sewers under Greater Hyannis, which had a population of 400,000 drupelets, 400,000 souls. Nancy lost track of the time down there. When Billy announced that they had at last reached their destination, it was possible for Nancy to imagine that a year had passed.

She tested this spooky impression by pinching her own thigh, by feeling what the chemical clock of her body said. Her thigh was still numb.

Billy ordered her to climb iron rungs that were set in wet masonry. There was a circle of sickly light above. It proved to be moonlight filtered through the plastic polygons of an enormous geodesic dome. Nancy didn't have to ask the traditional victim's question, "Where am I?" There was only one dome like that on Cape Cod. It was in Hyannis Port and it sheltered the ancient Kennedy Compound.

It was a museum of how life had been lived in more expansive times. The museum was closed. It was open only in the summertime.

The manhole from which Nancy and then Billy emerged was set in an expanse of green cement, which showed where the Kennedy lawn had been. On the green cement, in front of the ancient frame houses, were statues representing the 14 Kennedys who had been Presidents of the United States or the World. They were playing touch football.

The President of the World at the time of Nancy's abduction, incidentally, was an ex-Suicide Hostess named "Ma" Kennedy. Her statue would never join this particular touch-football game. Her name was Kennedy, all right, but she wasn't the real thing. People complained of her lack of style, found her vulgar. On the wall of her office was a sign that said, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE CRAZY TO WORK HERE, BUT IT SURE HELPS, and another one that said, THINK!, and another one that said, SOMEDAY WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GET ORGANIZED AROUND HERE.

Her office was in the Taj Mahal.

Until she arrived in the Kennedy Museum, Nancy McLuhan was confident that she would sooner or later get a chance to break every bone in Billy's little body, maybe even shoot him with his own gun. She wouldn't have minded doing those things. She thought he was more disgusting than a blood-filled tick.

It wasn't compassion that changed her mind. It was the discovery that Billy had a gang. There were at least eight people around the manhole, men and women in equal numbers, with stockings pulled over their heads. It was the women who laid firm hands on Nancy, told her to keep calm. They were all at least as tall as Nancy and they held her in places

where they could hurt her like hell if they had to.

Nancy closed her eyes, but this didn't protect her from the obvious conclusion: These perverted women were sisters from the Ethical Suicide Service. This upset her so much that she asked loudly and bitterly, "How can you violate your oaths like this?"

She was promptly hurt so badly that she doubled up and burst into tears.

When she straightened up again, there was plenty more she wanted to say, but she kept her mouth shut. She speculated silently as to what on Earth could make Suicide Hostesses turn against every concept of human decency. Nothingheadedness alone couldn't begin to explain it. They had to be drugged besides.

Nancy went over in her mind all the terrible drugs she'd learned about in school, persuaded herself that the women had taken the worst one of all. That drug was so powerful, Nancy's teachers had told her, that even a person numb from the waist down would copulate repeatedly and enthusiastically after just one glass. That had to be the answer: The women, and probably the men, too, had been drinking gin.

They hastened Nancy into the middle frame house, which was dark like all the rest, and Nancy heard the men giving Billy the news. It was in this news that Nancy perceived a glint of hope. Help might be on its way.

The gang member who had phoned Nancy obscenely had fooled the police into believing that they had captured Billy the Poet, which was bad for Nancy. The police didn't know yet that Nancy was missing, two men told Billy, and a telegram had been sent to Mary Kraft in Nancy's name, declaring that Nancy had been called to New York City on urgent family business.

That was where Nancy saw the glint of hope: Mary wouldn't believe that telegram. Mary knew Nancy had no family in New York. Not one of the 63,000,000 people living there was a relative of Nancy's.

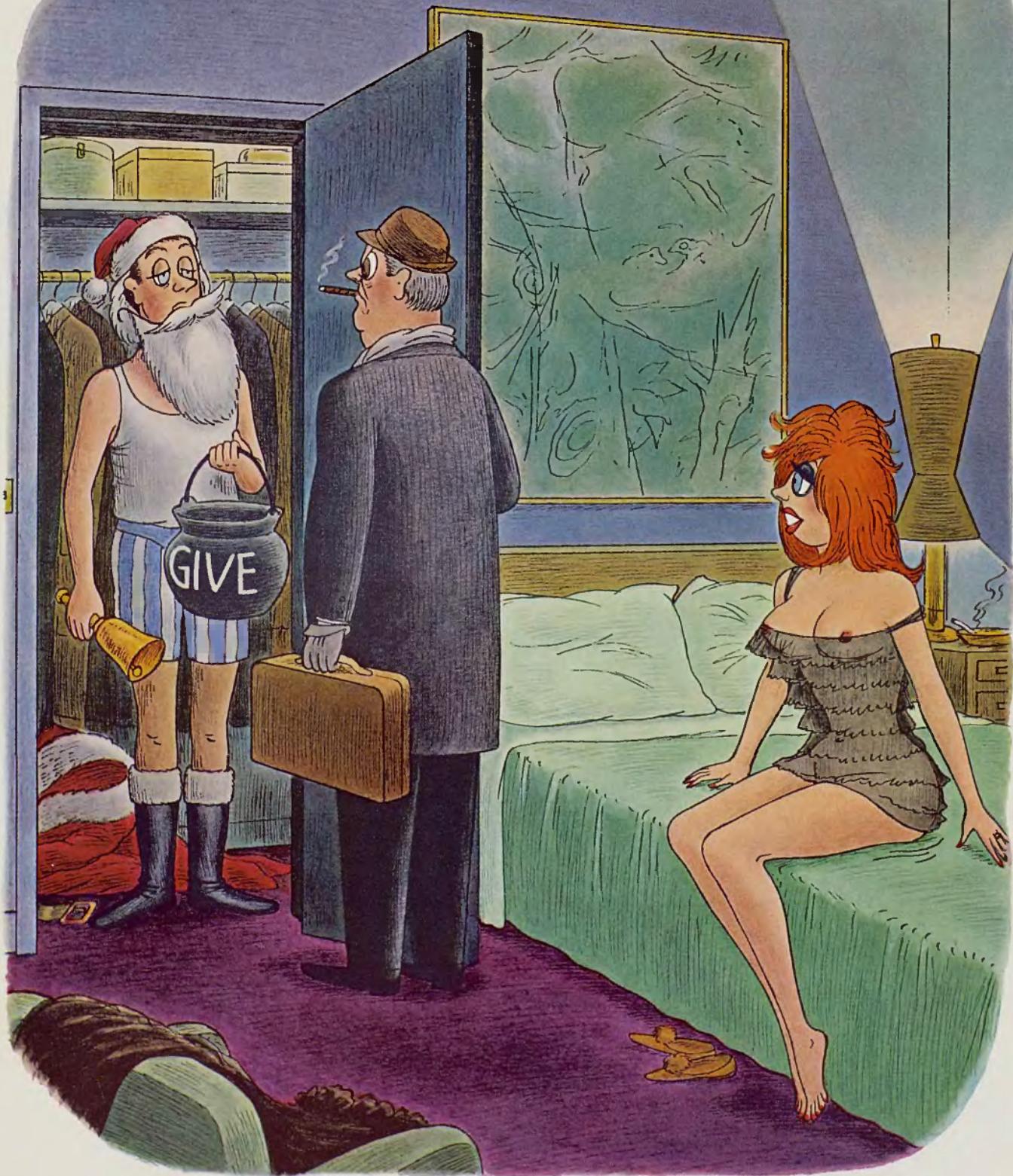
The gang had deactivated the burglar-alarm system of the museum. They had also cut through a lot of the chains and ropes that were meant to keep visitors from touching anything of value. There was no mystery as to who and what had done the cutting. One of the men was armed with brutal lopping shears.

They marched Nancy into a servant's bedroom upstairs. The man with the shears cut the ropes that fenced off the narrow bed. They put Nancy into the bed and two men held Nancy while a woman gave her a knockout shot.

Billy the Poet had disappeared.

As Nancy was going under, the woman

R.TAYLOR



"It gets more commercial every year, doesn't it?"

who had given her the shot asked her how old she was.

Nancy was determined not to answer, but discovered that the drug had made her powerless not to answer. "Sixty-three," she murmured.

"How does it feel to be a virgin at sixty-three?"

Nancy heard her own answer through a velvet fog. She was amazed by the answer, wanted to protest that it couldn't possibly be hers. "Pointless," she'd said.

Moments later, she asked the woman thickly, "What was in that needle?"

"What was in the needle, honey bunch? Why, honey bunch, they call that 'truth serum.'"

• • •

The moon was down when Nancy woke up—but the night was still out there. The shades were drawn and there was candlelight. Nancy had never seen a lit candle before.

What awakened Nancy was a dream of mosquitoes and bees. Mosquitoes and

bees were extinct. So were birds. But Nancy dreamed that millions of insects were swarming about her from the waist down. They didn't sting. They fanned her. Nancy was a nothinghead.

She went to sleep again. When she awoke next time, she was being led into a bathroom by three women, still with stockings over their heads. The bathroom was already filled with the steam from somebody else's bath. There were somebody else's wet footprints crisscrossing the floor and the air reeked of pine-needle perfume.

Her will and intelligence returned as she was bathed and perfumed and dressed in a white nightgown. When the women stepped back to admire her, she said to them quietly, "I may be a nothinghead now. But that doesn't mean I have to think like one or act like one."

Nobody argued with her.

• • •

Nancy was taken downstairs and out of the house. She fully expected to be

sent down a manhole again. It would be the perfect setting for her violation by Billy, she was thinking—down in a sewer.

But they took her across the green cement, where the grass used to be, and then across the yellow cement, where the beach used to be, and then out onto the blue cement, where the harbor used to be. There were 26 yachts that had belonged to various Kennedys sunk up to their water lines in blue cement. It was to the most ancient of these yachts, the Marlin, once the property of Joseph P. Kennedy, that they delivered Nancy.

It was dawn. Because of the high-rise apartments all around the Kennedy Museum, it would be an hour before any direct sunlight would reach the microcosm under the geodesic dome.

Nancy was escorted as far as the companionway to the forward cabin of the Marlin. The women pantomimed that she was expected to go down the five steps alone.

Nancy froze for the moment and so did the women. And there were two actual statues in the tableau on the bridge. Standing at the wheel was a statue of Frank Wirtanen, once skipper of the Marlin. And next to him was his son and first mate, Carly. They weren't paying any attention to poor Nancy. They were staring out through the windshield at the blue cement.

Nancy, barefoot and wearing a thin white nightgown, descended bravely into the forward cabin, which was a pool of candlelight and pine-needle perfume. The companionway hatch was closed and locked behind her.

Nancy's emotions and the antique furnishings of the cabin were so complex that Nancy could not at first separate Billy the Poet from his surroundings, from all the mahogany and leaded glass. And then she saw him at the far end of the cabin, with his back against the door to the forward cockpit. He was wearing purple silk pajamas with a Russian collar. They were piped in red, and writhing across Billy's silken breast was a golden dragon. It was belching fire.

Anticlimactically, Billy was wearing glasses. He was holding a book.

Nancy poised herself on the next-to-the-bottom step, took a firm grip on the handholds in the companionway. She bared her teeth, calculated that it would take ten men Billy's size to dislodge her.

Between them was a great table. Nancy had expected the cabin to be dominated by a bed, possibly in the shape of a swan, but the Marlin was a day boat. The cabin was anything but a seraglio. It was about as voluptuous as a lower-middle-class dining room in Akron, Ohio, around 1910.

A candle was on the table. So were an ice bucket and two glasses and a quart of champagne. Champagne was as illegal as heroin.

Billy took off his glasses, gave her a



shy, embarrassed smile, said, "Welcome." "This is as far as I come."

He accepted that. "You're very beautiful there."

"And what am I supposed to say—that you're stunningly handsome? That I feel an overwhelming desire to throw myself into your manly arms?"

"If you wanted to make me happy, that would certainly be the way to do it." He said that humbly.

"And what about my happiness?"

The question seemed to puzzle him. "Nancy—that's what this is all about."

"What if my idea of happiness doesn't coincide with yours?"

"And what do you think my idea of happiness is?"

"I'm not going to throw myself into your arms, and I'm not going to drink that poison, and I'm not going to budge from here unless somebody makes me," said Nancy. "So I think your idea of happiness is going to turn out to be eight people holding me down on that table, while you bravely hold a cocked pistol to my head—and do what you want. That's the way it's going to have to be, so call your friends and get it over with!"

Which he did.

• • •

He didn't hurt her. He deflowered her with a clinical skill she found ghastly. When it was all over, he didn't seem cocky or proud. On the contrary, he was terribly depressed, and he said to Nancy, "Believe me, if there'd been any other way—"

Her reply to this was a face like stone—and silent tears of humiliation.

His helpers let down a folding bunk from the wall. It was scarcely wider than a bookshelf and hung on chains. Nancy allowed herself to be put to bed in it, and she was left alone with Billy the Poet again. Big as she was, like a double bass wedged onto that narrow shelf, she felt like a pitiful little thing. A scratchy, war-surplus blanket had been tucked in around her. It was her own idea to pull up a corner of the blanket to hide her face.

Nancy sensed from sounds what Billy was doing, which wasn't much. He was sitting at the table, sighing occasionally, sniffing occasionally, turning the pages of a book. He lit a cigar and the stink of it seeped under her blanket. Billy inhaled the cigar, then coughed and coughed and coughed.

When the coughing died down, Nancy said loathingly through the blanket, "You're so strong, so masterful, so healthy. It must be wonderful to be so manly."

Billy only sighed at this.

"I'm not a very typical nothinghead," she said. "I hated it—hated everything about it."

Billy sniffed, turned a page.

"I suppose all the other women just

loved it—couldn't get enough of it."

"Nope."

She uncovered her face. "What do you mean, 'Nope'?"

"They've all been like you."

This was enough to make Nancy sit up and stare at him. "The women who helped you tonight—"

"What about them?"

"You've done to them what you did to me?"

He didn't look up from his book. "That's right."

"Then why don't they kill you instead of helping you?"

"Because they understand." And then he added mildly, "They're grateful."

Nancy got out of bed, came to the table, gripped the edge of the table, leaned close to him. And she said to him tautly, "I am not grateful."

"You will be."

"And what could possibly bring about that miracle?"

"Time," said Billy.

Billy closed his book, stood up. Nancy was confused by his magnetism. Somehow he was very much in charge again.

"What you've been through, Nancy," he said, "is a typical wedding night for a strait-laced girl of a hundred years ago, when everybody was a nothinghead. The groom did without helpers, because the bride wasn't customarily ready to kill him. Otherwise, the spirit of the occasion was much the same. These are the pajamas my great-great-grandfather wore on his wedding night in Niagara Falls.

"According to his diary, his bride cried all that night, and threw up twice. But, with the passage of time, she became a sexual enthusiast."

It was Nancy's turn to reply by not replying. She understood the tale. It frightened her to understand so easily that, from gruesome beginnings, sexual enthusiasm could grow and grow.

"You're a very typical nothinghead," said Billy. "If you dare to think about it now, you'll realize that you're angry because I'm such a bad lover, and a funny-looking shrimp besides. And what you can't help dreaming about from now on is a really suitable mate for a Juno like yourself."

"You'll find him, too—tall and strong and gentle. The nothinghead movement is growing by leaps and bounds."

"But—" said Nancy, and she stopped there. She looked out a porthole at the rising sun.

"But what?"

"The world is in the mess it is today because of the nothingheadedness of olden times. Don't you see?" She was pleading weakly. "The world can't afford sex anymore."

"Of course it can afford sex," said Billy. "All it can't afford anymore is reproduction."

"Then why the laws?"

"They're bad laws," said Billy. "If you

go back through history, you'll find that the people who have been most eager to rule, to make the laws, to enforce the laws and to tell everybody exactly how God Almighty wants things here on Earth—those people have forgiven themselves and their friends for anything and everything. But they have been absolutely disgusted and terrified by the natural sexuality of common men and women.

"Why this is, I do not know. That is one of the many questions I wish somebody would ask the machines. I do know this: The triumph of that sort of disgust and terror is now complete. Almost every man and woman looks and feels like something the cat dragged in. The only sexual beauty that an ordinary human being can see today is in the woman who will kill him. Sex is death. There's a short and nasty equation for you: 'Sex is death. Q. E. D.'

"So you see, Nancy," said Billy, "I have spent this night, and many others like it, attempting to restore a certain amount of innocent pleasure to the world, which is poorer in pleasure than it needs to be."

Nancy sat down quietly and bowed her head.

"I'll tell you what my grandfather did on the dawn of his wedding night," said Billy.

"I don't think I want to hear it."

"It isn't violent. It's—it's meant to be tender."

"Maybe that's why I don't want to hear it."

"He read his bride a poem." Billy took the book from the table, opened it. "His diary tells which poem it was. While we aren't bride and groom, and while we may not meet again for many years, I'd like to read this poem to you, to have you know I've loved you."

"Please—no. I couldn't stand it."

"All right. I'll leave the book here, with the place marked, in case you want to read it later. It's the poem beginning:

'How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.'

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.'

Billy put a small bottle on top of the book. "I am also leaving you these pills. If you take one a month, you will never have children. And still you'll be a nothinghead."

And he left. And they all left but Nancy.

When Nancy raised her eyes at last to the book and bottle, she saw that there was a label on the bottle. What the label said was this: WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE.



PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 67)

and West." A chapter from his forthcoming book "Philosopher in the Kitchen" will appear in PLAYBOY later this year.

GOD IS A FINANCIAL EXPEDIENT

The death-of-God theology is a financial expedient. What does a theologian or a clergyman do when he realizes that God is a figment of man's imagination? He may become an agnostic or an atheist, in which case he is unemployed; or he may do some mystical wool pulling and promulgate such metaphysical mumbo jumbo as the death of God. Result: He can still be an atheist while the offering in that old collection plate keeps rolling in.

Joseph L. Watts
Livermore, California

CLERICAL COMMENDATION

I recently saw Hefner on the *Tonight Show*. In spite of the brevity of the appearance and the constant commercial interruptions, I was impressed with what PLAYBOY's Editor-Publisher had to say. I think that he has a better view of the over-all change that is taking place in our society—and the interrelatedness of various tendencies—than he has expressed so far in *The Playboy Philosophy*. I agree with his linking such changes as the Sexual Revolution and civil rights,

and hear him loud and clear on the difficulty of instituting a satisfactory morality where there has heretofore been none at all.

The Rev. W. Jerrold West
First Methodist Church
Tracy, California

HEFNER AND RELIGION

Our school is conducting a seminar on religious thought. We are discussing the works of contemporary philosophers who have greatly influenced the trend of religious thinking. It might interest you to know that, among others, we are studying Martin Buber, Paul Tillich, Pierre Babin and Hugh Hefner.

Rafael Custodio, Jr.
De La Salle College
Manila, Philippines

PLAYBOY AND THE CHURCH

PLAYBOY is one of the most outstanding magazines on the American scene today, addressing itself to those areas of concern that for too many years the church has neglected. On more than one occasion, I have assigned readings in PLAYBOY to adult and high school Christian-education classes.

The Rev. Father Robert N. Willing
Mount Vernon, New York

INSPIRATION FOR THE CLERGY

Emerson said, "I once heard a preacher who sorely tempted me to say I would go to church no more." I feel now as he did then. So many clergymen give me the impression that they have never lived. The situation is especially disheartening for the aspiring young preseminary or seminary student.

I used to feel that my church was offering nothing to society and that it would be useless to enter the ministry. Then I read PLAYBOY and was greatly inspired. In PLAYBOY I read letters from clergymen who are, indeed, living and finding it possible to do worthwhile work in their communities. I realize now that I should not give up my plans because my church seems moribund but that I should do whatever I can to put new life into it.

James Rathlesberger
University of California
Berkeley, California

HONEST PHILOSOPHY

I have recently read *The Playboy Philosophy* and must applaud Hefner for his intellectual honesty. It is refreshing, indeed, to find individuals who are prepared to put down on paper what they really think rather than what other people would prefer to hear.

I don't agree with all Hefner says, but I believe that PLAYBOY is doing a service to the world. PLAYBOY shows us what the young man about town is really thinking and indicates to people such as myself where his problems lie. Carry on the good work.

The Rev. H. Callaghan
Press and Publicity Officer
Diocese of Guyana
Georgetown, Guyana

CLERICAL SUBSCRIBERS

In response to confirmation that clergy may subscribe to PLAYBOY for two dollars a year, the ministers listed below desire to receive subscriptions. All are clergy in the Greater Kansas City area. Most are Methodists, but the list includes Disciples of Christ, Presbyterians and others.

Thank you for this opportunity. I trust that other clergymen will be interested and that their subscriptions will be of value to them.

L. Vann Anderson, Jr.
Methodist Metropolitan Planning
Commission
Kansas City, Missouri

Enclosed with Mr. Anderson's letter was a check for \$70 and a list of 35 Kansas City clergymen who will now regularly receive PLAYBOY.

CLERICAL CRIBBING

Stop patting yourself on the back for the laudatory mail you've been receiving from clergymen. There are still men of the cloth who feel that Somebody up



"... That's practically a new garment, Mrs. Kraus—it belonged to a transvestite who just wore it evenings around the house. . . ."

there doesn't like you. Enclosed is a newspaper account of an attack on **PLAYBOY** by the Reverend Joseph P. Sanders, a sociology professor at Wheeling College, West Virginia. Father Sanders' denunciation of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and **PLAYBOY** in a speech delivered at West Virginia State College received front-page coverage in the *Wheeling News-Register*. This should come as no surprise, since Wheeling is the enlightened community that jailed disc jockey Donn Caldwell and has been grinding its teeth ever since **PLAYBOY** helped get him released. What is your reaction to Father Sanders' earth-shaking remarks?

John Davis

Wheeling, West Virginia

Boredom. The thoughts and many of the words in Father Sanders' speech—as reported in the *News-Register*—are old stuff, coming from an article by the noted theologian Harvey Cox entitled "Playboy's Doctrine of Male" and published in the April 1961 issue of *Christianity and Crisis*. It is instructive to compare the Cox substance with the Sanders shadow. Both launch their attack with the peculiar paradox that because **PLAYBOY** vigorously approves of sex, it must "really" be against sex. Cox says **PLAYBOY** is "basically antisexual," while Sanders says it's "an antisex magazine." Both use the phrase "guidebook to identity" to describe their charge that **PLAYBOY** is undertaking to define the modern male role for its readers. Cox says, "PLAYBOY speaks to those who desperately want to know what it means to be a man, and more specifically a male, in today's world." Sanders declares that we "tell the young male in our American culture who he is to be and how he is to act."

Cox made, and Sanders repeats, the charge that **PLAYBOY** puts sex on a level with book-club selections, sports cars and liquor. "Sex must be contained at all costs, within the entertainment-recreation area," says Cox. "Sex is to be kept in the area of entertainment," echoes Sanders. Both unchivalrously drag in our Playmate of the Month as a witness for the prosecution. "When playtime is over," says Cox, "the Playmate's function ceases." "When the time is over," parrots Sanders, "the Playmate is to be put back in her playpen."

One of Cox's best-known passages purports to describe the **PLAYBOY** reader: "The style will change and he must always be ready to adjust. His persistent anxiety that he may mix a drink incorrectly, enjoy a jazz group that is passé or wear last year's necktie is comforted by an authoritative tone in **PLAYBOY** beside which papal encyclicals sound irresolute." These lines have traveled across the Atlantic and back with minor alterations. For instance, George Hopton, general secretary of the Student Christian Movement, used the thought in a speech



"You seem to forget, young lady! You threw yourself on the mercy of this court!"

at a Canadian college in October 1964. He described **PLAYBOY** as "a guidebook with an authoritative tone beside which papal encyclicals appear indecisive." England's Nick Stacey, rector of Woolwich, said in the October 1966 Town magazine that **PLAYBOY** speaks "with an authority that makes papal decrees sound permissive." When it came Father Sanders' turn to borrow the passage, he chose not to vary it at all. He is quoted in the *News-Register* as using Cox's original statement word for word.

Anyone interested in **PLAYBOY**'s replies to these criticisms is invited to turn to *Installments I and II* of "The Playboy Philosophy," in which Hefner quoted Cox's article at length and rebutted it point by point. Since then, Cox has appeared on numerous television panels in friendly discussion with Hefner, has participated in the "Playboy Panel" on "Religion and the New Morality" and has contributed articles to **PLAYBOY** (See "God and the Hippies" on page 93 of this issue). Most significant, Cox has conceded that his "original view of **PLAYBOY** has changed, just as **PLAYBOY** itself has changed."

There still seems to exist, however, a small "Cox's army" of clergymen who find

inspiration in this seven-year-old document without being aware that its notations have been refuted by Hefner and abandoned by the brighter clerical minds in this country. From time to time, readers have sent us texts of sermons or essays from parish bulletins in which the hand is the hand of the Reverend So-and-so but the voice is the voice of Harvey Cox. Small wonder these derrière-garde clergymen seem unable to adapt their views to current conditions when even their polemics are based on research about as relevant and up to date as the Edsel.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



A LATIN FROM KILLARNEY (continued from page 115)

to squat, if he could, on his second's knee. He lost the second round by simply falling against the strong, round chest of Sam O'Rourke and being cross-buttocked and thrown roughly to the sawdust. In the third round, Packy drove a strong right fist into Sam's eye and shut off the light as if a candle had been tamped out by a snuffer. But the power of the blow weakened Packy and a light gib sent him to one knee.

The next round was the last, for there is little suspense to the story of the bare-knuckle contest between O'Reilly and O'Rourke. In the next round, Packy O'Reilly, who was nearly champion of the British Empire, was pushed like a heavy weight off the knee of his second, the dependable Lynch, waddled up to scratch like an ailing duck, threw his right mauley aimlessly into the air like an amateur butterfly catcher and was rewarded with a left hook from the now one-eyed O'Rourke that struck Packy in an extremely vulnerable place, where he had been depositing his fine Irish whiskeys—his overfleshed belly.

Down fell Packy O'Reilly. Nose-deep in the sawdust he lay. And great was the merriment of the O'Rourke clientele when their champion performed an Irish jig over the fallen body of the visitor. It was drinks on the house that night and happy cries of freeloaders, "Up Big Sam!" As for Packy O'Reilly, not only was he out his \$1000, his life's savings, he was told that he would be allowed only one more day of hospitality at Sam O'Rourke's. After that, he was out on his penniless own.

Two days after his debacle in the blood pit, Paco's bloodied and bowed ancestor was staggering along the New Orleans waterfront. He was reduced to begging for his drinks. It seemed his only chance was to ship out on a merchant schooner, which was not much higher than the life of a common slave, or to pick up a job on a side-wheeler moving up the Mississippi. That was when he fell to the wiles of a passing recruiter for the Army of the United States. General Winfield Scott was raising an invasion force to sail to Veracruz and "teach them dirty spics a lesson." That was the beginning of the century in which the Yankees were always going off to teach some poor Latin a lesson at the end of a canon or a bayonet. The sergeant happened to be an Irishman himself, which helped things along. He lead Packy to the nearest waterfront saloon and set him up to a double whiskey with an ale chaser, which helped things along even more. The war would be a short one and a merry one, said the sergeant. Everyone knew the spics couldn't fight. The pay would be only ten dollars a month, but there would be plenty of side advantages—a rich, exotic country that

would be easy pickings and all the beautiful and willing *señoritas* a man—a red-blooded he-man like Packy O'Reilly—could ask for.

On the third round of drinks, Packy signed up with the famous, or infamous, Fighting Harps of the Second Brigade. The transport ship was a top-heavy scow that had been converted to wartime duty. Packy lost to the violence of the Gulf of Mexico those 20 pounds he should have cast off in a more constructive way, preparing for his fray with Sam O'Rourke. When he staggered ashore—it seemed from Paco's account that great-grandfather Packy was forever staggering for one good reason or another—at Veracruz, he took a solemn oath in the name of his blessed mother, with a string of Hail Marys for good measure, that he would never set foot on another ship again. "Sure and how will you get away from this stinkin' country?" asked his side-kick, Tom Sullivan.

"I'll walk," Packy swore. "I'll crawl. I'll make paper wings and fly. I'll do anything before I ever put foot again on one of these blitherin' sea devils."

The redoubtable General Scott rode a tired horse while most of his disgruntled Yankees dragged themselves behind him. There were red bugs and mosquitoes and heat that left the skin a crazy quilt of hot, wet patches to be scratched to the bleeding point. And just what this war was about remained a mystery to Packy, Tom and his Irish chums, most of them refugees from the terrible potato famine. If it had been a war against the bloody British, now, that would have been something worth the red bugs and the flies and the sharp points of the cactuses that seemed to reach out like long arms to tear at a man's worn khakis. On toward Mexico City they scratched and straggled, prepared to do battle with the wily Santa Anna. But Santa Anna, a man of bold pronouncements and erratic militarism, chose to abandon the city after grandly promising to defend it. There was a short, bloody battle at Churubusco, where Packy and Tom and the other Irish mercenaries of the invading Yankees felt somewhat conscience-stricken to find themselves having captured not a fort but a chapel. They fell to their knees before the golden altar that their artillery had partially destroyed and begged forgiveness for their Catholic souls.

Then they were ordered on to secure the shuttered city of Mexico that the great defender Santa Anna had left to the mercies of the vigorous but militarily inefficient Winfield Scott. The streets were deserted. As the Yankees, with their Irish rag-tail regiment, marched through the old Colonial streets, they sang *Green Grow the Lilacs* and, according to Paco, the besieged Mexicans began to call them "green-grows" or

"gringos," a name that soon enjoyed a central place in the derisive vocabulary of the *Latinos*.

Finally, the gringos encountered their first and only resistance. It came, surprisingly, not from the regulars of the Mexican National Army but from the military school cadets, some 300 of them, foolish, brave, insanely patriotic boys of 15 or 16 who refused to surrender. To compensate for the cowardice of Santa Anna, they had dedicated themselves to one of those *beaux gestes* of futility. While the cursing, sticky-hot invaders moved in to wipe them out, these inspired or demented children stood their ground and fired their ancient rifles. They would make those foreigners fight for every foot of their military school campus. Backing up reluctantly until they were on the precipice of the promontory on which their school was built, they would wrap themselves in Mexican flags and hurl themselves over the edge, shouting, "Death before surrender!" and "Viva Mexico!" into the falling air.

Packy O'Reilly fired his rifle and a boy who looked about 14 years old fell to the ground, squirming in pain. Packy went forward and knelt over him. He saw the boy pull the crucifix from his shirt and kiss it. His eyes were very young and nearly dead and it gave Packy an uneasy feeling when the boy, in his final suffering, tried to talk and bloody bubbles would form on his lips. "What the hell is he tryin' to say?" Packy O'Reilly asked.

Tom Sullivan, who had picked up a few words of the spic lingo, said, "The kid says he's a Catholic—he's afraid he'll wind up in purgatory if he doesn't get the last rites."

"Where in hell is the chaplain?" said Packy.

"What good is he, our fuggin' chaplain is a goddamned Protestant," said Tom.

So Packy tried to take the religion into his own hands. He said, "Son, I am a Catholic, too. I am a chaplain. I will give you the last rites." And he said all the right words, "Hail, Mary, full of grace," that he had learned as a good little rosy-faced altar boy in Killarney.

The 14-year-old Niño Héroe smiled, almost, and thanked him and said, "God bless my mother and my father and my two brothers who have just died also. God bless Mexico. Viva Mexico!" And he closed his eyes and his troubles were over.

The death of the 14-year-old Niño must have been sickening, even to a tough hide like Packy O'Reilly. In a single moment, he was no longer fighting merely an itchy, uncomfortable war that he despised and wished to hell he had never signed himself into, he was supporting the head of a young fellow Catholic who was dying in defense of his land, of his school, of his people, of his

pride. And it was Packy, an aiming but aimless prize fighter from Ireland, who had murdered him. That was when Packy went *loco*. "Goddamn it, Tom," he said, "we're fighting on the wrong god-damn side. All we're doin' is killin' fellow Catholics for them bleedin' British Protestants who came to America. To hell with it; if I have to fight for anybody, I'll fight for the Catholics and a kick in the fat arse of General Scott!"

It was a whole new way of looking at the war. Tom Sullivan said how the idea suited him fine, and Billy Kane, a corporal, said he was ready, and the spirit of rebellion, always close to the skin in the strange, hot-blooded Irishers, broke loose, burst, split at the seams and out poured the Irish regiment, rank deserters to the North American cause but Catholic heroes, defenders of the one true Church, according to their adopted Mexico.

So Packy and Tom and Billy and others like them fanned out and hid in sympathetic Indian huts. They regrouped into what they called St. Patrick's Brigade to fight for the other side, for God and for country. It was almost as if they were home in Ireland. They slept with Mexican girls, who taught them the language and the culture and the color and the pleasant feel of their new world. They fought bravely and most of them survived.

Ten years later, *Señor* Packy was a

happy—well, at least a *married*—man with half a dozen freckled Indian kids and a small grocery store in one of the Nahuatl villages outside Mexico City. He spoke Spanish and—when he was drunk on his new-found mescal—a little Gaelic, but he had practically forgotten his English and he would curse the gringos like any good Mexican. Only in the time of Juárez and Lincoln did he soften, for even as an aging father, he was ready to follow the Indian from Oaxaca against the French invaders; when Lincoln spoke out in the same way and sent letters of sympathy to Benito Juárez acknowledging their common cause against slavery, oppression and foreign intervention, then old Packy, a true Mexican son of Killarney, would grumble that maybe there was a little good in some of the gringos, after all—at least those like old Abe, who were able to throw off their British high hat of superiority. . . .

A lot of *Escocés* had flown over the bar, along with the blood, sweat and piety of Packy O'Reilly. Tia Serafina's was quiet now. The *mariachis* were huddled in a corner, having sung and drunk themselves into well-earned slumber. The great-grandson of the original O'Reilly was leaning heavily on the bar, as if exhausted by reliving Packy's adventures.

"So, *amigo*," I said to Paco, "you are an Irishman, after all."

"*Soy Mexicano*," Paco O'Reilly growled. "I have proud to be a Mexican. Anyone who calls me anything else had better be ready to come outside and fight me in the street."

He turned and pushed his strong chest against me. "Now you tell me, am I a Mexican, or—"

He was never more Irish than in the way he protested it.

"Paco O'Reilly," I said. "Why should we fight? Of course you are a Mexican. A loyal son of the eagle and the serpent."

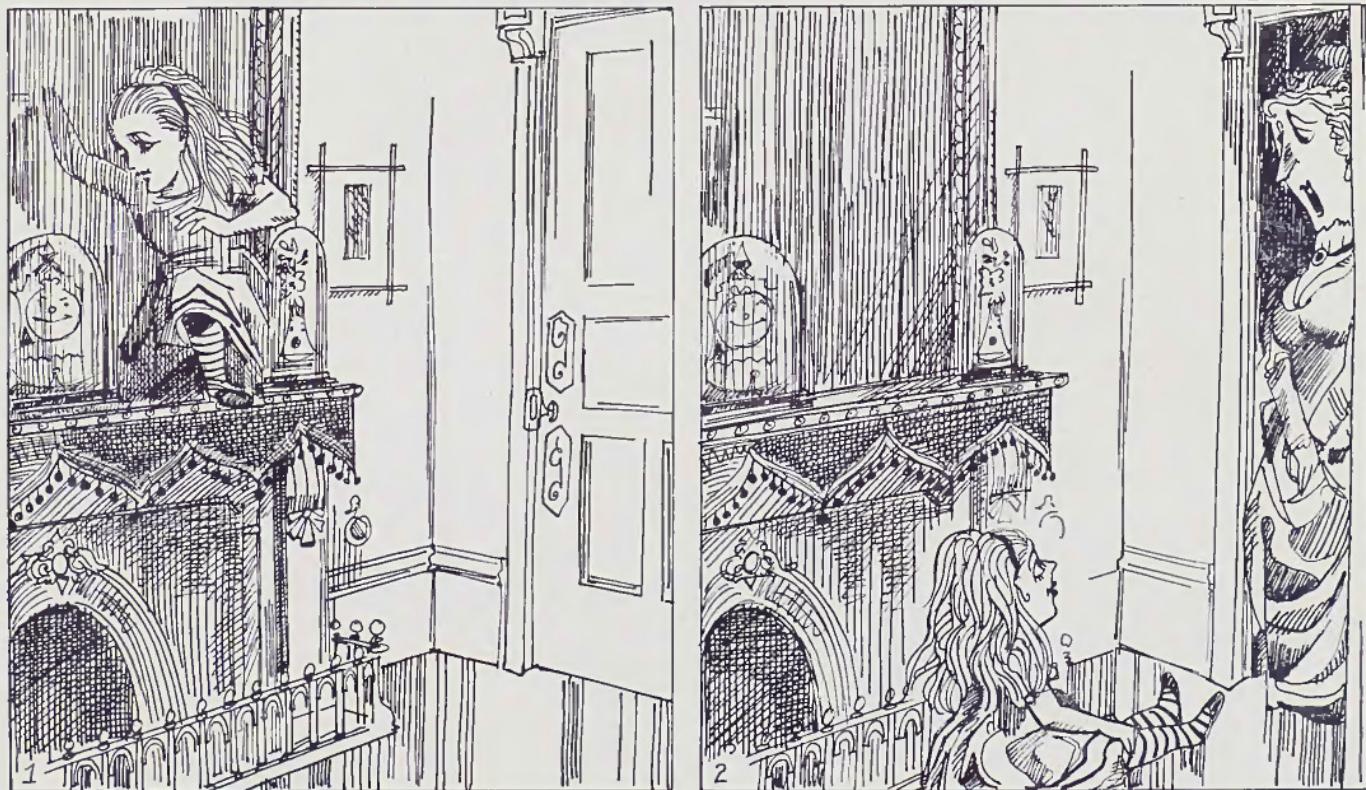
"To that I will drink," said Paco O'Reilly. And somehow he managed to find his mouth with the glass. "Always you will be my very good friend. Even if you are a gringo."

Then he broke into song, not *Ireland Must Be Heaven* but *Yo Soy Mexicano*, the national anthem of the cantinas. As we left Tia Serafina's arm in arm, we were singing it together.

Tomorrow I would find my official guide at the Hotel Hilton and he would take me to the national palace and explain the Rivera murals panel by panel. But it was the night at Serafina's that I would remember, when *Señor* Paco O'Reilly led me back into a forgotten chapter of Irish-Mexican history, face to face with a Latin from Killarney.



FOIKES



"What's the matter, child, can't you think of anything to do?"

GOD AND THE HIPPIES

(continued from page 94)

Scholars of the great world religions may be scornful of the pop Zen and teeny-bopper Hinduism abroad in the land. They have reason to be apprehensive, since hippie versions of these traditions are often bizarre. Still, the coming interaction of the faiths of the world cannot be programmed along lines laid down by orthodox theologians. When religions rub shoulders, the result often appears unfavorable to traditionalists. There is no doubt that aspects of Christianity, Buddhism and Hinduism will find their way into one another's religious practices in future years. The parts of these faiths that are borrowed may surprise and even anger the orthodox of all camps. It has always been so. Whatever else happens, Christianity will have to come to terms with the unavoidable fact that it is no longer the only religious option for young Americans. The choice is no longer Christian, Jew or atheist. Christianity will also have to recognize that in a postindustrial, leisure society, people will have more time for meditation and for cultivating the kinds of religious practices that have been so highly developed in some Oriental countries—and so underdeveloped in the West. Its encounter with these venerable traditions may stimulate Christianity to emphasize again the neglected aspects of its own tradition. Christian mysticism may not be lost forever.

But there are at least three facets of the hippie phenomenon that many people would insist are totally incompatible

with Christianity and should be judged in the severest possible terms. Hippies take drugs, derogate work and make love in open defiance of conventional ideas about sexual morality. To those who drop out of the job market, smoke pot and exalt Eros, can Christianity say anything except "No! No! No!"?

What about the drugs? Everyone knows that many hippies puff marijuana and take LSD trips. Surely, here is one place where Christianity can say nothing but a firm and definitive nay. Or should it? It is true that although chemical substances that influence the mind have been used by many religions in the past, Christianity has never sanctioned this practice. Many theologians remain skeptical of the extravagant descriptions of mystical experiences recounted by returnees from psychedelic trips. But the question is more difficult than it first appears. How should the church respond? First, there is little doubt that present drug laws in America are grotesquely discriminatory. They allow us to inhale nicotine and swill alcohol, but clap people in jail for using marijuana. They fail to discriminate between nonaddictive and addictive or between the so-called "mind drugs," such as marijuana, and the "body drugs," such as opium and cocaine. They are unevenly enforced. The thousands of middle-class people who occasionally smoke pot usually get away with it, while kids with beards may end up behind bars for five years. Our drug laws today are panicky and irrational.

One thing the church could do, though it probably will not, is to push for a thoroughgoing reform of the whole field of narcotics control. Marijuana, which most authorities believe is no more addictive than alcohol, should probably be legalized.

To get an ounce of grass today, a person must act in defiance of the law, enter into risky, illegal relationships and put his whole career in jeopardy. Though this discourages some curiosity seekers from trying, the intriguing illicitness of the whole thing is just what attracts young people. Some of the allure would disappear if pot were as available as, say, bourbon. LSD is different. We need more research before we know what its real possibilities and dangers are, research that is impossible as long as the present repressive atmosphere obtains.

But the interest in the temporary ecstasy produced by psychedelics raises a much more profound question for the church, perhaps even a theological one. Why has conventional Christianity turned its back on man's age-old quest for the ecstatic and the mystical? Has Western religion and its obsessive interest in doctrinal clarity and rational formulation lost sight of a very significant aspect of religious experience? As conventional religion has squeezed out the irrational and emotional elements, has it forced people to search elsewhere for what may be a persistent need in human life? Early Christians undoubtedly had ecstatic experiences—speaking in tongues and hearing voices. But people who claim to have such experiences today are packed off to a headshrinker. Throughout Christian history, however, there has been a persistent and recurring element of emotionality that has usually been discouraged but has frequently burst out with real power. Mystics, visionaries, seers and holy men have rarely become popes or bishops, but they have often revived the sagging spirituality of the church in times of vacuousness and religious drought. Most of us would be embarrassed by the behavior of our great-grandparents at the camp meetings and revivals of mid-19th Century America. We are so afraid of the emotional element in religion that we may have pushed people in search of the numinous to look elsewhere.

Man cannot live without moments of emotional release, yet our society today is highly rationalized. The bureaucratic niches into which most of our hours are squeezed leave less and less space for that vast world of fantasy and rapture that is still so important in the human psyche. No doubt it would be preferable to find pathways to the ecstatic that do not rely on chemicals—just as it would be nice to induce gaiety and relaxation without martinis—but this would require a society very different from the one we have today. In the meantime, it



"Ho, ho, ho! That's his answer for everything!"

seems hypocritical for a whole population that is hooked on pep pills, tranquilizers and booze to wreak vengeance on a group that prefers other chemicals—and weeds. If our attitude toward mind-changing substances were based on rational research, rather than on fancied effects, the situation would be greatly improved. But the larger question is how we can move toward an age where people like Saint Theresa would not be locked in a psychiatric ward and where the desire to experience a trance would be accepted as a normal human aspiration. Here Christianity is challenged to exhibit a sensitivity to the religious needs of postindustrial man that it has not yet displayed. Until it does, the sugar cube will continue to be a temptation.

Another complaint people frequently make about the hippies is that they are parasites. They make no contribution to society. They live off the sweat of other people's brows. This is a familiar accusation to students of religious history. Gibbon contended that the refusal of the early Christians to participate fully in the life of the Roman Empire contributed to its collapse. In the Middle Ages, many people were resentful of what they took to be sloth and irresponsibility on the part of monks and friars. These critics often asked angrily why hard-working folk should drop coins in the bowls of seedy characters who did nothing but pray and meditate and sing all day. Such resentment of the sycophancy of monks reached its peak with Martin Luther—who closed the monasteries and abolished mendicancy. Calvin felt just as strongly on the subject, and we are all still Calvinists at heart. Our faith in work—and our resentment of people who don't—still colors our attitudes today. Underneath, of course, we may betray a secret jealousy. We have to get up in the morning and catch the 7:42; they don't. And this is enough to make anyone resentful.

The real question, however, is whether our traditional Calvinist work ethic will make any sense in a computer civilization. If technological forecasts are correct, in a few decades machines may take over much of what we now call work. Automation will replace human energy not only in skilled labor but in middle management, merchandising and many of the service industries. The work week will melt to 30 hours, then to 20. Vacations will increase. Retirement will come earlier. Already, some apprehensive observers have begun to ask the disturbing question—what will we do with so much time on our hands?

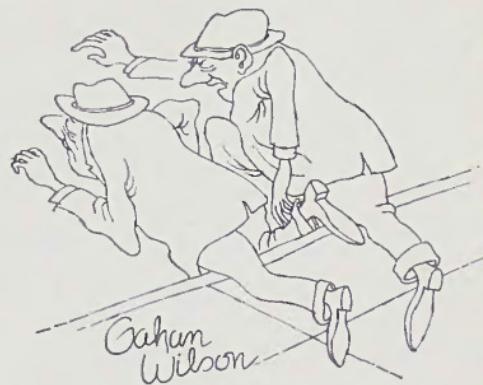
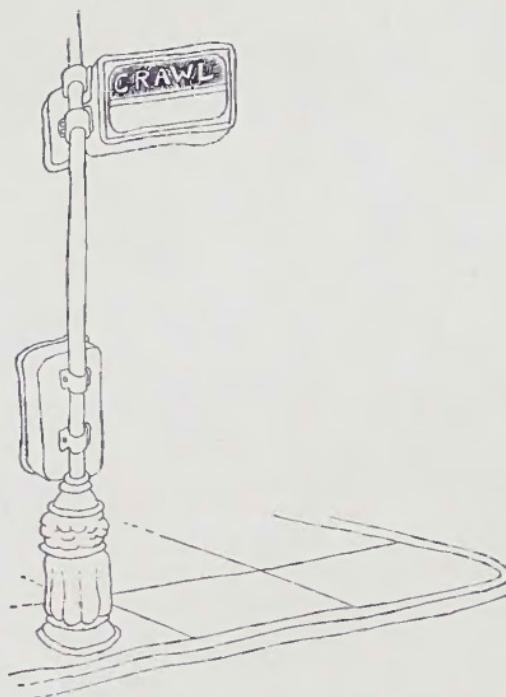
The usual answer given to this question is that we must outgrow our preoccupation with work as the sole means of achieving human fulfillment. We must embrace leisure and rebuild our civilization not on production values but on a

different basis, one that will encourage play, meditation and the cultivation of the aesthetic and artistic sides of man's nature.

Some social critics merely smile sadly when they hear this now-familiar call. They would like to see a postindustrial civilization where the quest for human self-fulfillment replaces the pursuit of an expanding G.N.P. as the basic purpose of the society. But they doubt that ordinary people will ever be able to rise above TV and bowling leagues as an answer to increased leisure. Exactly here, the hippie life style may have something to say to us. Many of these youngsters come from ordinary middle-class families, where the parents bowl and watch TV. They themselves, however, prefer to paint, make movies, write poetry, meditate, frolic in meadows and talk to one another endlessly about God and love and what it means to be human. In doing so, they may be engaging in advanced research for the whole society, devising a new leisure life style. Their mode of existence may seem frivolous and even irresponsible

to many of us now, but it could make good sense in the coming automated age.

Can we really stand to live in a workless society? The idea that every able-bodied person should be engaged in a productive job is almost a truism today. A generation of labor leaders has worked hard to make "full employment" an accepted goal of national policy. Deeply marked by the Depression memory of the humiliation unemployment can inflict on men's spirits, they are shocked by any suggestion that eventually full employment may no longer be a worthwhile national goal. Yet there have been societies in the past in which other values—prayer or play or something else—have been more important than work. True, these values have usually appeared either in societies where nature was generous and food and shelter were not pressing problems or in societies where armies of slaves or serfs did the toiling. But this is just the point. Man may now stand at the beginning of an era in which the struggle for food and shelter need no longer claim his every



"What I mean, the cops in this town are tough!"

waking moment. Instead of an elite culture built on the bent backs of peons, we may soon rely on mechanical slaves to do our work. The kind of life that was once the prerogative of a small coterie at the top may become available to all. If this should happen, what would it mean for Christianity?

Christianity claims to be a universal faith, not just an ideology for economics of scarcity or a discipline for industrialization. But the church has rarely been challenged to provide meaning and value for a society of leisure and indescribable abundance. One challenge the hippies present to the church is simply this: If the hippie way of life is not the one for the workless world, what is?

Here again, Christianity may have to delve into aspects of its tradition that no one has taken seriously for centuries. It was Jesus himself, after all, who taught his disciples to take no thought for the morrow, to consider the lilies rather than worry about what they would eat or wear, even to leave behind their fishing nets—their sole visible means of support—and to follow him into a life where they would have no place to lay their heads. Much to the embarrassment of generations of preachers, Jesus commended Mary, who was simply sitting and talking with him, rather than Martha, who was busily preparing supper. It is hard to make Jesus an exemplar of the Protestant work ethic.

Yet another objection people make to the hippies is that they do not pretend to conform to conventional sexual mores. Most of us realize, of course, that the stated sex ethic of society is not the one that is practiced. Yet, for some reason, the hippies' refusal to be hypocritical about sex bothers us as much as their smoking pot or not working. Even in a society as drenched with sexual stimulation as ours, this simple affirmation that making love is good and we should do it often and unhesitatingly comes as a shock.

Again, this conventional attitude may betray the provincialism to which Western Christianity has fallen captive. Orientals sometimes slyly suggest that although America may be economically advanced, it is an erotically underdeveloped nation. Some critics lay the blame for our fear and rejection of sexuality almost solely at the doorstep of Christianity. I doubt that this is true. The U. S. S. R. has been going through a period of severe sexual repressiveness for years and the same seems to be true of China. The tendency to suppress sexuality probably has more to do with the discipline and delayed gratification required by industrialization than it does with Christianity, although certain elements of Christianity admittedly lent themselves very readily to this use. Still, there can be no doubt that the combination of religious repression and industrial work schedules has played havoc with the

love lives of millions of people. Lewis Mumford once wrote that we will never be able to calculate the damage inflicted on generations of factory workers simply because their long hours and exhausting jobs meant that they could make love only when they were tired or rushed. He is right. It is too bad that during this period, instead of defending the human right to make love to one's mate in un hurried joy, the preacher was ordinarily prodding his listener to work even harder in the sweatshop—and making him feel guilty for the brief bliss he was able to have in bed.

Now, with more time to develop the erotic side of human life, Western post-industrial man finds himself stunted and insecure. He oscillates giddily between suppression and self-indulgence. Sex ethics are in chaos and the hippies respond with a simple affirmation that sex is good and that's that. Their position hardly provides an adequate ethic for our time, but it does challenge the church to devise a sex ethic that will transcend present prudery and hypocrisy. The challenge is comparable with the one posed for the work ethic. Just as the economy of scarcity is disappearing, so the society requiring endlessly delayed gratification may also be expiring. Christian sex ethics in the past have too often been based on the *dangers* of sex—disease, disgrace and unwanted pregnancy. The hippies seem to want to pull out all the stops, but theirs is an overreaction that should have been expected. What we need now is a sexual ethic based on the *goodness* of sex—its joy, its beauty and its power to effectuate communication. Promiscuity is to be avoided now not because sex is evil but because sex in the context of a wider, deeper and more enduring relationship is so much more significant. The present crisis in sexual ethics challenges us to redefine marriage not as a license for intercourse, not as a remedy for sin, but as the way to build the permanent and comprehensive context without which the significance of sex is often dissipated.

But does Christianity have the resources to fashion an affirmative sex ethic? To say the least, Christianity is short on erotic literature. There is the sensuous *Song of Songs* in the Old Testament, which ought to be read—especially by youngsters—much more than it is today. John Donne once wrote some lovely poems that are both erotic and theological. But in its effort to forge a sexual ethic that affirms the goodness and pleasurable of sex and at the same time calls for maturity and accountability in its use, Christianity will have to overcome many elements in its history.

The earliest Christian theologians, shocked by the sexual excesses of the late Roman Empire, recoiled for the most part into a preoccupation with

the virtue of chastity. Saint Augustine, whose conversion to Christianity was closely tied up with his guilt feelings about his youthful amours, built an anti-sexual bias into Christian theology very early in the game. Luther was considerably earthier, so much so that for years his coarse remarks about sex supplied juicy fuel for the fires of Catholic polemicists. Still, when one surveys the whole history of Christian sexual ethics, it is clear that much remains to be done. One reason for this is simply that there were other battles to fight first, such as ensuring the position of women. The church fought a centurylong battle to make sure marriages were based on consent and were not mere property transactions. In the past 300 years, Christian sex ethics have been virtually indistinguishable from the mores of bourgeois society. But the hippies are anything but bourgeois. In their effort to find some way to understand sex, they have turned to versions of Hindu sexual mysticism or to indiscriminate orgiastic. They often fail to see the enormous powers of self-deception inherent in sex—or to recognize that a focusing of sexual energy into a continuing human relationship can enhance rather than diminish the erotic quality.

Christianity does have something to learn from the hippies, but I do not think the church's attitude toward them should exclude all elements of criticism or even judgment. Like every human movement, the hippies have their weaknesses and are subject to the same corroding corruption that besets us all. Already, there are sectarian disputes among the nonleaders of the different hippie tribes. Father figures such as Timothy Leary have emerged and, despite themselves, often elicit attitudes of dependency in their young followers that are just as constricting as the ones the hippies seek to escape at home. Commercialism has reared its seductive head; the Jefferson Airplane made a musical commercial to sell White Levis. There is an enormous danger that whatever the movement does have to offer will be inundated by overexposure and by America's indefatigable capacity to co-opt its opposition into court jesters.

Perhaps the greatest danger the movement must confront is that its present theology, however confused and eclectic, still contains very little corrective to just plain self-indulgence. Hippies tend to see *all* sin as part of the world from which they dropped out. Their own tribes are pure and undefiled. This kind of moral chiaroscuro can lead to a terrible arrogance and to a pouty kind of self-righteousness. When softened by love and tolerance, it isn't so bad; but when it gets overzealous, it can be quite ugly. As one ardent young hippie once told me, "Everything I do is an act of love, even if it doesn't seem like it to anyone else." I'd prefer to be delivered

from that kind of love and live with people who know that human motives are usually very mixed.

I'm also a little worried about the political naïveté of many hippies. To declare your independence from society doesn't mean society won't be able to devise ways to use you. There have been romantic youth protests in the past that have later become ensnared in tragic political movements. Never was there a fresher, more innocent or more bucolic youth movement than that which emerged in Germany right after World War One. Deserting city life and the debilitating refinements of society, young people pedaled out to the countryside with knapsacks to find nature, God and purity. That movement disappeared almost without trace into the *Hitlerjugend* of the 1930s. If the hippie movement grows, it will become interesting to political leaders—including demagogues. Will it be strong enough and sufficiently self-conscious to prevent itself from being exploited? Will it eventually be had?

Finally, there is an element of truth in the assertion that hippie dropoutism represents a refusal to love the hungry neighbor, if that neighbor happens to be in India or Brazil. For the young people of the famine zones, no amount of LSD, pot or barefoot frolicking will get them through the day. They need food, and for them, in contrast to my hippie informant in Haight, food is not. Will the preliminary alienation of the hippies lead eventually to a more sophisticated and creative form of alienation, one that strives for real social change? Or will the hippies be content to wait for an apocalypse, a collapse of the present inhuman order, no matter how long it takes and no matter how many people starve in the interim?

Of course, the hippies are not socially engaged and are not doing much directly about famine in India or apartheid in South Africa. The trouble is that most of the people who voice this criticism of them are not doing much about these things, either. Even those who think they are making a difference may be deceiving themselves. Here, the hippies remind us that for many young people, there just seems to be no way to do anything that will change anything. They have seen the civil rights movement fade and the peace demonstrations fail to accomplish their ends. They see little difference between the political parties and find little to choose between what they know of America and what they hear about the U.S.S.R. It is clear that if young people with this mentality are to be persuaded of the worth of political participation, our political institutions will need major overhauling and our policy options must be real ones. Alternatives must be widened and the number of choices expanded. Otherwise, the

"refreshingly different"

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dropout culture will burgeon, the society will become more rigid and real citizen participation in American life will become a distant memory, ritually re-enacted in New England town meetings.

What will eventually happen to today's hippies? Many adults declare bravely and with a note of wishful thinking that they'll all be back eventually, working for insurance companies, mowing their lawns, watching TV. I doubt it. I think the present generational split is more serious than ones we have had in the past, that the present dropout generation has the wherewithal to stay dropped out and that some undoubtedly will. Others will, of course, return, after a sojourn in the East Village or Haight-Ashbury, to become model citizens. Still others, however—and this may be the largest group—will eventually marry, get jobs and settle down, but only more or less. They will not bring to their occupations that life-and-death earnestness old personnel managers looked for. They will take it much easier at work, will maintain contacts with hippie and semi-hippie groups, will have a much more permissive attitude toward sex and may

continue to smoke pot or take an occasional LSD trip. Work will not be their main source of identity and they will raise children who will not have to rebel against the values they rebelled against. But children always have to rebel against something, so the children of today's hippies may eventually enrage their parents by cutting their hair, drinking beer and playing music softly.

Still, whatever eventually happens to the hippie movement, it is a reality today and only the deaf and dumb and blind can avoid responding to it. For Christianity, it poses both a promise and a problem. It demonstrates that man's thirst for God and love and authenticity may take strange forms, but it is never quenched. It also suggests that a church still absorbed in its own internal problems, and often preoccupied with the past, must bestir itself if its discipline and its vision are to mean anything to the young Americans of the Sixties and Seventies. They are hungering for bread. It would be too bad if they had to settle for either a stone or a sugar cube. They deserve better.



"There's the doorbell. I'll get it."



②



③



④

george dole

WHEN EARTHMAN AND ALIEN MEET

(continued from page 126)

100,000 years to cross the width of the galaxy.

Yet this does not prove, as many scientists have rashly argued, that interstellar flight is impossible. There are several ways in which it might be achieved, by technologies that even we can imagine and that might be within our grasp a few centuries from today.

It is highly probable—though not absolutely certain—that the velocity of light can never be exceeded by any material object. Star travel will thus be very time consuming; the duration of voyages will be measured in decades at the very least—more likely, in millenniums. For such short-lived creatures as human beings, this would require multigeneration trips in totally enclosed, self-contained mobile worldlets (little Earths)—or, perhaps less technically demanding, some form of suspended animation.

There is another factor that is almost invariably overlooked in discussions of star travel. Our understandable doubts about the practicability and desirability of such ventures would not be shared by really advanced creatures, who might have unlimited life spans. If we were immortal, the stars would not seem very far away.

It is, therefore, quite unrealistic *not* to expect visitors from deep space, sooner or later. And, of course, a great many people—not all of them cranks—think that they are arriving right now.

UFOlogy is a can of worms into which I refuse to probe. Let us take the line of least resistance and assume that the strange apparitions whizzing through our skies are, indeed, of extraterrestrial origin, and that this is finally proved beyond all reasonable doubt.

The first result would be a drastic lowering of the international temperature; any current wars would rapidly liquidate themselves. This point has been made by numerous writers—starting with the late André Maurois, whose *War Against the Moon* suggested almost half a century ago that the only way to secure peace on Earth would be to manufacture a fake menace from space. A genuine one would be even more effective.

If, however, the E.T.s did nothing, but merely studied us like detached anthropologists, eventually we would resume our pastimes—including minor wars—though with a certain tendency to keep looking over our shoulders. Anyone who has observed the neat farms on the slopes of a volcano will agree that the human race has an astonishing ability to continue life as if nothing has happened, even when something very obviously has. We can be sure, though, that under the cover of normalcy, there would be heroic attempts by all the secret services and intelligence agencies to establish

contact with the aliens—for the exclusive benefit of their respective countries. Every astronomical observatory in the free world would be pelted with largess from the CIA.

Such a situation, though it might endure for a decade or so, could not be stable. Sooner or later, there would be a communications breakthrough—or else the human race would become so exasperated by the spectacle of Olympian indifference that an "Aliens Go Home!" movement would develop. Rude radio noises would eventually escalate to nuclear bombs, at which point the aliens either *would* go home or would take steps to abate the nuisance.

It has often been suggested that the arrival of visitors from space would cause widespread panic; for this reason, some UFO enthusiasts believe that the U.S. Government is keeping the "facts" concealed. (Actually, the reverse is nearer the truth: As one Pentagonian once remarked sourly, "If there really *were* flying saucers, all us majors would be colonels.") The world has become much more sophisticated since the far-off days of Orson Welles' famed radio broadcast. It is unlikely that a friendly or neutral contact—except in primitive communities or by creatures of outrageous appearance—would produce an outburst of hysteria like that which afflicted New Jersey in 1938. Thousands of people would probably rush to their cars—but they would be in a hurry to get *to* the scene of such a historic event, not to escape from it.

And yet—having written those words, I begin to wonder. It is easy to be calm and collected when discussing a theoretical possibility: in the actual event, one's behavior may be very different. Like any reasonably observant person who lives under clear skies, I have seen a good many objects that could have been taken for UFOs—and on just one occasion, it seemed as if it might be the "real thing." (No one will ever believe this, but I was with Stanley Kubrick, the very night we decided to make our movie.) I shall never forget the feelings of awe and wonder—yes, and fear—that chased one another through my mind before I discovered that the object was only Echo I, seen under somewhat unusual conditions.

No one can be sure how *he* would react in the presence of a visitor from another world. When the time comes to announce that mankind is no longer alone, those who prepare and issue the statement will have a truly terrifying responsibility. Though they will certainly try to sound reassuring, they will know that they are whistling in the dark.

It is impossible to guess at all the motivations that might drive E.T.s to visit our planet. Human societies have an almost unbelievable range of behavior, and totally alien cultures might act in ways quite incomprehensible to us. Any-



"Well, at least he's got them agreeing on something!"

one who doubts this should attempt to look at our own society from outside and imagine himself in the role of an intelligent Martian trying to understand what was really going on at a political rally, a chess tournament, the floor of the Stock Exchange, a religious revival, a symphony concert, a baseball game, a sit-in, a TV quiz program—the list is endless.

In a witty essay on "Extraterrestrial Linguistics," Professor Solomon Golomb of the University of Southern California has tried to make order out of chaos by suggesting that our neighbors might wish to deal with us under one or another of these headings: 1. Help! 2. Buy! 3. Convert! 4. Vacate! 5. Negotiate! 6. Work! 7. Discuss! And a famous short story of Damon Knight's has added 8. Serve! (Baked or fried.)

Yet even this rather comprehensive list assumes that "they" possess psychologies similar to ours and that we can make mental or at least physical contact. Some ingenious science-fiction writers have

argued that this may not necessarily be the case. In Olaf Stapledon's tremendous history of the future, *Last and First Men*, the Earth was invaded by microscopic creatures from Mars who formed a rational entity only when they coalesced into a kind of intelligent cloud. (If this seems farfetched, consider how many independently viable living cells go to form the entity you are pleased to call You.) Because Stapledon's Martians found it very exhausting to assume the solid state, they worshiped hard, rigid bodies and thus avidly collected diamonds and other gems, while ignoring the soft, semiliquid creatures who transported these sacred objects. They were aware of automobiles but not of human beings. Indeed, it has been suggested that any dispassionate observer of the United States would conclude that the automobile was its dominant life form.

It would be difficult to bridge such a psychophysical gulf; a similar one may already exist right here on Earth. 211

between man and such social insects as ants, termites or bees. Here the individual is nothing: The State is all, beyond the wildest dreams of any totalitarian dictator.

In extreme cases, we might not even be able to *detect* an alien species, except by rather sophisticated instruments. It could be gaseous, or electronic, or could operate on time scales hundreds of times faster or slower than ours. Even human beings live at different rates, judging by speeds of conversation, and there seems little doubt that dolphins think and speak much more rapidly than we do, though they are courteous enough to use slow-speed baby talk when we attempt to communicate with them.

I mention these rather far-out speculations not because I take them very seriously (I don't) but because they show the utter lack of imagination of those who think that intelligent aliens must be humanoid. Now, there may well be millions of intelligent humanoid races in the Universe, since ours appears to be a successful and practical design. But even if all the ingredients are exactly the same, and in approximately the same places, it would be exceedingly rare to find a humanoid alien who resembled a man as closely as does, say, a chimpanzee.

I would even go so far as to say that, from the cosmic viewpoint, *all* terrestrial mammals are "humanoid." They all have four limbs, two eyes, two ears, one mouth, arranged symmetrically about a single axis. Could a visitor from Sirius really tell the difference between a man and, for example, a bear? ("I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Prime Minister, but *all* humanoids look the same to me. . . .")

Even if we restrict ourselves to the sense organs, and manipulators, with which we are familiar on Earth, they could be arranged—and, equally important, used—in an enormous variety of ways, to produce effects of astonishing strangeness. The late Nobel laureate Dr. Hermann Muller expressed this very well in his phrase: "The Bizarreness of the Right and Proper." An alien, he pointed out, "would find it most remarkable that we had an organ combining the requirements of breathing, ingesting, chewing, biting and, on occasion, fighting, helping to thread needles, yelling, whistling, lecturing and grimacing. He might well have separate organs for all these purposes, located in diverse parts of his body, and would consider awkward and primitive our imperfect separation of these functions."

Even judging by the examples on our own world, where all life is based on the same biochemical system, the ingenuity of nature seems almost unlimited. Consider the nightmare shapes of the deep sea, the armored gargoyles of the insect world; we may one day encounter rational creatures in forms analogous to all of these. And, conversely, we should not

be misled by superficial resemblances; think of the abyss that separates the sharks from their almost-duplicates, the dolphins. Or, nearer home, that which tragically divides the sundered children of Abraham today. . . .

So, beyond doubt, physical shape is unimportant compared with motivation. Once again, because of our blinkered human viewpoint, we cannot extend our ideas much beyond Dr. Golomb's not-altogether-facetious list of directives. Now, although everything that is conceivable will occur at least once in our galaxy of a hundred billion suns, some of these categories seem more likely than others. The insanely malevolent invaders beloved by the horror comics have, perhaps, the least plausibility—if only because they would have destroyed themselves long before they got to us. Any race intelligent enough to conquer interstellar space must first have conquered its own inner demons.

Moreover, there seem few grounds for cosmic conflict—even if it were technically possible. It is hard to see what attractions our world could offer visitors from space; since their physical forms and requirements would be totally different from ours, it is very unlikely that they would be able to live here.

There are no material objects—no conceivable treasures or spices or jewels or exotic drugs—valuable enough to justify the conquest of a world. Anything we possess, *they* could manufacture easily enough at home. For imagine what our chemists will have done a thousand years from now.

There may, of course, be entities who collect solar systems as a child may collect stamps. If this happened to us, we might never be aware of it. What do the inhabitants of a beehive know of their keeper?

That may be an analogy worth pursuing. Men do not interfere with bees—or wasps—unless they have very good reasons: As far as possible, they prefer to leave them alone. Though we possess no better weapons than 100-megaton bombs, we are not entirely defenseless, and even an advanced supercivilization might think twice about tangling with us.

If *they* were desperate—if, for example, they were the last survivors of an ancient race whose mobile worldlet had almost exhausted its supplies after eons of voyaging—they might be tempted to make a fresh home in our Solar System. But even in that case, cooperation would be to their advantage—and to ours. Since they would probably be able to transmute any element into any other, there is no reason they should covet Earth. The barren Moon and the drifting slag heaps of the asteroid belt would provide all the raw materials they needed—and the Sun, all the energy. Our planet intercepts only one part in two billion of the radiation pouring from

the Sun, and we actually utilize only a minute fraction of that. There is matter and energy enough in the Solar System for many civilizations, for ages to come.

Unfortunately, our past record does not give too much hope for peaceful coexistence. As such writers as Robert Ardrey have stressed, much of human (and animal) behavior is determined by the concept of "territoriality." The land-owner who places a sign on a piece of private wilderness announcing that **TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED** speaks for his entire species. If some inoffensive visitors began to colonize the frozen outer moon of Jupiter, there would be angry voices proclaiming it sacred soil, and retired generals would warn us to keep our lasers dry and not to fire until we could see the greens of their eyes.

All of which leads to a conclusion that may not be very original but whose importance cannot be overstressed. Everyone recognizes that our present racial, political and international troubles are symptoms of a sickness that must be cured before we can survive on our own planet—but the stakes may be even greater than that.

Though it is impossible to guard against all the eventualities that the future may bring, if we can learn to live with ourselves, we will at least improve our chances of living with aliens. And the word "ourselves" should be interpreted in the widest possible context—to embrace, as far as practical, *all* intelligent creatures on this planet. At the moment, in a paroxysm of greed and folly, we are exterminating the last survivors of the largest animal this world has ever seen. Only a few eccentrics have felt any twinges of conscience over the fact that the brain of a blue whale is larger than a man's, so that we do not know what kind of entity we are really destroying.

It is true that our aggressive instincts, inherited from the predatory apes who were our ancestors, have made us masters of this planet and have already propelled us into space. Without those instincts, we might have perished long ago; they have served us well. But, to quote King Arthur, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new. . . . Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

We have the intelligence to change, or at least to control, the atavistic urges programed into our genes. Though it may seem a paradox and a denial of all past history, gentleness and tolerance may yet prove to have the greatest survival value when we move out into the cosmic stage.

If this is true, let us hope that we have time to cultivate these virtues. For the hour is very late and no one can guess how many strange eyes and minds are already turned upon the planet Earth.



BREAKFAST IN BED (continued from page 98)

helpmate to share your bed and board, life—whate'er the weather—assumes a roseate glow. And if you play your cards and your charms right, *she'll* be bringing the breakfast tray to *you*. After all, you've made the preparations and set the stage for the event; she should be flattered to be playing a key role.

Robert Graves, in his poem *Beauty in Trouble*, tells of a woman who, after fleeing a rascal who had blackened her eye, robbed her and betrayed her, turned to a square John who eagerly paid her debts, comforted her, ran a steaming bath and even served her breakfast in bed. She vowed to repay him for his "most seraphic thoughtfulness/a millionfold one day," only to return to the fiend from whom she originally fled. A careful reading of the poem explains why. Her breakfast in bed—Graves' only error in an otherwise lovely lyric—was orange juice, eggs, marmalade, toast and coffee, a pedestrian persuader if ever there was one. Graves undoubtedly knows there are two kinds of breakfasts in bed: a Continental *croissant* and coffee, which is really not a breakfast but a supplement to the alarm clock, and another kind that is a bouquet of flavors, a rich, soft poem to the palate. Orange juice, for example, must be made from fresh fruit that is chilled, cut fresh, squeezed fresh and augmented, particularly on a holiday morning, with vodka, sherry, rum, brandy or Pernod. Scrambled eggs aren't just scrambled but exalted with shallots, chives and grated parmesan cheese. Marmalade today isn't just marmalade but marmalade laced with rum or with Scotch.

There are an infinite number of matinal dishes that match pleasant dreams. They should be brought to the bedroom in a comfortable serving cart or on a properly appointed tray. The burnished silver, linen, glassware and china should all be checked in the kitchen beforehand, so that a single trip is all that's necessary.

The following recipes are just a modest sampling of eye-opening counterpane cuisine. Each recipe, of course, serves two.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH SHALLOTS AU GRATIN

6 eggs, beaten
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons finely minced shallots or onions
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely minced fresh chives
Salt, pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream, whipped, unsweetened
Grated parmesan cheese
Preheat broiler flame at least 10 minutes. Melt butter in heavy saucepan. Add shallots and sauté over low flame no more than 1 minute. Shallots should

not brown. Add eggs and chives. Season with salt and pepper. Cook over moderate flame, stirring constantly, until eggs are soft scrambled. Turn eggs into individual shallow casseroles or stirred-egg dishes. Spread top with about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. whipped cream, covering eggs completely. Sprinkle with cheese and place under broiler flame until light brown. Browning will take place quickly; avoid scorching. (There may be some whipped cream left over. Sweeten it for topping coffee later.)

CREAMED HAM WITH COGNAC, GRILLED APRICOTS

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced cooked ham (No. 3 on slicing machine)
3 whole canned peeled apricots, drained
Ground cinnamon
Ground coriander
Sugar
Butter

1 cup heavy sweet cream
2 tablespoons cognac
Salt, pepper

2 egg yolks, well beaten

Preheat broiler flame. Separate apricots into halves and remove pits. Place fruit in a shallow pan, pit side down. Sprinkle lightly with cinnamon and coriander. Sprinkle generously with sugar and dot with butter. Place under broiler flame until lightly browned. Cut ham into $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. squares. Sauté in 2 tablespoons butter over low flame about 3 minutes, until ham is glossy with butter. Add cream and bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer very slowly 5 minutes. Add cognac and salt and pepper to taste. Remove from fire. Stir several tablespoons sauce from pan into egg yolks. Add egg yolks to ham, mixing well. Simmer over low flame, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Remove at once from fire or sauce may curdle. Spoon ham into two stirred-egg dishes. On each portion place 3 apricot halves.

(concluded overleaf)



"Hello, Mother?"

BREAKFAST BEIGNETS

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour
3 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
1 oz. brandy
Oil for frying
Confectioners' sugar

French *beignets*, a very smooth, light type of fritter, sometimes called *beignets soufflés*, are eaten both as a main course for breakfast and as a breakfast sweet.

In a small heavy saucepan, heat milk, orange juice, orange rind and butter until butter melts and liquids are boiling. Add flour all at once and stir constantly until batter leaves sides of pan. Remove from fire and turn into mixing bowl. Add eggs, one at a time, beating very well after each addition. Add salt, vanilla and brandy. Beat well. Store batter, covered, in refrigerator until needed. Into an electric skillet preheated to 370° pour $\frac{1}{4}$

in. oil. Drop batter by tablespoons into hot oil. Fry *beignets*, turning once, until well browned on both sides. Check the first *beignet* removed from pan to make sure inside is completely cooked. Drain on absorbent paper. Sprinkle lightly with confectioners' sugar. Serve with *beignet* sauce below.

BEIGNET SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange marmalade
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon orange juice
1 tablespoon curaçao

Chop marmalade on cutting board until pieces of peel are minced very fine. Turn marmalade into a saucepan. Add cream, orange juice and curaçao and mix well. Heat very slowly just before serving. Pour onto serving plates and place *beignets* on top, or pour into sauceboat and serve separately with *beignets*.

These are but a few of the flavorsome fixin's that can help keep the morning after from becoming nought but a mourning after. And so to bed.



*"Business is up 1.37 percent this quarter,
and you ask why we're dancing?"*

THE NEW GIRL

(continued from page 186)

governed by masculine preconceptions such as these.

But it is the young single woman in the city, probably no longer a virgin and just as probably regarding this fact not as a troubling loss of innocence but as a valuable gain of experience, who best epitomizes the New Girl. Her life may be either a female facsimile of the hip bachelorhood of her male counterpart (her pad equipped with the same Herb Alpert LPs, wire wine rack, deep-enough-for-two divan and copper pot for that "special" casserole) or she may have taken to the lofts with her young man, living in the careless, tribal, improvised poverty of those who have dropped out. But whether her trip is to a dating bar for the purpose of meeting likely male swingers (a bar that she can enter, drink in and exit from alone, if no one strikes her fancy) or into inner space via LSD (a trip she makes equally on her own), the New Girl's venturesomeness implies, above everything else, an almost complete absence of all those tensions about "being single" that were etched in stress lines around the mouths of girls in their mid-20s heretofore.

The girl of today intends to marry, but she sees marriage as the *culmination* of a relationship that has survived intimacy, not as the beginning of one. She is looking for Mr. Cool, not Mr. Clean, and she will probably pass her 27th birthday with no nightmares of spinsterhood disturbing her dreams, much less those of the young man who may be sleeping beside her. Meanwhile, she is busy, inquisitive, excited, unsentimental (though not unromantic) and, above all, vividly alive. Probably she is more responsible than her boyfriend for making this the first dancing generation since the 1940s; and certainly male willingness to explore bolder sartorial, not to mention tonsorial, styles has been encouraged by her enthusiasm for the new—that enthusiasm for game playing itself that always emerges when one is no longer required to act a part.

Just as the assumption that all girls are feverish to get married has been proved obsolete, now that women are as free to experiment as men, so the notion that females are driven by some darkly visceral urge to have babies has not survived their ability to avoid them if they so choose. The matter is now firmly a question of voluntary decision, and soon there may be no reason the abortionist's curette cannot join the parental shotgun in the same oblivion. The New Girl probably wants babies—sometime. At least, she's no longer involved in the fierce denials of the so-called maternal instinct that made some of her older, "emancipated" sisters such a bore. But she's in no hurry. Or she's in the sort of

hurry that Mary Quant expressed when she said, "Gestation is so slow, so out of date. I really don't see why it can't be speeded up." Which must stand as some ultimate in freedom from biology.

In any case, the New Girl refuses to act as though pots and pans, much less diapers and douches, add up to a satisfactory or fulfilling life; and you can bet that this lyric by The Mamas and the Papas describes her emotional expectations to a tee:

*Words of love so soft and tender
Won't win a girl's heart anymore.
If you love her, then you must
send her
Somewhere where she's never been
before.*

This is at once an announcement that today's girl is free of her own sentimentalities and a warning that she can no longer be approached in terms of them. But if it sounds somehow antiromantic, it is also clearly prosexual. Done with roles herself, impatient with all the *routines* to which role playing leads, the New Girl fully expects her young man to act the same.

It could be argued, for example, that the very willingness on the part of the girls of the civil rights, free-speech, love or peace movements to dare fire hoses, cattle prods, tear gas and jail cells constituted the most decisive factor in spurting on their young men, for it was an unequivocal sign of the extent to which the Postfeminist Girl had severed herself from the clinging-vine, going-steady, bouncy-cheerleader roles of the past, and it served notice that she would no longer consider the football hero or big man on campus as her exclusive masculine ideal. In fact, it may well be that mutual commitment to the dangers and fulfillments of personal action has bound together the boys and girls of this generation in a compact that is actually *sexual* in nature, because each has passed the same rite of maturation in the other's presence. This similarity of male and female experience (sitting in together or tripping out—it doesn't matter which) is the most distinguishing characteristic of the New Youth, all of whom have more in common with one another than they do with any of their elders, regardless of sex.

But certainly today's girl feels that "words of love" are somehow empty unless they are grounded in the facts of life and, aside from being respected as a woman, she wants to be encountered as a human being. In return, she no longer expects such outworn gallantries as having her arm taken when crossing a street (her hand is much more to the point), nor does she get offended if the conversation strays from the demure, the lily-white or the trivial; and, as a consequence, the old-fashioned concept of the lady has little more meaning for her than the old-fashioned concept of the whore,

neither being descriptive of the wide range of feminine experience that she is discovering.

Postfeminism has freed the girls of today to a candor and an articulateness about themselves that has infused all the arts; and never before have there been so many first-rate writers, painters and musicians among women, some of whom are so good that the age-old put-down, "It isn't *what* she does, it's the fact that she can *do* it at all," is now hopelessly moribund. Talents as sizable as Doris Lessing, Marisol and Buffy Sainte-Marie do not need to be apologized for with qualifiers such as *woman* writer, *lady* sculptor or *girl* composer. They are so accomplished that their gender has no bearing on the level of their achievement, though it has a great deal to do with the nature of the work itself, which is intensely, unapologetically feminine and makes no attempt to cultivate, much less ape, the masculine preconceptions that have dominated the arts for centuries—preconceptions that older artists such as Mary McCarthy and even Simone de Beauvoir tried so stubbornly to anticipate, and disarm, on their own terms.

What is different in the works of these New Girls is not the subject matter (both

McCarthy and Lessing, for instance, write about similar types of women) but their attitude toward that subject matter—an attitude that makes use of, rather than trying to overcome or disguise, such distinctively female traits as subjectivity, compassion, sensuality, a taste for decoration and an involvement in the shifting immediacies of reality. If novelist Doris Lessing relies on these traits to creatively describe, for the first time, the elusive experience of female orgasm, critic Susan Sontag calls on them no less when she attempts to confront a work of art as nakedly and openly as she would a lover.

In such works, it is possible at last for men to glimpse the world of femininity from the inside: a world that is not exclusively made up of chintz curtains, baking dishes and billets-doux; a world in which *they* appear like slightly boyish Humphrey Bogarts as seen through the eyes of tolerant and affectionate Lauren Bacall; a contemporaneously discordant world that is nevertheless keyed to the realities of the body and its unpanicked rhythms; the world you hear in the voice of Mama Cass Elliott, a voice that is as darkly oboe, as richly brocade, as *fat* (in the jazz sense) as the voice of a switched-on Lilith; that world of stockings to be rinsed out and emotional post-mortems



*"... And in accordance with the Uniform Code
of Military Justice, you are to be divested of your rank,
dishonorably discharged, and sent home
with a note to your mother!"*



"That's the trouble with most people today—rush, rush, rush!"

to be made, of sagacious hopes and shopping lists, which men leave behind when they put on their shoes and go away with a kiss and a promise to call; a world with an indescribable aroma of scent and sensibility to it. And the books and paintings and songs that describe this world are (as anthologist Barbara Alson has said): "tougher, less sentimental, less euphemistic . . . more often personal, much less often precious. And while not less feminine, certainly less ladylike." To which anyone, after all the Pearl Bucks and the Elizabeth Barrett Brownings of the past, will utter a profound "Amen!"

• • •

If the passage of time since enfranchisement, plus the pill, plus today's saner moral climate, have worked together to make the Postfeminist Girl possible, it may be the so-called generation gap that has made her a fact. For young Americans now are more passionately than ever before engaged in posing questions, and most of their questions have to do with the stereotyped life roles their elders expect them to take for granted. "The time it takes to hypnotize the young into standardization is called growing up" (as one of them has said), and they want no part of it. But never has a generation been less supine as regards its wars nor more committed as regards its causes. Never has a generation denied society so recklessly nor affirmed the individual so idealistically. And rarely has any generation felt so strongly, or with such sound reasons, that it constituted a community in itself that existed, separate and besieged, right in the middle of an uncomprehending environment, to which its very processes of awareness were alien and antithetical.

If the search for a new, more direct experience of the self is the overriding quest of this time, and if this means getting down to what Negroes call the nitty-gritty and existentialists call the essential reality, women may be better equipped than men for the arduous journey inward. Having been forced into masks and made to act as if the masks were real, having had no choice but to somehow survive as themselves *within* a role, and having at last gained that psychic freedom without which all social freedom is a sham, young women today are singularly prepared to function on the personal, subjective, nonabstract, *now* level where this generation (boys as well as girls) believes its truths will be found. In one sense, women have been in this territory from the beginning. They intimately know the disparity between the actor and the part he plays, between social codes and human nature; and it is this very disparity that has come to obsess young people today, revealing, as it does, the layer on layer of hypocrisy, deceit and complacency under which most older citizens of modern society bury their bad consciences, while the world worsens for lack of simple love and honesty. The antidote to this obsession is to tell it like it is, as the New Girl is intent on doing; and it may not be too farfetched to prophesy that the girls of this generation will affect its future as decisively as the boys.

Indeed, there are even signs of a temporary imbalance between the sexes, for which the New Girl is partially responsible. Some young men find it difficult to adjust to her expectation of full sexual pleasure, as well as moral equality; or her insistence that, insofar as she has come out from behind her masks, he

must do no less and meet her as nakedly as she wants to meet him; or her eager involvement in all the things that, up until now, he may have considered his province. Ironically, the New Girl's rediscovery of femininity may compel men into a re-evaluation of some of the more "he-mannish" aspects of masculinity, for she knows that having to prove one's manliness is as false as having to act womanly and, though she understands the dilemma, she has less and less patience with it, and this is bound to put a certain degree of pressure on men. Nevertheless, there are an equal number of signs that women have now evolved to a point where they can admit that today's men, far from being only protectors or breadwinners or Casanovas, sometimes suffer from the same anxieties, insecurities and identity crises that were thought of in the past as peculiarly female problems. Certainly the New Girl is better equipped than her older sister to offer that human understanding (as against simple mothering) that such problems deserve, and this feeling of likeness, this similarity of emotional experience, this sense of being in the same capsizable boat (in terms of the society) is a powerful asset.

There are even reasons to suspect that the eventual righting of these old sexual imbalances and the new, less antagonistic male-female polarity that could result may do away at last with the centuries-old notion that men and women are somehow unalterably locked in an oblique opposition to each other, like sumo wrestlers poised in an embrace at once violent and erotic—a notion that is at the bottom of what older generations have always called the battle of the sexes. There have been periods of armistice in this battle and there have been periods of armed truce, but the urge to dominate or undermine (from one side or the other) has gone on and on relentlessly.

What the emergence of the New Girl suggests is that at last there may be some hope for a real and lasting peace, in which the truly feminine and the truly masculine can exist side by side, acknowledging the similarity of desire that drives them to merge and the differences of consciousness that keep them happily distinct; neither any longer seeking to subject or subvert the other, but both united in the effort to cultivate those areas where polarities can converge.

In this light, the Postfeminist Girl is pioneering in what may be the emotional landscape of tomorrow, a new Garden of Eden from which only the sense of sin and dissemblance will be expelled, and clearly men will profit fully as much as she from her explorations into a more candid and authentic femininity. And meanwhile, they have the mingled pleasure and astonishment of her company.



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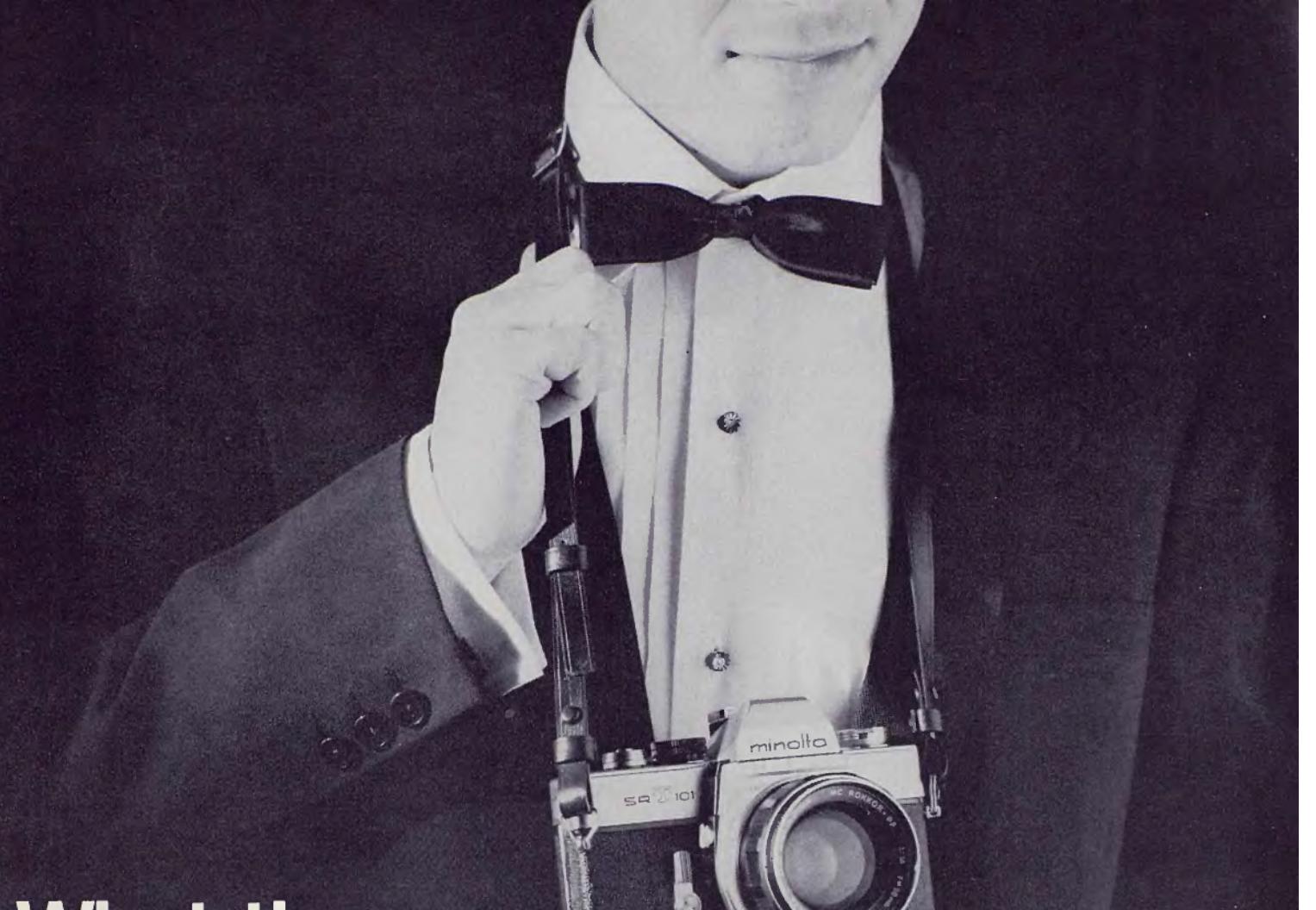
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THE YELLOW ROOM

(continued from page 92)

almost a quart a day—and my hands had begun to shake terribly. When I went into a bar, I would wait until the bartender turned his back before I tried to get the glass up to my mouth. I sometimes spilled gin all over the bar. This amused the other customers. I went out to Pennsylvania one weekend with some heavy-drinking friends and came back on a local train that got me into Penn Station about 11 Sunday night. The station was then being razed and reconstructed and it was such a complex of ruins that it seemed like a frightening projection of my own confusions and I stepped out into the street, looking for a bar. The bars around the station were too brightly lighted for a man whose hands were shaking and I started walking east, looking for some dark saloon where my infirmity would not be so noticeable. Walking down a side street, I saw two lighted windows and a room with yellow walls. The windows were uncurtained. All I could see were the yellow walls. I put down my suitcase to stare at the windows. I was convinced that whoever lived there lived a useful and illustrious life. It would be a single man like myself, but a man with a continent nature, a ruling intelligence, an efficient disposition. The pair of windows filled me with shame. I wanted my life to be not merely decent but exemplary. I wanted to be useful, continent and at peace. If I could not change my habits, I could at least change my environment, and I thought that if I found such a room with yellow walls, I would cure my *cafard* and my drunkenness.

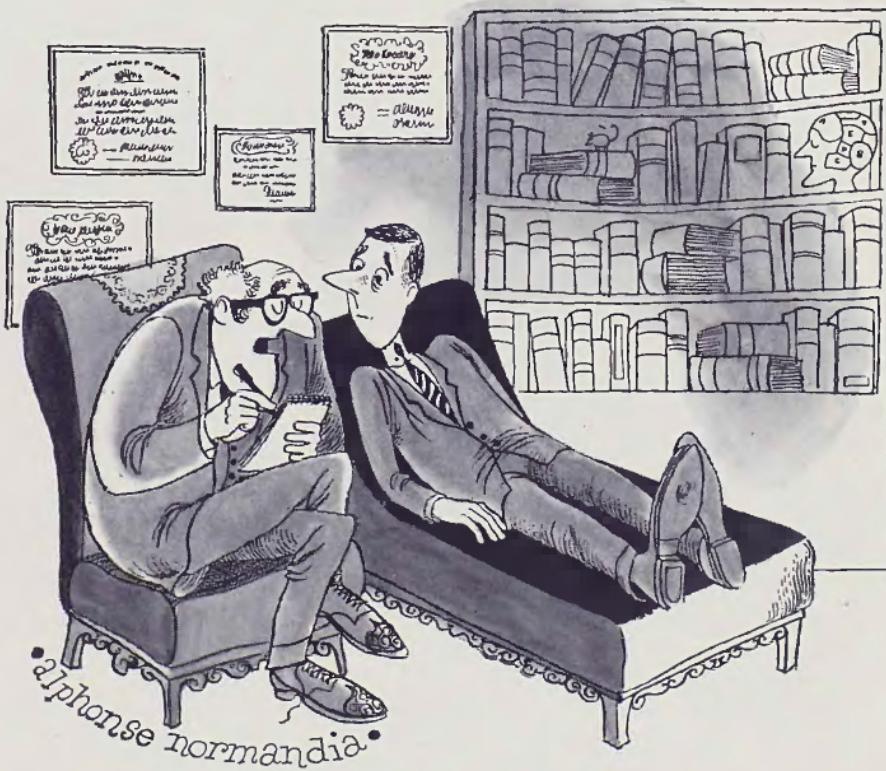
The next afternoon, I packed a bag and took a cab across town to the Hotel Dorset, looking for that room where I could begin my illustrious life. They gave me a room on the second floor, looking out onto an air shaft. The room had not been made up. There was an empty whiskey bottle and two glasses on the bureau and only one of the two beds had been used. I called the desk to complain and they said the only other vacancy they had was a suite on the tenth floor. I then moved to this. I found a parlor, a double bedroom and a large collection of flower pictures. I ordered some gin, vermouth and a bucket of ice and got stoned. This was not what I intended and in the morning I moved to the Madison Hotel.

My room at the Madison was furnished with the kind of antiques Doheny had had in his consultation room. The desk, or some part of it, had once been a spinet. The coffee table was covered with leather that had been tooled, gilded and burned by many cigarettes. There were mirrors on all the walls, so that I could not escape my own image. I saw myself smoking, drinking, dressing and undressing and when I woke in the

morning, the first thing I saw was myself. I left the next day for the Waldorf, where I was given a pleasant, high-ceilinged room. There was a broad view. I could see the dome of St. Bartholomew's, the Seagram building and one of those yellow bifurcated buildings that has a terraced and a windowed front and a flat, yellow-brick backside with no sign of life but a rain gutter. It seemed to have been sliced with a knife. Almost anywhere in New York above the 15th floor, your view includes a few caryatids, naiads, homely water tanks and Florentine arches, and I was admiring these when it occurred to me how easy it would be to escape the *cafard* by jumping into the street, and I checked out of the Waldorf and took a plane to Chicago.

In Chicago I took a room at the Palmer House. This was on the 16th floor. The furniture seemed to be of some discernible period, but the more I examined it, the more it seemed to be an inoffensive improvisation, and then I realized that it was the same furniture I had seen in my room at the Waldorf. I flipped open the Venetian blinds. My window looked out into an enclosure where I could see, upward, downward and sidewise, a hundred hundred windows

exactly like mine. The fact that my room had no uniqueness seemed seriously to threaten my own uniqueness; I suffered an intense emotional vertigo. The fear was not of falling but of vanishing. If there was nothing in my room to distinguish it from a hundred hundred others, there might be nothing about me to set me apart from other men, and I snapped the Venetian blinds shut and went out of the room. Waiting for the elevator, a man gave me that bland, hopeful gaze of a faggot on the make and I thought that he might have been driven by the sameness of the hotel windows to authenticate his identity by unnatural sexual practices. I lowered my eyes chastely to the floor. Downstairs I drank three martinis and went to a movie. I stayed in Chicago two days and took the Zephyr to San Francisco. I thought a train compartment might be the environment where I could begin my new life, but it was not. In San Francisco I stayed two nights at the Palace and two nights at the St. Francis and then flew down the coast and checked in at the Los Angeles Biltmore. This was the furthest from what I wanted and I moved from there to the Chateau Marmont. I moved from there to the Beverly Hills and a day later took a plane to London on the northerly route. I tried to get a room



"You must learn to sublimate that involuted schizoid regression; you must control your melancholic id complex. And would it hurt to telephone your poor old mother once in a while?"

T. Erickson



"George, how about if sometime we go out for a topless dinner?"

at the Connaught, but they were full and so I went instead to the Dorchester, where I lasted two days. I then flew to Rome and checked in at the Eden. My *cafard* had followed me around the world and I was still drinking heavily. Lying in bed in the Eden one morning with a pillow over my face, I summoned up Kilimanjaro and its ancient village, the Elysian fields and the fortified town. It occurred to me then that I had thought the town might be Orvieto. I rented a Fiat from the concierge and started north.

It was after lunch when I got into Umbria and I stopped in a walled town and had some pasta and wine. The country was wheat country, more heavily forested than most of Italy and very green. Like most travelers, I kept stupidly observing the sameness of things, kept telling myself that on the evidence of what I saw, I might be in New Hampshire or the outskirts of Heidelberg. What for? It was nearly seven o'clock when I came down the winding road into the broad valley that surrounds Orvieto.

I had been wrong about the towers, but everything else seemed right. The city was high, its buildings seemed to be a variation of the stone butte and it looked like the place I had seen in fending off the *cafard*. It seemed to correspond to my vision. I was excited. My life, my sanity were involved. The papal cathedral, in its commanding position, excited, as it was meant to do, awe, admiration and something like dread, as if some part of my memory was that of a heretic on my way to be questioned by the bishops. I drove through the lower town up to the city on the butte and checked in at the Hotel Nazionali, where I was given a large, deluxe European room with a massive armoire and a glass chandelier. It was not the room I was looking for. I wandered around the streets and just before dark, in a building not far from the cathedral, I saw the lighted windows and the yellow walls.

I seemed, looking up at them from the sidewalk, to be standing at the threshold of a new life. This was not a sanctuary, this was the vortex of things, but this was a place where the *cafard* could not enter. The door of the building was open and I climbed some stairs. The pair of yellow rooms was on the second floor. They were unfurnished, as I knew they would be, and freshly painted. Everything was ready for my occupancy. There was a man putting up shelves for my books. I spoke to the man and asked him whom the rooms belonged to. He said they were his. I asked if they were for sale or for rent and he smiled and said no. Then I said I wanted them and would pay whatever he asked for them, but he went on smiling and saying no. Then I heard some men in the hallway, carrying something heavy. I could hear their strained voices, their breathing and the object, whatever it was, bumping

against the wall. It was a large bed, which they carried into the second of the yellow rooms. The owner explained to me then that this was his marriage bed. He was going to be married next day in the chapel of the cathedral and begin his married life here. I was still so convinced that the rooms were, spiritually at least, my property that I asked him if he wouldn't prefer to live in one of the new apartments in the lower town. I would pay the difference in the rent and was prepared to give him a large present for his wedding. He was impervious, of course. Like any groom, he had imagined so many hundreds of times the hour when he would bring his bride back to the yellow rooms that no amount of money would dislodge the memory from its place in his mind. I wished him well anyhow and went down the stairs. I had found my yellow rooms and I had lost them. I left Orvieto in the morning for Rome and left Rome the next day for New York.

I spent one night in my apartment, during which I drank almost a quart of whiskey. The next afternoon I drove out to Pennsylvania to visit a classmate of mine—Charlie Masterson—and his wife. They were heavy drinkers and we ran out of gin before dinner. I drove into the little village of Blenville and bought a fresh supply at the liquor store and started back. I made a wrong turn and found myself on a narrow red dirt lane that seemed to lead nowhere. Then on my left, set back from the road and a little above it, I saw the yellow walls for the third time.

I turned off the motor and the lights and got out of the car. There was a brook between the road and the house and I crossed this on a wooden bridge. A lawn or a field—the grass needed cutting—sloped up to a terrace. The house was stone—rectangular—an old Pennsylvania farmhouse, and the yellow room was the only room lighted. The walls were the same color I had seen in Orvieto. I went up onto the terrace, as absorbed as any thief. A woman sat in the yellow room, reading a book. She wore a black dress and high-heeled shoes and had a glass of whiskey on a table at her side. Her face was pale and handsome. I guessed she was in her 20s. The black dress and the high-heeled shoes seemed out of place in the country and I wondered if she had just arrived from town or were just about to leave, although the size of the whiskey glass made this seem unlikely. But it was not the woman but the room I wanted—square, its lemon-yellow walls simply lighted, and I felt that if I could only possess this, I would be myself again, industrious and decent. She looked up suddenly, as if she sensed my presence, and I stepped away from the window. I was very happy. Walking back to the car, I saw the name Emmi-

son painted on a mailbox at the end of the driveway. I found my way back to the Mastersons and asked Mrs. Masterson if she knew anyone named Emmison. "Sure," she said. "Dora Emmison. I think she's in Reno."

"Her house was lighted," I said.

"What in the world were you doing at her house?"

"I got lost."

"Well, she was in Reno. I suppose she's just come back. Do you know her?" she asked.

"No," I said, "but I'd like to."

"Well, if she's back, I'll ask her for a drink tomorrow."

She came the next afternoon, wearing the black dress and the same high heels. She was a little reserved, but I found her fascinating, not because of her physical and intellectual charms but because she owned the yellow room. She stayed for supper and I asked about her house. I presently asked if she wouldn't like to sell it. She was not at all interested. Then I asked if I could see the house and she agreed indifferently. She was leaving early and if I wanted to see the place, I could come back with her, and so I did.

As soon as I stepped into the yellow room, I felt that peace of mind I had coveted when I first saw the walls in a walk-up near Pennsylvania Station. Sometimes you step into a tack room, a carpenter's shop or a country post office and find yourself unexpectedly at peace with the world. It is usually late in the day. The place has a fine smell (I must include bakeries). The groom, carpenter, postmaster or baker has a face so clear, so free of trouble that you feel that nothing bad has ever or will ever happen here, a sense of fitness and sanctity never achieved, in my experience, by any church.

She gave me a drink and I asked again if she would sell the place. "Why should I sell my house?" she asked. "I like my house. It's the only house I have. If you want a place in the neighborhood, the Barkham place is on the market and it's much more attractive than this."

"This is the house I want."

"I don't see why you're so crazy about this place. If I had a choice, I'd rather have the Barkham place."

"Well, I'll buy the Barkham place and exchange it for this."

"I simply don't want to move," she said. She looked at her watch.

"Could I sleep here?" I asked.

"Where?"

"Here, here in this room."

"But what do you want to sleep here for? The sofa's hard as a rock."

"I'd just like to."

"Well, I guess you can if you want to. No monkey business."

"No monkey business."

"I'll get some bedding."

She went upstairs and came down 219

with some sheets and a blanket and made my bed. "I think I'll turn in myself," she said, going toward the stairs. "I guess you know where everything is. If you want another drink, there's some ice in the bucket. I think my husband left a razor in the medicine cabinet. Good night." Her smile was courteous and no more. She climbed the stairs.

I didn't make a drink. I didn't, as they say, need one. I sat in a chair by the window feeling the calm of the yellow walls restore me. Outside I could hear the brook, some night bird, moving leaves and all the sounds of the night world seemed endearing, as if I quite literally loved the night as one loves a woman, loved the stars, the trees, the weeds in the grass as one can love with the same ardor a woman's breasts and the apple core she has left in an ashtray. I loved it all and everyone who lived. My life had begun again and I could see, from this beginning, how far I had gone from any natural course. Here was the sense of reality—a congenial, blessed and useful construction to which I belonged. I stepped out onto the terrace. It was cloudy, but some stars could still be seen. The wind was shifting and smelled of rain. I walked down to the bridge, undressed and dove into a pool there. The water was buoyant and a little brackish from the bogs in which it rose, but it had, so unlike the disinfected sapphire of a pool, a strong and unmistakably erotic emphasis. I dried myself on my shirttails and walked naked back to the house, feeling as if the earth were paved for my contentment. I brushed my teeth, turned out the light and, as I got into my bed, it began to rain.

For a year or more, the sound of the rain had meant merely umbrellas, raincoats, rubbers, the wet seats of convertibles; but now it seemed like some enlargement of my happiness, some additional bounty. It seemed to increase my feeling of limberness and innocence and I fended off sleep to listen to it with the attention and curiosity with which we follow music. When I did sleep, I dreamed in this order of the mountain, the walled town and the banks of the river, and when I woke at dawn, there was no trace of the *cafard*. I dove into the pool again and dressed. In the kitchen I found a melon, made some coffee and fried some bacon. The smell of coffee and bacon seemed like a smell of newness and I ate with a good appetite. She came down later in a bathrobe and thanked me for having made the coffee. When she raised the cup to her lips, her hand shook so that the coffee spilled. She went into the pantry, returned with a bottle of whiskey and spiked her coffee. She neither apologized nor explained this, but the spike steadied her hand. I asked her if she wouldn't like me to cut the grass. "Well, I would, frankly," she said, "if you don't have anything

better to do. It's terribly hard to find anyone around here to do anything. All the young men leave home and all the old ones die. The mower's in the tool shed and I think there's some gasoline."

I found the mower and gasoline and cut the grass. It was a big lawn and this took me until noon or later. She was sitting on the terrace reading and drinking something—ice water or gin. I joined her, wondering how I could build my usefulness into indispensability. I could have made a pass at her, but if we became lovers, this would have meant sharing the yellow room and that was not what I wanted. "If you want a sandwich before you go, there's some ham and cheese in the refrigerator," she said. "A friend of mine is coming out on the four o'clock, but I suppose you'll want to go back before then."

I was frightened. Go back, go back, go back to the greasy green waters of the Lethe, back to my contemptible cowardice, back to the sanctuary of my bed, where I cowered before thin air, back to anesthetizing myself with gin in order to eat a plate of scrambled eggs. I wondered about the sex of her visitor. If it was a woman, mightn't I stay on as a sort of handy man, eating my supper in the kitchen and sleeping in the yellow room? "If there's anything else you'd like me to do," I said. "Firewood?"

"I buy my firewood in Blenville."

"Would you like me to split some kindling?"

"Not really," she said.

"The screen door in the kitchen is loose," I said. "I could repair that."

She didn't seem to hear me. She went into the house and returned a little later with two sandwiches. "Would you like mustard?" she asked.

"No, thank you," I said.

I took the sandwich as a kind of sacrament, since it would be the last thing I could approach with any appetite until I returned to the yellow room, and when would that be? I was desperate. "Is your visitor a man or a woman?" I asked.

"I really don't think that concerns you," she said.

"I'm sorry."

"Thank you for cutting the grass," she said. "That needed to be done, but you must understand that I can't have a strange man sleeping on my sofa without a certain amount of damage to my reputation, and my reputation isn't absolutely invincible."

"I'll go," I said.

I drove back to New York then, condemned to exile and genuinely afraid of my inclination to self-destruction. As soon as I closed the door of my apartment, I fell into the old routine of gin, Kilimanjaro, scrambled eggs, Orvieto and the Elysian fields. I stayed in bed until late the next morning, performing my incantation. Courage. Inhale. Courage. Exhale. I drank some gin while I

shaved and went out onto the street to get some coffee. In front of my apartment house I ran into Dora Emmison. She wore black—I never saw her in anything else—and said that she had come into town for a few days to do some shopping and go to the theater. I asked if she'd have lunch with me, but she said she was busy. As soon as we parted, I got my car and drove back to Blenville.

The house was locked, but I broke a pane of glass in the kitchen window and let myself in. To be alone in the yellow room was everything I had expected. I felt happy, peaceful and strong. I had brought the Montale with me and I spent the afternoon reading and making notes. The time passed lightly and the sense that the hands of my watch were Procrustean had vanished. At six o'clock I went for a swim, had a drink and made some supper. She had a large store of provisions and I made a note of what I was stealing so that I could replace it before I left. After dinner I went on reading, taking a chance that the lighted windows would not arouse anyone's curiosity. At nine o'clock I undressed, wrapped myself in a blanket and lay down on the sofa to sleep. A few minutes later I saw the lights of a car come up the drive.

I got up and went into the kitchen and shut the door. I was, of course, undressed. If it were she, I supposed I could escape out the back door. If it were not she, if it were some friend or neighbor, they would likely go away. Whoever it was began to knock on the door, which I had left unlocked. Then a man opened the door and asked softly, "Doree, Doree, you sleeping? Wake up, baby, wake up, it's Tony, the old loverboy." Climbing the stairs, he kept asking: "Doree, Doree, Doree," and when he went into her bedroom and found the bed empty, he said, "Aw, shit." He then came down the stairs and left the house and I stayed, shivering in the kitchen until I heard his car go down the road.

I got back onto the sofa and had been there for perhaps a half hour when another car came up the drive. I retired again to the kitchen and a man named Mitch went through more or less the same performance. He climbed the stairs, calling her name, made some exclamation of disappointment and went away. All of this left me uneasy and in the morning I cleaned up the place, emptied the ashtrays and drove back to New York.

Dora had said that she would be in the city for a few days. Four is what is usually meant by a few and two of these had already passed. On the day that I thought she would return to the country, I bought a case of the most expensive bourbon and started back to Blenville, late in the afternoon. It was after dark when I turned up the red-dirt road. Her lights were on. I looked in at the window

and saw that she was alone and reading, as she had been when I first found the place. I knocked on the door and when she opened it and saw me, she seemed puzzled and irritated. "Yes?" she asked. "Yes? What in the world do you want now?"

"I have a present for you," I said. "I wanted to give you a present to thank you for your kindness in letting me spend the night in your house."

"That hardly calls for a present," she said, "but I do happen to have a weakness for good bourbon. Won't you come in?"

I brought the case into the hall, tore it open and took out a bottle. "Shouldn't we taste it?" I asked.

"Well, I'm going out," she said, "but I guess there's time for a drink. You're very generous. Come in, come in and I'll get some ice."

She was, I saw, one of those serious drinkers who prepare their utensils as a dentist prepares his utensils for an extraction. She arranged neatly on a table near her chair the glasses, ice bucket and water pitcher, as well as a box of cigarettes, an ashtray and a lighter. With all of this within her reach, she settled down and I poured the drinks.

"Chin, chin," she said.

"Cheers," I said.

"Did you just drive out from New York?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"How is the driving?" she asked.

"It's foggy on the Turnpike," I said. "It's quite foggy."

"Damn," she said. "I have to drive up to a party in Havenswood and I hate the Turnpike when it's foggy. I do wish I didn't have to go out, but the Helmsleys are giving a party for a girl I knew in school and I've promised to show up."

"Where did you go to school?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"Well, I went to Brearley for two years. Then I went to Finch for a year. Then I went to a country day school called Fountain View for two years. Then I went to a public school in Cleveland for a year. Then I went to the International School in Geneva for two years, the Parioli School in Rome for a year and when we came back to the United States, I went to Putney for a year and then to Masters for three years. I graduated from Masters."

"Your parents traveled a lot?"

"Yes. Dad was in the State Department. What do you do?"

"I'm translating Montale."

"Are you a professional translator?"

"No."

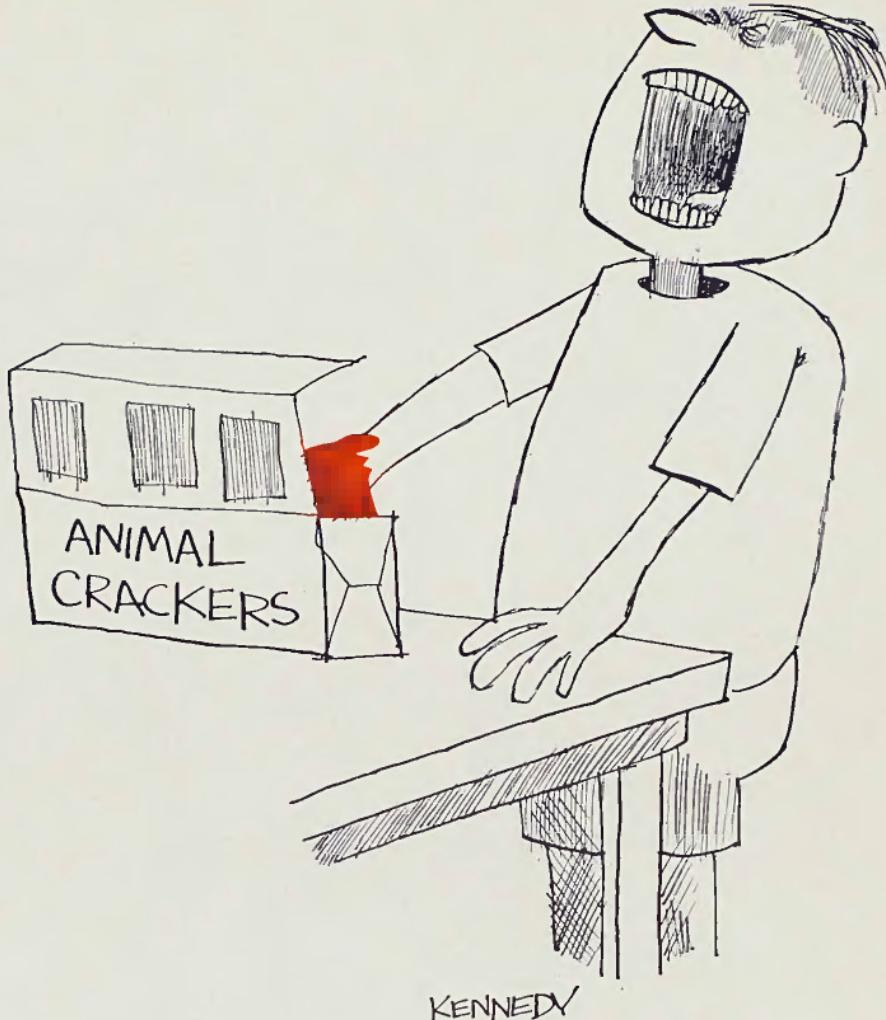
"You just do it to amuse yourself."

"To occupy myself."

"You must have some money," she said.

"I do."

"So do I, thank God," she said. "I'd



hate to be without it."

"Tell me about your marriage," I said. This might have seemed inopportune, but I have never known a divorced man or woman unwilling to discuss his marriage.

"Well, it was a mess," she said, "an eight-year mess. He drank and accused me of having affairs with other men and wrote anonymous letters to most of my friends, claiming that I had the principles of a whore. I bought him off, I had to, I paid him a shirtful and went out to Reno. I came back last month. I think I'll have another little drink," she said, "but first I'm going to the john."

I filled her glass again. We were nearly through the first bottle. When she returned from the toilet, she was not staggering, not at all, but she was walking much more lithely, with a much more self-confident grace. I got up and took her in my arms, but she pushed me away—not angrily—and said: "Please don't, please don't. I don't feel like that tonight. I've been feeling terrible all day and the bourbon has picked me up, but I still don't feel like that. Tell me all about yourself."

"I'm a bastard," I said.

"Oh, really? I've never known any bastards. What does it feel like?"

"Mostly lousy, I guess. I mean, I would have enjoyed a set of parents."

"Well, parents can be dreadful, of course, but I suppose dreadful parents are better than none at all. Mine were dreadful." She dropped a lighted cigarette into her lap, but retrieved it before it burned the cloth of her skirt.

"Are your parents still living?"

"Yes, they're in Washington, they're very old." She sighed and stood. "Well, if I'm going to Havenswood," she said, "I guess I'd better go." Now she was unsteady. She splashed a little whiskey into her glass and drank it without ice or water.

"Why do you go to Havenswood?" I asked. "Why don't you telephone and say there's a fog on the Turnpike or that you've got a cold or something?"

"You don't understand," she said hoarsely. "It's one of those parties you have to go to like birthdays and weddings."

"I think it would be better if you didn't go."

"Why?" Now she was bellicose.

"I just think it would be, that's all."

"You think I'm drunk?" she asked.

"No."

"You do, don't you? You think I'm drunk, you nosy son of a bitch. What are you doing here, anyhow? I don't know you. I never asked you to come here and you don't know me. You don't know anything about me excepting where I went to school. You don't even know my maiden name, do you?"

"No."

"You don't know anything about me, you don't even know my maiden name, and yet you have the cheek to sit there and tell me I'm drunk. I've been drinking, that's true, and I'll tell you why. I can't drive safely on the goddamned Jersey Turnpike sober. That road and all the rest of the freeways and throughways were engineered for clowns and drunks. If you're not a nerveless clown, then you have to get drunk. No sensitive or intelligent man or woman can drive on those roads. Why, I have a friend in California who smokes pot before he goes onto the Freeway. He's a great driver, a marvelous driver, and if the traffic's bad, he uses heroin. They ought to sell pot and bourbon at the gas stations. Then there wouldn't be so many accidents."

"Well, let's have another drink, then," I said.

"Get out," she said.

"All right."

I went out of the yellow room onto the terrace. I watched her from the window. She was reeling. She stuffed some things into a bag, tied a scarf around her hair, turned out the lights and locked the door. I followed her at a safe distance. When she got to her car, she dropped the keys in the grass. She turned on the lights and I watched her grope in the grass until she recovered the keys. Then she slammed the car down the driveway and clipped the mailbox post with her right headlight. I heard her swear and a moment later I heard the noise of falling glass, and why is this sound so portentous, so like a doomerack bell? I was happy to think that she would not continue up to Havenswood, but I was mistaken. She backed the car away from the mailbox post and off she went. I spent the night in a motel in Blenville and telephoned the Turnpike police in the morning. She had lasted about 15 minutes.

My lawyer arranged for the purchase of the house. I was able to get the place and eight acres of land for \$35,000. Her mother came up from Washington and removed her personal effects and I moved into the house three weeks later, but during the time the house had been empty, it had filled up with mice. Mice ran across the floor while I tried to work, kept me awake at night and ate my provisions. I asked about getting a cat in the village and the druggist said that he had a mouser I could have. He produced a

black cat named Schwartz and I took Schwartz home with me.

I never found out much about Schwartz' past. I guess he was a middle-aged cat and he seemed to have a cranky disposition, if such a thing is possible in an animal, but he was an excellent mouser. I fed him canned cat food twice a day. There was a brand of cat food he disliked and if I forgot and gave him this, he would go into the yellow room and shit in the middle of the floor. He made his point and so long as I fed him what he liked, he behaved himself. We worked out a practical and unaffectionate relationship. I don't like having cats in my lap, but now and then I would dutifully pick him up and pat him to prove that I was a good scout. He rid the house of mice in a week or so and I was proud of Schwartz, but at the height of his efficiency as a mouser, Schwartz vanished. I let him out one night and in the morning he failed to return. I don't know much about cats, but I guessed they were loyal to their homes and I supposed that a dog or a fox had killed my friend. One morning, a week later (a light snow had fallen), Schwartz returned. I fed him a can of his favorite brand and gave him a few dutiful caresses. He smelled powerfully of French perfume. He had either been sitting in the lap of someone who used perfume or had been sprayed with it. It was an astringent and musky scent. The nearest house to mine was owned by some Polish farmers and the woman, I happened to know, smelled powerfully of the barnyard and nothing else. The next nearest house was shut for the winter and I couldn't think of anyone in Blenville who would use French perfume. Schwartz stayed with me that time for a week or ten days and then vanished again for a week. When he returned, he smelled like the street floor of Bergdorf Goodman's during the Christmas rush. I buried my nose in his coat and felt a moment's nostalgia for the city and its women. That afternoon I got into my car and drove over the back roads between my place and Blenville, looking for some place that might house a bewitching woman. I felt that she must be bewitching and that she was deliberately tempting me by dousing my cat with perfume. All the houses I saw were either farms or places owned by acquaintances and I stopped at the drugstore and told my story. "Schwartz," I said, "that cat, that mouser you gave me, he goes off every other week and comes home smelling like a whorehouse on Sunday morning."

"No whorehouses around here," said the druggist.

"I know," I said, "but where do you suppose he gets the perfume?"

"Cats roam," said the druggist.

"I suppose so," I said, "but do you sell French perfume? I mean, if I can find who buys the stuff. . . ."

"I don't remember selling a bottle since last Christmas," the druggist said. "The Avery boy bought a bottle for his girlfriend."

"Thank you," I said.

That night after dinner, Schwartz went to the door and signaled to be let out. I put on a coat and went out with him. He went directly through the garden and into the woods at the right of the house, with me following. I was as excited as any lover on his way. The smell of the woods, heightened by the dampness of the brook, the stars overhead, especially Venus, seemed to be extensions of my love affair. I thought she would be raven-haired with a marbly pallor and a single blue vein at the side of her brow. I thought she would be about 30. Now and then Schwartz let out a meow, so that it wasn't too difficult to follow him. I went happily through the woods, across Marshman's pasture and into Marshman's woods. These had not been cleared for some years and the saplings lashed at my trousers and my face. Then I lost Schwartz. I called and called. Schwartz, Schwartz, here, Schwartz. Would anyone, hearing my voice in the dark woods, recognize it as the voice of a lover? I wandered through the woods calling my cat, until a tall sapling dealt me a blinding blow across the eyes and I gave up. I made my way home feeling frustrated and lonely.

Schwartz returned at the end of the week and I seized him and smelled his coat to make sure that she was still setting out her lures. She was. He stayed with me that time ten days. A snow had fallen on the night he vanished and in the morning I saw that his tracks were clear enough to follow. I got through Marshman's woods and came, at the edge of them, upon a small frame house, painted gray. It was utilitarian and graceless and might have been built by some hard-working amateur carpenter on Saturdays and Sundays and those summer nights when the dark comes late. I had seriously begun to doubt that it was the lair of a raven-haired beauty. The cat's tracks went around the house to a back door. When I knocked, an old man opened the door.

He was small, smaller than I, anyhow, with thin gray hair, pomaded and combed. There was a white button in his right ear, connected to a cord. From the lines and the colorlessness of his face, I would guess that he was close to 70. Some clash between the immutable facts of vanity and time seemed to animate him. He was old, but he wore a flashy diamond ring, his shoes were polished and there was all that pomade. He looked a little like one of those dapper men who manage movie theaters in the badlands.

"Good morning," I said. "I'm looking for my cat."

"Ah," he said. "Then you must be the



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don't you ?

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master of dear Henry. I've often wondered where Henry was domiciled when he was not with me. Henry, Henry, your second master has come to pay us a call." Schwartz was asleep on a chair. He did not stir. The room was a combination kitchen and chemistry laboratory. There was the usual kitchen furniture and, on a long bench, an assortment of test tubes and reports. The air was heavy with scent. "I don't know anything about the olfactory capacities of cats, but Henry does seem to enjoy perfumes, don't you, Henry? May I introduce myself. I'm Gilbert Hansen, formerly head chemist for Beauregarde et Cie."

"Hammer," I said. "Paul Hammer."

"How do you do. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you!" I said. "You manufacture perfume here?"

"I experiment with scents," he said. "I'm no longer in the manufacturing end of things, but if I hit on something I like, I'll sell the patent, of course. Not to Beauregarde et Cie, however. After forty-two years with them, I was dismissed without cause or warning. However, this seems to be a common practice in industry these days. I do have an income from my patents. I am the inventor of Etoile de Neige, Chou-Chou, Muguet de Nuit and Naissance de Jour."

"Really," I said. "How did you happen to pick a place like this-way off in the woods-for your experiments?"

"Well, it isn't as out of the way as it seems. I have a garden and I grow my own thyme, lavender, iris, roses, mint, wintergreen, celery and parsley. I buy my lemons and oranges in Blenville and Charlie Hubber, who lives at the four corners, traps beaver and muskrat for me. I find their castors as lasting as civet and I get them for a fraction of the market price. I buy gum resin, methyl salicylate and benzaldehyde. Flower perfumes are not my forte, since they have very limited aphrodisiac powers. The principal ingredient of Chou-Chou is cedar bark and parsley and celery go into Naissance de Jour."

"Did you study chemistry?"

"No. I learned my profession as an apprentice. I think of it more as alchemy than as chemistry. Alchemy is, of course, the transmutation of base metals into noble ones and when an extract of beaver musk, cedar bark, heliotrope, celery and gum resin can arouse immortal longings in a male, we are close to alchemy, wouldn't you say?"

"I know what you mean," I said.

"The concept of man as a microcosm, containing within himself all the parts of the universe, is Pythagorean. The elements are constant. The distillations and transmutations release their innate power. This not only works in the manufacture of perfume; I think these transmutations can work in the development of character."

A young woman then came into the room. "This is my granddaughter Gloria," he said. "Gloria takes care of me. Gloria, this is Mr. ——"

"Hammer," I said. "Paul Hammer."

"How do you do," she said. She lighted a cigarette and said: "Nineteen."

"How many yesterday?" the old man asked.

"Twenty-two." She frowned, then brightened. "It was only fifteen the day before. What do you want for supper?"

"Oh, some sort of meat," he said. "A chop."

The grace with which she moved seemed so accomplished that I wondered if she hadn't had some theatrical training or some theatrical ambitions. I don't mean that she moved like a dancer. I don't like the way serious dancers move. They have a toe-heel, toe-heel way of progressing that gives me the creeps. I mean she moved with the grace of an actress—nothing spectacular—an ingénue in the national company of *Figs & Thistles*. Six weeks in Chicago. Her hair was yellow and naturally so, I guess, although it's hard to tell, now that they've got the bugs out of hair dye. Her hair was short and straight, with two modest pieces of hardware on either side, which were meant, I suppose, to produce spit curls for the evening. Teeth have never played any discernible part in my romantic or erotic life, and yet her teeth filled me with tenderness. They were very small and set apart. I don't mean there were gaps, but you could see where they were divided. They stirred me like music. Her mouth was small and very pretty, but what I remember most about her then was her brightness, her fairness; she seemed as she moved her arms and legs to generate luminousness, although when I got to know her better, I discovered that she was not especially fair-skinned and that her face, when she was disturbed, provoked or amorous, could seem quite dark and opaque. Her eyes were blue and very bright. The effect of beautiful women on me is first to make my knees weak and then to give me the feeling that their coloring and features—all their charms—form a kind of liquid in which I swim like a goldfish in a bowl. I seemed to lose my head while she talked with the old man about the groceries. I was really swimming. This sensation, powerful in any case, was heightened by the heavy air of the kitchen.

"Well, I'll get some chops, then," she said. "I'll get some lamb chops and something for a salad."

"Where do you do your shopping?" I asked.

"I go to the UP Supermarket in Readwell," she said. "It was nice to have met you." She took the hardware out of her hair, gave her hair a shake and went out the door.

"Well, I'll leave Schwartz with you,"

I said to the old man. "Goodbye, Schwartz." I said to the cat. "Come home whenever you feel like it."

I walked and ran and walked through the snowy woods to my house, got my car, drove to Readwell and parked at the supermarket. I found her picking over salad greens. "Gloria," I said, and I held out my arms. She stepped, one, two, three, into my embrace. Her kiss was light and dry and she pressed lightly against me those parts of her that meant she was serious. I took her hand and led her toward the door. "But I have to get the chops for Grandpa," she said insincerely.

She came along with me to my car, where I kissed her several times, but people going to and from the market could see us there. Readwell is a small town and you might think it easy to find some privacy there, but it wasn't easy. First I drove over the hill by the wire-works, but there was lots of traffic there. Then I went up Chilton Avenue past Main Street, heading for the Roman Catholic cemetery, and got stuck in the middle of a funeral procession. The road was narrow and I had to stay in line until we got past the cemetery gates. From there I went down Chilton Lane, where the houses are set far apart but not far enough apart to afford any privacy. I stopped the car, anyhow, and gathered her up in my arms. "We can't do it here," she said. "Everybody can see us. We'll get arrested." I started the car again, turned right on Townsend Road and left on Shinglehouse Lane, but there was a development there. Then I turned onto 114, took the Eastlake exit and parked in the driveway of what seemed to be an empty house. I won't go into the anatomical details, which were complicated by the fact that my car is a two-seater Jaguar with a stick shift. I then drove her back to the supermarket to get Grandfather's chops and she promised to come to my house at five.

So that's the way it is. Beginning with a *cafard*, I ended up with a girl, a part-time mouser and my yellow walls. It's spring now and I wake early, swim in the pool, eat a large breakfast and settle down to my translation at a table in the yellow room. I work happily until one or sometimes later, when I eat a bowl of soup. I've bought some tools—an ax, chain saw, and so forth, and spend the afternoons clearing the woods around the house. She comes every day at five to make the rain fall, scatter the ghosts and mend the wreath of hair. What a kingdom it is! After supper I study German until half-past ten, when I go to bed, feeling limber, clean and weary. I no longer have any need for the mountain, the valley and the fortified city, and if I dream at all, my dreams are of an exceptional innocence and purity.



YAVUZ!

(continued from page 116)

stop acting out their childhood fantasies?"

"You're right, dear," I said. "I'm not going to act out anybody's fantasies anymore. From here on out, I'm acting out my own fantasies."

You can imagine how excited I was about buying a battleship on an expense account. Visions of the petty-cash voucher I'd turn in after the story was finished danced before my eyes:

Telephone calls: 50 cents

Postage: 16 cents

Two cups of Turkish coffee, plus tip: \$1.20

One used battleship: \$985,000 (or whatever low figure I brought the ship in at, after a haggling session with the Turks over coffee)

I didn't know what the magazine wanted a used battleship for. Maybe they were planning to get involved in a circulation war or something. But I couldn't sleep that night, thinking of all the things I could do once my ship had finally come in.

All the "in" creative people in the New York area were moving to the West Side. I've stuck it out in the suburbs of New Jersey because of my fear of the violence in the city's streets. A lot of people already were living happily on houseboats moored off Sausalito, in the San Francisco area. Perhaps I could find

peace of mind living in a battleship moored in the Hudson Harbor Boat Basin, off Manhattan's West 79th Street, only a few blocks down the road from the Dakota, the exclusive residence of Lauren Bacall, Jason Robards, Betty Friedan and the other people I wanted for neighbors.

On the short walk from the IRT subway to the boat basin, it wouldn't be any trouble for my wife, stationed in the Yavuz' gun turrets, to keep me covered. At the first sign of a mugger, she could let him have it.

By my wife's salty language when I woke her up to tell her that we would soon be moving to the West Side, I got the impression she didn't think *her* ship had come in yet. "Now hear this," I announced happily a few minutes later. "Frank Sinatra will stay at our place the next time he comes to town, once he hears we've got a yacht the size of the Yavuz. And we can finally invite the Kennedys over for a swim."

More salty language. I guess the reason she was so upset was the thought of all the brass she'd have to polish to get the house ready for guests. The Yavuz was a little big for a houseboat. I explained that we could rent space to the Bill Buckleys, the Jules Feiffers, the Norman Mailers, a nice Negro family like the Ralph Bunches, and anybody else

worried about the next long hot summer in New York. Then we'd have the first ironclad apartment-houseboat in town.

But what if she didn't change her tone of voice by the time my battleship arrived? Well, the magazine article could turn into something bigger, like a nonfiction novel titled *Mutiny on the Yavuz*. The trouble with that idea was that there wouldn't be a mutiny, because once I got the feel of the battleship's bridge under me, I wouldn't have to waste time reasoning with the crew. Anyone guilty of insubordination would spend the summer in the brig with my children.

I continued thinking about the advantages of owning a battleship. Suppose the right-wing groups were right about the Communists' planning to take over American homes. The Yavuz would be a more effective deterrent than a rifle in the family fallout shelter. A neighbor had been asking me to join the local Just-a-Minutemen group. With my own battleship, I probably could get a commission as an ensign or a lieutenant j.g. in the citizens' navy.

Last, but not least, I wanted the ship so that I could finally pay homage to the section of Brooklyn where I first fell in love with the sea as a boy. My plan was to rechristen the Turkish ship the Sheepshead Bey.

Through private sources I had developed in my years as a free-lance writer,



"Well, according to this old Indian map, the treasure lies just behind this big rock!"

I quietly began investigating the Yavuz, to find out what she was worth. At the New York Public Library, the librarian suggested I look up the Yavuz in *Jane's Fighting Ships*. It turned out she wasn't just an ordinary battleship but, until deactivated recently, the *flagship* of the entire Turkish navy. Designed by Professor Kretschmer, built in the famed Hamburg shipyards of Blohm and Voss in 1911, she was commissioned the *Linienschiff Kreuzer* (dreadnought) Goeben. The pride of Kaiser Wilhelm's fleet, she made front-page headlines in *The New York Times* the first day of World War One.

First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill ordered the British fleet to seize the Goeben at all costs. From Sicily, across the Mediterranean, through the Dardanelles, into the Sea of Marmara, the Goeben outraced the British until she ran out of coal outside the city limits of Constantinople (Istanbul). The Royal Navy was cheated of its prize by a remarkable naval maneuver executed by the Ottoman Empire (as neutral Turkey was then known). As the British dreadnoughts H. M. S. Indomitable, H. M. S. Indefatigable and six other warships steamed in for the kill, the Goeben suddenly ran up the crescent and star of the Imperial Ottoman Navy. Wearing new fezzes, the German sailors rushed to the deck and waved neutrally at the British.

The ship had been sold on the spot—presumably at what merchants call a "distress sale" price—to the Turks, something that had never happened before in the midst of a naval battle.

"I can't go through with it," I told one of the editors who had given me the assignment. "An illustrious ship like that shouldn't be allowed to fall into the hands of an infidel like myself. I'll start a campaign to collect pennies from Turkish-American school children to save the Yavuz. I'll try to find a home for it in a museum so its grandeur can be preserved. But don't make me buy it."

An infidel himself, he moved up my deadline for the article one week.

Before plunging into the used-battleship market, I checked to make sure I wouldn't get arrested for violating the Sullivan Law in New York. "There are laws against carrying concealed weapons," explained Mel Wulf, director of the New York chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, "but this doesn't seem to be a concealed weapon. There are laws against buying machine guns, but there's nothing on the statute books against buying battleships—yet."

I asked him what he meant by "yet." He said Congress was studying new firearms control legislation, in view of the recent assassination boom. "But don't worry. The National Rifle Association will back you to the hilt on this thing. They're against any law that infringes on the constitutional right of the citizen to

bear arms." When our founding fathers wrote that guarantee into the Bill of Rights, it obviously wasn't just so the jet set could go fox hunting in New Jersey. The A. C. L. U. lawyer asked to be third mate on the Yavuz.

"PROCEEDING FULL SPEED AHEAD ON BATTLESHIP ASSIGNMENT," I wired the magazine collect. "PLEASE ALERT BOOKKEEPING DEPARTMENT."

J. P. Morgan once said that if you have to ask how much a boat costs, you can't afford it. So I didn't discuss price in answering the Turkish Ministry of Finance's ad. "Does it have a Turkish bath?" I asked the man the switchboard operator at the Turkish embassy in Washington referred me to. Zeki Toker, Chairman of the Board of Counselors for Economic Affairs, explained he didn't know the plumbing specifications. Since I was the first American to inquire about this "wonderful ship," he still hadn't translated the specification sheets from Ankara. "But I do know it is 19,950,000 pounds."

I told him I didn't care how much the ship weighed.

"That is the asking price in Turkish pounds," explained the used-battleship salesman. The negotiations had started sooner than I had anticipated.

It has been said that in the history of doing business with the Turks, the customer has never come out on top. But I haggled, anyway. "My people have authorized me to buy only the Yavuz," I explained after laughing at his absurd list price. "Not the whole Turkish navy."

"Tell me," Mr. Toker asked, "for what purpose do you want this wonderful ship?"

At that moment, I was lost in another one of my Mittyesque reveries about the Yavuz. I saw myself sailing the battleship, with my wife below decks stoking coal into the boilers, bravely into the harbor of Ocean Beach, a resort on Fire Island where I vacationed before I became a free-lance writer and could no longer afford summer vacations. From the bridge of the ship, I was shouting through a megaphone at Ocean Beach's trembling mayor: "Hand over your women and your money—or I'll blast this island out of the water."

But I told Mr. Toker: "For fishing."

I'll admit I wasn't being completely honest with him, but, as it turned out, he wasn't being honest with me, either.

I had an appointment to see Mr. Toker at the Turkish embassy the next day. But first I called an expert who might know something more about the Yavuz than was listed in *Jane's Fighting Ships*, 1923. "If they haven't sold it in the bazaar at Istanbul yet," explained the military attaché at the Greek embassy, "there must be something wrong with it." He wasn't as objective a source as Consumer's Union, but the information at least put me on guard.

"Before I buy the ship," I asked Mr. Toker in the embassy's conference room the next day, "would your government mind if I sent my own mechanic to look it over?"

He looked down at the Oriental rug on the floor, then at the gleaming scimitar on the wall over my head. For the next few minutes, he told me what a wonderful ship the Yavuz was, how it had led the bombardment against Sevastopol and Odessa in 1914—the sneak attacks that had brought Turkey into the war against Russia. "We are anti-Communists, too," he added.

"But is the ship still afloat?"

"For such an old ship, it is very well preserved. Everything is still on board."

"Good. What days do you deliver to Leonia, New Jersey?"

He gazed out of the window at the Potomac river for a long while. "Well, I wouldn't mind driving it home myself," I explained. "We can take a spin around Cyprus, test-fire the guns—"

"It makes no steam," he interrupted. On further questioning, the embassy official said he had forgotten to mention one thing: The boilers had been removed. A few moments later, he added that the Yavuz' anchor and shackle were not included in the sale, either. And the barometer and steering compass were missing. That reminded him of something else: "She has no steering wheel."

"But at least she still has a rudder?" I asked hopefully. After all, who wants to buy a battleship without at least driving it around the block, even if it has to be towed?

He shook his head sadly. "No."

"And what of the guns?"

"The six big guns are still on board, yes."

If I had been Lawrence of Arabia instead of Marvin of New Jersey, I would have shot the used-battleship salesman on the spot as a profiteer. *Jane's Fighting Ships* had listed ten big (11-inch) guns, 24 smaller guns, all made by Krupp. I assumed the four torpedo tubes, which I really needed for laundry chutes and garbage disposal, had also disappeared into the bazaar, and I adjusted my bid downward again. "Can this wonderful ship at least be towed home, where my people can get it running again?"

"Maybe yes," Mr. Toker said, lighting a Turkish cigarette. "Maybe no."

"You mean you expect me to buy a ship that might sink as soon as I drive away from the dock? I don't think my friends at the Chase Manhattan Bank would give anybody a boat loan on such a risky proposition."

If that happened, he shrugged, it would be the will of Allah. "After you own your ship," he added, "you examine it. Your frogman can do this easily in some other port."

Maybe that was the way people

bought battleships today. I was still ready to buy the Yavuz; after all, it wasn't my money. Then I started reading over the conditions of the sale, which included:

Article I, paragraph 2: The foreigners who would enter in the ship area because of their job should present the letter issued from their embassy, certifying they are trustworthy. It is forbidden to bring wireless-set, telescope, camera and cinematographic apparatus into this area; to take a photograph; and to sketch; and to observe the area through telescope or such other means as this.

I asked Mr. Toker a simple question: "What does 'Yavuz' mean in English?"

He said, "A jolly fellow." Unfortunately, *The New York Times* of 1914 had given the word a slightly different interpretation, reporting it meant "The Grim."

By this time, I was really worried. I was losing faith in the salesman, and with a battleship it's not like a car that you can kick the tires and look under the hood to make him think you know something. The Yavuz might even be in worse shape than Mr. Toker had let on. I wasn't going to fly to the Poyraz wharf at the Golcuk naval base and go down with a ship just to get a story. The angle I chose instead played up how I had saved the magazine from a major naval and financial disaster by not buying a glorified piece of junk like the Yavuz. A few weeks later, an editor called and said that was some story I wrote about the Turkish battleship.

"You're lucky I used my common sense and didn't buy it," I said. "By the way, my check for the piece hasn't arrived yet."

"We're not buying it."

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing happened," he said. "We told you to buy the battleship, but you didn't follow even that simple order."

Dazed, all I said was, "Yes."

"Yes, what?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir."

Hoping all was not lost, I frantically called up Mr. Toker to tell him that I had been thinking it over and that I now agreed with him: The Yavuz was a wonderful ship. I wanted to buy it sight unseen.

"The ship is sold already," he said.

"To whom?" I asked suspiciously.

"The Italians. They bought the previous one also. They make razor blades out of the scrap."

Experiences like that have driven me to lecturing at colleges. My advice to anybody considering a career as a freelance writer is: Remember the Yavuz!

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CITY OF THE FUTURE

(continued from page 168)

and foundation. Only 15 percent of the general contract went into what we call "mechanical inclusions." In North America, that 15 percent covered a kitchen sink and a furnace. There was no electrical refrigeration at that time. Only a small percentage of houses had indoor toilets. Only a very small percentage had electrical wiring. But the post-World War One "fallout" of advanced technology brought one mechanical inclusion after another. By 1940, 45 percent of the general contract went into mechanical inclusions. At the present time, 65 percent of the general contract goes into mechanical inclusions, which embrace wiring and plumbing, as well as the obvious machinery. During this same period, the size of the various domestic machines has continuously decreased. The sewing machine, for example, has shrunk from a very big device to a small one. As transistors and other miniaturizations are developed, the machinery of the general contract continuously produces more service with smaller apparatus and less effort. Through the years, the cost of the electrical current to power mechanization has continuously decreased, despite increased costs in all other directions. Concurrently, the size of the house also decreased as servants were replaced with machines, which eliminated servants' rooms. Family size has also decreased as life expectancy continues to increase. But despite the continual decrease in the size of individual homes, the cost per cubic foot of the enclosing structure has rocketed upward. Clearly, machinery is giving man more and more for less and less, while the structural arts give man less and less for more and more.

House trailers are modern, lightweight aluminum boxes, full of the mechanical devices that reflect the improved standard of living—and minus the expensive house. The home-trailer business, despite its product's lack of aesthetic appeal and despite cultural inertia, has become a major industry, without any Federal subsidy, while the whole home-building business has been kept going only by 40-year Government mortgage-loan guarantees and, even so, has been in fundamental decline for 20 years.

But the conditioned reflexes of society make laws that force the mobile-home-owner to emulate the static horizontality of the real-estate business. Zoned trailer parks grow up everywhere, to capture the swiftly multiplying mechanical-house packages. Rapidly expanding fiberglass, plastic and metal boat production is turning out houseboats, motor cruisers, sailing cruisers—all containing living machinery of the highest order. Mooring or storage of these boats is also absurdly horizontal, in harbors or marinas. Visionless realtors, backed by Government

funds, operate indiscriminately in acquiring low-cost options on farmland, upon which they build houses on speculation. This continuously reduces the productive per-capita land area and unbalances the ecological regeneration of life on earth. Despite the fact that one out of five Americans now moves every year, we are forced by Government-backed realtors to buy homes on decades-long mortgages.

Man was designed with legs—not roots. Over 10,000,000 humans have now traveled more than 3,000,000 miles around their spinning spaceship, the earth's surface, in contrast with the 30,000 miles per lifetime averaged by all humanity prior to the year 1900. So ignorantly, myopically and statically conceived—and so obsolete—is the whole housing art that its death led to the crash of 1929. Since then, its ghostscript has been kept in rehearsal by the U.S. Government, at a total underwriting cost to date of 200 billion dollars.

But the reactionary bias of real-estate agents and land developers is really trivial in the face of the technological advances we are about to make. The advances, as usual, will find much of their impetus in the weapons systems of great countries.

Now that scientific warfare has gone into space, it has been necessary for science to package human environmental and metabolic-regeneration systems for economic delivery by rocket. To do so, science must understand man as a process. When astronauts go beyond the vacuum-bottle-and-sandwich excursion limits, all the regenerative conditions provided naturally by the great biological interactions within the biosphere around the earth's surface will have to be reproduced—in a miniaturized and capsulized human ecology. All the apparatus to accomplish this will be contained in a little black box weighing about 500 pounds and measuring about 20 cubic feet. With the little black box, a man in space will be able to regenerate his many organic processes, needing only small annual additions to the recirculating chemistry. The first men living comfortably in space will be watched on TV by billions on earth. Humanity will be swiftly educated in an entirely new set of environmental-control mechanics.

Though the first black box will probably cost the United States and Russia well over seven billion dollars, it will be mass-reproducible on earth at around two dollars per pound. A \$1000 box could rent profitably at \$200 a year. An individual or family could take a black box (costing approximately \$18 a month) and go to any wilderness—mountaintop or island—and enjoy essential services superior to those now available in any city complex. The black box will consti-

tute the first direct application of science to making man a physical and economic success anywhere in the universe—which, of course, includes on earth.

In 1927, a single-family dwelling machine was proposed whose structure was similar to that of a wire wheel—laid horizontally on its side—with its axle elongated vertically to act as a supporting mast, around which the circular structure was supported. This high, carrousel-like dwelling machine had advanced living apparatus suitable for a family of six. It had a sun deck above and an airplane hangar and garage below the dwelling zone. It was finally prototyped in the aircraft industry in 1944. It weighed only three tons, which was approximately three percent of the weight of the equivalent facilities in conventional structures. It was popularly hailed. All that was lacking was the little black box to make this air-deliverable dwelling machine the world's most luxurious, remotely installable and economic family habitat.

The history of cities points to the same conclusions as the history of the home (which we can confidently predict will reach its logical conclusion with the perfection of the little black box). Cities developed entirely before the thought of electricity or automobiles or before any of the millions of inventions registered in the United States Patent Office. Cities developed as warehouse trading posts. All warehousing has gone out of the modern city. Warehousing has become dynamic and now is mostly done on wheels, wings or in ships. Cities were later used to house vast hordes of immigrants to work in the factories, which were also centered in the cities. Now the factories have also left the cities obsolete in terms of yesterday's functions. Trying to rebuild them to accommodate the new needs of world man is like trying to reconstruct and improve a wrecked ship impaled on a reef pounded by surf. The surf of technical obsolescence is invisible but much more powerful than the waves of the real ocean.

Mankind now converges in the old cities essentially for abstract, almost weightless activity. Columbia University, New York University, Fordham University and City College of New York are now the prime real-estate holders in New York City. Only a few cities can persist as prestigious cultural or stock-exchange centers—New York, London, Paris, Tokyo and a handful of others. These cities will turn into great universities as automation replaces humans who now function *only* as automatons.

A few elementary engineering concepts point clearly, I believe, to what the new cities will be like. For example, when we double the length of an airplane fuselage, we increase its surface area by four and increase its volume by eight. The surface area of a ship—rather

than the volume—governs its friction and drag. The larger the ship, the more economically its cargo may be carried. Yesterday's airplanes were limited in size because they required extremely long landing strips. The emerging generation of large airplanes—which will carry 700 to 1000 passengers or more—is being designed for vertical take-off and landing, which does away with the necessity for prepared landing strips.

To take advantage of the progressive economy gains of increasing size, leading airplane manufacturers already have planes on their engineering boards big enough to carry 10,000 passengers or their equivalent in cargo. The 10,000-passenger ship has a length equivalent to that of the Empire State Building. The leading aircraft manufacturers realize that it will be possible to produce Empire State Building-size skyscrapers in a horizontal position under factory-controlled conditions in mass production.

The Empire State Building was erected under conditions of wind, rain, heat and cold in the heart of New York City's traffic. One man was killed for every floor of the building. No men should be killed in the production of the horizontal skyscraper in the airplane factory. Such skyscraper-size airplanes may then be taken from their factory and—with vertical take-offs and temporary wings—flown horizontally to any position around the world. Using their vertical take-off equipment, they will be upended, anchored and braced to serve as skyscrapers. Thus we see that whole cities can be flown to any location in the world and also removed in one day, just as fleets of ships enter and leave ports.

If we build vertically, both out from and into the earth's surface, we may use less land and return good soil to metabolic productivity. We can also install vertical habitations upon and within the three quarters of the earth covered by water.

The new Queen Elizabeth is a luxuriously comfortable abode either at sea or in port. She is a mobile city. She is shaped to get passengers across oceans in a hurry. If such floating cities didn't have to speed, they might have an efficiently symmetrical shape. It is eminently feasible and economical to develop floatable organic cities of immense size. To visualize the various design-controlling conditions under which such cities could be constructed, imagine pinching a camera tripod's legs together, taking hold of the bottom of the tripod in one hand and trying to hold it vertically on the top of an automobile going 70 miles an hour, over rough terrain. As you opened the legs of the tripod—each time you spread them—the tripod would get steadier and steadier. This is the stabilizing effect obtained when tension stays

are rigged from top to bottom on three sides of a mast, as with radio towers. It is equally effective to have the legs spread outwardly, as in the Eiffel Tower. When the three legs are spread apart so that the length of the edges of their base triangle equals the length of each of the legs themselves, the tripod attains its maximum stability. This conformation is that of the regular, or equilateral, tetrahedron. As the tripod's legs go farther apart than the regular tetrahedron, its top can support less and less load. Thus we learn that the most stable structure is the regular, equiedged tetrahedron.

Following this design science clue, we find that a tetrahedral city to house 1,000,000 people is both technologically and economically feasible. Such a hollow tetrahedral city can be constructed with each of its 300,000 families having terraced "outside" apartments of 2000 square feet each. The terraces would permit the storage of mobile trailers, houseboats and other mobile homes, leaving an additional 1000 square feet for a garden. The living units would be weatherproofed and would require no additional "walls," or external skins, to be fastened onto the tetrahedral city. Such a city would consist of an open-truss-framework "structural mountain," whose sides are covered with parked mobile homes. At night, it would be ablaze with

light, as are the great petroleum refineries. All of the organic machinery necessary to its operation would be housed behind the three principal "walls" of the tetrahedron.

Tetrahedrons are also geometrically unique in that they grow symmetrically by additions to any one of their faces. Tetrahedral cities may start with 1000 occupants and grow to hold millions without changing their over-all shape and always providing each family with 2000 square feet of floor space. (The city illustrating this article, for example, while much smaller than the model discussed here, is technically identical.) Such a city would be so structurally efficient and therefore so relatively light that, together with its foundation—of hollow sections of reinforced concrete—it could float. The model floating city would measure two miles to an edge. Its foundation would be 200 feet or more in depth and several hundred feet wide. On land, the structure could float in a three-sided moat, which would make the whole city earthquakeproof. Or the structure could be floated out into the ocean to any point and anchored. The depth of its foundation would go below the turbulent level of the seas, so that it would be, in effect, a floating triangular atoll. Its two-mile base would provide landing strips for jet airplanes. Its interior,



"Here's the plan—you put a damsel in distress, then I rescue her . . . I put a damsel in distress, and you rescue her . . ."

two-mile harbor would provide refuge for the largest ocean vessels.

The total structural and mechanical materials involved in production of a number of such 1,000,000-inhabitant tetrahedral cities are within the capabilities of several companies in the major industrial nations. Withdrawal of materials from obsolete buildings on the land will permit the production of enough of these floating cities to dot the oceans of the earth, at distances negotiable by relatively small boats. Because their foundations would be below wave turbulence, such cities would also permit mid-ocean cargo transfers, extraordinarily increasing the efficiency of material and passenger traffic. The cities would generate their own energy with atomic reactors, whose by-product heat would be used to desalinate sea water for the city's water supply. In short, these habitats would greatly facilitate both travel of all sorts and the coming large-scale exploitation of the oceans.

In 1954, the United States Marine Corps helicopter-lifted a geodesic dome large enough to house an American family. The latest helicopters being built for Vietnam can air-deliver geodesic domes large enough to cover a football field, including the end zones, the quarter-mile running track and side bleachers. By 1975, it will be possible to air-deliver geodesic domes large enough to cover small cities. (It is now possible to cover a large city in three months by delivering large subassemblies of a dome.)

There are already 5000 geodesic domes in 50 countries around the world, many so light and strong as to have been air-delivered.

Domed-over cities have extraordinary economic advantage. A dome calculated for mid-Manhattan has a surface that is only 1/85 the total area of the buildings that it would cover. It would reduce energy losses—either in winter heating or summer cooling—to 1/85 of the present level. It would obviate snow removal. The savings in ten years would pay for the dome.

Domed cities are going to be essential to the occupation of the Arctic and the Antarctic. The Russians are already experimenting with them in the Arctic. They will be used in desert areas to shield new growth from the sun, while preventing wasteful evaporation of piped-in, desalinated water. Gradually, the success of new domed cities in remote places will bring about their use in covering old cities, particularly where antiquities need to be protected.

The domes over our cities will be so high and their structural members so delicate as to be nearly invisible. They will bring shadow when shadow is desirable and sun when sun is desirable, always keeping out rain, snow and storms as well as exterior industrial fumes, while collecting rain water in reservoirs.

The temperature inside the domes will be so stabilized that a semitropical atmosphere will exist. Inasmuch as there will be no rain or snow, people will live in garden-terrace skyscrapers, with screening only for privacy.

Because of the geodesic domes, the increasing trend toward mobility will find expression not only in individual "homes" but also in entire cities. A 100-foot-diameter geodesic sphere weighing three tons encloses seven tons of air. In a 400-foot geodesic sphere—the size of several domes now operating—the weight of the air inside goes to about 500 tons, while the weight of the structure is only 15 tons. Here, the air-to-structure weight ratio is 33 to 1. When we get to a geodesic sphere one-half mile in diameter, the weight of the air enclosed is so great that the weight of the structure itself becomes of relatively negligible magnitude, a ratio of 1000 to 1. When the sun shines on an open-frame aluminum geodesic sphere of one-half-mile diameter, sunlight is reflected by the concave inner surface back into the sphere and gradually heats the interior atmosphere. When the interior temperature of the sphere rises only one degree Fahrenheit, the weight of air pushed out of the sphere is greater than the weight of the spherical-frame geodesic structure. This means that the total weight of the interior air, plus the weight of the structure, is much less than the weight of the surrounding atmosphere. The entire assemblage would then float into the sky.

As geodesic spheres get larger than one-half mile in diameter, they become floatable cloud structures. If their surfaces were draped with outwardly hung polyethylene curtains to retard the rate at which air comes back in at night, the sphere and its internal atmosphere would continue to be so light as to remain aloft. Such sky-floating geodesic spheres may be designed for altitudes of thousands of feet. The weight of human beings added to such prefabricated "cloud nines" would be negligible. Many thousands of passengers could be housed aboard a mile-diameter cloud structure. The passengers could come and go from cloud to cloud, or cloud to ground, as the clouds floated around the earth or were anchored to mountaintops. While the building of such floating clouds is several decades hence, we may foresee that—along with the floating tetrahedral cities, air-deliverable skyscrapers, submarine islands, subsurface dwellings, domed-over cities, flyable dwelling machines and rentable, autonomous-living black boxes—man may well be able to converge and deploy at will around the earth, in great numbers, without further depletion of our planet's productive surface.

As people live and move completely around the earth, changing from "summer" to "winter" in hours, the old concept of man as a cold-area or warm-area dweller—or as a fixed, static dweller anywhere—and all the old concepts of seasons and of work related to only daylight hours will gradually be eradicated from our conditioned reflexes. This will mean more efficient occupancy of environment-control facilities. Nowadays, at international airport hotels, people with one-to-eight-hour flight stopovers follow one another in rooms and beds that are made up as soon as each occupant leaves. The rooms are occupied, not on a noon-to-noon schedule but on a *use* schedule, which we may call a *frequency-modulation schedule*. Such frequency-modulated occupancy of rented space in mobile hotels or in dwelling machines will become man's fundamental life pattern.

The great world housing problem is an educational problem. By and large, man's inertias are overcome only by virtue of his own personal discoveries and his understanding of what is happening to him. There will be no instant world housing solutions. There are fundamental rates at which the educational gestation takes place. Publishers who try to exploit man's imagination by giving him only the end-product concepts, without showing how man will get from here to there, postpone the opportunities for helping man educate himself as to how these events may come to pass. I, for one, am unwilling to allow anyone to be amused by startling concepts of tetrahedral cities and air-deliverable Empire State Buildings while keeping from society the opportunity to understand the complex of factors that lead to such tangible results.

The comprehensive introduction of automation everywhere around the earth will free man from being an automaton and will generate so rapid a mastery and multiplication of energy wealth that we will be able to support all of humanity in ever greater physical and economic success anywhere around our spaceship, earth. Quite clearly, man free to enjoy all of his planet, free to research the bottom of his ocean and to re-explore earlier patterns of man's life on earth, will also be swiftly outward-bound to occupy ever greater ranges of the universe. Within decades, we will know whether man is going to be a physical success here or is going to frustrate his own success with his negatively conditioned reflexes of yesterday—bringing about his own extinction. My intuitions sense success, despite our negative inertias. But my intuitions will mean nothing unless man learns to understand and control the forces shaping him and the new patterns of living available to him.



THE RACING DRIVER (continued from page 157)

have to lower yourself into position by standing on the seat with your arms above your head and slowly wriggling your legs into the long tunnel beneath the tiny, leather-padded steering wheel. You have to sit well back with your arms at full stretch, because otherwise your elbows would foul the sides of the car when you tried to turn the wheel, and you peer out over a low screen at the huge, wide expanse of road out there in front. The steering is quick and direct (no power assistance here!) and the slightest movement of the tiny wheel has a surprisingly large effect on the pair of wide-section road wheels out front. There are pedals down there beneath your feet—a heavy clutch with very short travel and no half measures about it, a delicate brake pedal (which still needs an awful lot of beef behind it to force those iron-hard brake pads up against the ventilated disks hard enough to pull a baby like *this* to a stop from full speed) and a narrow throttle pedal curving round behind the brake—this is so that the driver can control both pedals with one foot (drivers call this heel-and-toeing) when he wants to brake and change gear at the same time. There's a tiny manual shift lever poking out through a small aluminum gate right next to your leg; and on the small panel

in front of you, there are a tachometer, ammeter, gauges for oil pressure and temperature, water temperature and fuel, and switches for ignition, fuel and self-starter. No speedometer, because speed, absolute speed, doesn't matter—what the driver really wants to know is how fast he's going in which gear, how the engine is feeling and how long he's got before he has to stop for oil or gas. The interior of this brutally powerful, hideously expensive piece of high-speed machinery is as raw, exciting and functional as a fighter cockpit. This is no place for amateurs.

Taking a car like this *slowly* round a race track takes a lot of skill. The engine has to work so hard for its living that it becomes very choosy about what speeds it turns over at—leave it running at normal speed, put the car in first gear and ease your foot off the clutch and, brother, you've stalled the engine. Instead, you have to give it the gun and lift your left foot off that pedal pretty smartly—it's rough, but it gets results. Treatment that would shatter the transmission or cut the engine in a normal car produces a neck-snapping burst of acceleration; and almost before you know it, that needle on the tachometer is racing round toward the red line and it's time to shift into second. Straight across the gate, no synchromesh, snap into second as the

straight-cut gears bite and the drive takes up the shock and you're away in another surge of acceleration. All the other gears are crowded together at the top end of the speed range, so from then on you have to work pretty fast to keep the engine happy in its narrow speed band. You learn that the most important instrument is the tachometer, which you use in conjunction with the gearshift to keep that engine turning as close to its peak-power point as you can. With more than 300 horsepower on tap, you can spin the wheels at any speed up to more than 120 mph if you don't have a sensitive right foot, and that can spell trouble.

Highly stressed engines like this tend to be temperamental, so you learn to watch the other gauges—water temperature, oil temperature, oil pressure, ammeter—for any warning of the unexpected. The steering is faster than light—no sooner do you begin to think about doing something, hardly have your muscles begun to twitch in anticipation, and the car is beginning to turn. You have to stand hard on the brakes to kill every little bit of speed; but once they start to slow the car, they go on and on, with never a sign of fade or failure. There's so much power right there under the throttle pedal that it's difficult not to go round the circuit faster than you really want to. But it's a whole lot more difficult to go round really fast. And to go round at

racing speeds, where you're deliberately pushing this sophisticated piece of machinery right up to its designed limit on every bend, needs something else altogether. Even then, you're not really a racing driver until you can not only get the utmost out of the machine itself but actually get more out of it than other highly skilled drivers can with equally powerful machines. If you hope to be in the really top rank, then you must do more yet. You have to be capable of beating men in better cars by going that little bit closer to the hairbreadth line separating success from disaster. You have to brake later than they do, enter corners faster than they do, hold the car on the track at higher speeds than they can, all to make up for the extra speed their cars give them down the straights.

What kind of man does it take to handle a car like this? It's easy enough to specify the mental and physical qualities a man needs to be a success as a racing driver. He needs to be fairly fit, in good all-round condition. Although the days are gone when cars and controls were so heavy that drivers would sweat away pounds of excess body fat in the course of a single race, driving a modern racing car is still a demanding business. He needs good coordination, the link between mind and muscle that makes certain his body does exactly what his brain tells it to do. If he decides it's time for a downshift into third gear to take a particular bend, his left foot must operate that clutch smoothly and without hesitation, and his hand must snatch across and push that tiny lever into the right slot for third gear, not the one that means first or the one that means fifth, even though fractions of an inch separate them. He must time the speeds of engine and wheels to make the change smooth, and he must get it *right*. If he doesn't, if he makes one tiny error, he may muffle the change altogether. Either the car and the engine travel at different speeds so that the driving wheels lose their grip right when he needs it most or he might hit the wrong gear altogether (or even hit two gears at once, as occasionally happens, even with the best-maintained cars). It's even possible with some lightly built racers to select fifth gear at the gear lever and get third gear at the gearbox because of torsional flexing of the car under extreme loads. If any of these things happen, he may just lose time while the engine labors painfully in too high a gear. What's more likely is that the engine or the gearbox will burst under the strain, or the car may leap the track and smash to pieces.

These delicate control movements would be difficult enough if they had to be carried out in a closed, warm, quiet, comfortable room with nothing to distract or distract the driver's attention. But as things are, he has to do them while also controlling the steering to a

millimeter, balancing his pressure on the throttle pedal to get maximum power out onto the road without spinning the wheels, watching the track ahead for the right line to take, scanning the instruments to make sure everything's working properly and watching the other drivers while trying not to notice the wind, the noise and the vibration. It's like having to perform an intricate brain operation on the molding floor of a steelworks.

He needs good eyesight, too. Not only must he be able to see far ahead of him, to see how well his opponents are doing (often one of the best guides to another driver's progress, if he's only just ahead of you on the track, is to time him through a given corner on succeeding laps—I used to do this with a wrist stopwatch, and I found it gave me a valuable guide to whether the other man was speeding up, slowing down or driving consistently), but he must be able to judge distance accurately. If I wanted to know how well another driver was racing, I would try to get behind him on a corner. I would watch him pass a particular landmark when he was on his way into the corner; and since I would then be on the preceding straight, it was easy enough to reach across with my other hand and start the watch. As he went through, I would be occupied in setting my own car up; but once this was done, unless anything untoward happened, I could keep an eye on him to the extent of being able to see when he passed another easily identifiable marker. Since all I wanted to know was whether he was speeding up or slowing down on successive laps, I could pick any marker I liked, reach across and tap the stop button on my watch and then wait for a spot on the next straight when I could glance down and see what his time was. The next time round, I would time him over the same stretch; and I could see without too much trouble whether he was faster or slower than before. Or, if I wanted, I could time myself through the same markers to see if I was doing well enough to catch him. Obviously, there were occasions when I had to forget about timings because something went wrong, but usually it was easy enough to time him on the following lap, instead.

The driver must be able to look down a track blurred by speed, heat haze and oil smoke and be able to decide *exactly* where he will have to brake, *exactly* where he will have to start his turn so that he can get round the bend as fast as his skill and his car will take him. There's one very fast bend at Silverstone, in England, called Abbey Curve, where it's especially important that you hit the apex of the corner in exactly the right place. On this kind of corner, you approach at speeds of 120 to 130 mph, and you have to be accurate to within a foot or 18 inches on your turning-in point. Too early or too late and your

course round the bend will be completely wrong. Either you'll run out of road or, if you're more skillful, you'll stay on the track but lose valuable time by having to take violent corrective action. And when you consider that at this kind of speed you cover nearly 200 feet every second, you'll see that the racing driver needs the eyesight and coordination that allow him to pick the right spot and take the right action at the right time, which has to be correct to within less than a hundredth of a second!

As well as all these qualities, a driver needs finesse. When he takes a corner, his car should be very nearly out of control—as far as the average driver is concerned, it is out of control. If it is completely under control, then he isn't going nearly fast enough. His car must be balanced on the narrow line between staying on the track and going where the driver wants it to go or losing its grip on the road surface and sliding off the track. Normal methods of control are impossible. If you decide you've gone too far and try to correct things by turning the steering hard over or tramping on the brakes, then you'll break the tenuous link between tires and track and the car will go into an uncontrollable slide. The only action you can take is a series of balanced, small movements of the steering, coupled with delicate adjustments of the throttle, so slight and so quick that they're instinctive rather than deliberate, in the sense that although every driver has to learn the right movements, when the time comes he compensates automatically before he can even think of the right action to take. A racing driver must be able to sense that his car is approaching the point where it will lose its grip. He must be able to tell that it's about to understeer (front wheels begin to break away before the rear wheels), oversteer (rear wheels begin to break away before the front wheels) or let go on all four wheels at the same time, and he must be able to take the right amount of corrective action without having to think about it. Once the tires lose their grip, the car has to lose a lot of speed before he can regain control, so he has to correct *before* this happens. The right action taken too late is the wrong action—but the wrong action done instantly is still the wrong action. You've got to be right and fast.

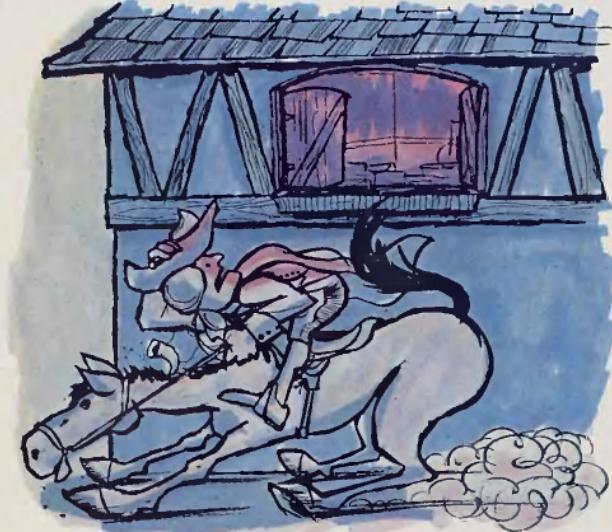
At this level of virtuosity, even an outwardly simple thing like braking becomes a test of skill. Since most racing cars are pretty close on sheer acceleration, and since design of tires and suspensions has become such a competitive science, they're close on cornering power, too. So the only place left in a modern international motor race where one driver can get past another is on the braking *before* a corner. If you can leave your braking a fraction of a second later than the other fellow, your car is still



"The Redcoats are coming . . .!"



"The Redcoats are coming . . .!"



"The Redcoats are coming . . .!"



"So is your husband, Effie!"

going at full speed for a fraction of a second after his has started to slow down, and you'll be into the corner first. That way, you can pick the ideal line through the corner, which not only lets you get round the bend faster but leaves you in the best spot to turn on the power as you come out of the bend.

Of course, this is harder than it sounds. Don't forget that the other fellow's brakes are just as efficient as yours and he's already leaving his braking as late as *he* thinks is safe for him to be able to get round that corner. If he's right and you're wrong, boy, you're in trouble. And if you think you could have judgment like this, try this simple test. Find yourself a stretch of quiet road, pick yourself an easy marker and try to aim to pick the right point to start braking so that you pull up by the marker without changing your pressure on the

brake pedal. The results will surprise you.

Good eyesight, physical fitness, fast reactions, finesse, accurate judgment—is this the complete specification for a racing driver? As far as the physical requirements are concerned, it's probably as close as one can get to defining the ideal. But no one ever went racing just because he filled the bill; there has to be some positive incentive, too. We may have laid down the qualities that go to make a top-class racing driver; but so far, we've said nothing about the spark of inspiration that makes him *want* to take up racing. There must be something personal, something very necessary, something deeply satisfying to make a man strap himself into a hot, cramped, noisy and uncomfortable tin box and make it do things it plainly doesn't want to do. Is it money? Is it courage? Is it masochism? Is it the sheer thrill of speed?

It's none of these things, not even the thrill of speed. If anyone ever tries to tell you that racing drivers love speed, don't believe him. Speed, pure speed, is nothing—it's a bore. I drove a car at over 200 mph once and, although I enjoyed the experience, I got more pleasure and satisfaction out of being able to stop the beast at the end of the run than I did out of traveling at that high speed. And although driving in a straight line at 200 mph may not give one much of a kick, or even going round a 150-mph corner at 140 mph may seem pretty slow, I know most drivers would get enormous satisfaction out of taking a car round a 30-mph bend at 30 mph. Go round that corner at 31 mph and the feeling is indescribable. Man, that is *fast*.

This really comes round to the business of competition. Every racing driver

has an overdeveloped competitive instinct, and that's really why he races. Every atom of pleasure he derives from the sport comes from his competing against other drivers or against himself. Sometimes, this contest is personal—when he succeeds in going round a corner faster than he thought he could, he's won a major victory against his own limitations. When he succeeds in controlling a car through the sensations he feels through the seat of his pants and the palms of his hands, the instinctive reactions of hand and eye and foot, he's trying always to improve on his own best performance. No driver can drive perfectly all the time, but every driver has a memory in his mind's eye of the one time he took a particular corner when everything was just right—just the right speed, just the right line, all the right movements at the right spots and the right times, a completely classical movement with all the skill and grace of a ballet dancer or bullfighter. You may spend race after race trying to catch up with

yourself and repeat the performance, and you may succeed in doing it again. But memory usually embroiders reality; so for most of us, it's a long chase after the unattainable.

Many drivers go further—their ideal is the perfect lap. They want to get round a particular circuit just once, as fast as is humanly possible, with the car and themselves performing faultlessly, taking every bend ideally and never making a single mistake. Of course, they never make it. The chances are that they've done each of the individual bends perfectly at some time in their careers, but never the whole lot on one particular lap. There are other drivers, gusts of wind, oil on the track. But the greatest variable is simple human error. No driver can drive on the limit all the time. The measure of a driver's skill comes in how close he can stay to the limit for how long—quite a few drivers could probably drive a racing car round a particular corner as fast as Dan Gurney, say, once. But to do it with Dan's

consistency—that's what racing is about.

Every corner has its limit, but that limit is different for every driver, or even for the same driver on different occasions. Just because Juan Manuel Fangio could get round a particular corner at 90 mph doesn't mean that you or I or anyone else could, even if we drove an identical car, took an identical line and did the same things he did at the same times. You *might* find you could get round equally fast by taking a different line altogether, one that was right for you but wrong for him. Finding your own path to perfection is part of the fascination of motor racing.

But the main spur is still competition. There are very few ways of using up a lot of cash quicker than by competing in motor racing, and a driver has to be very dedicated if he's going to give up the other things that the money could buy him. True, the top drivers do very well from racing, but the vast majority of racing drivers would still compete, even if they weren't paid at all. Most of us have a strong competitive streak from early childhood—we start off at school wanting to outdo the other kids, to do things better or more quickly or more noisily. Motor racing takes that urge, intensifies it and uses it to force a man to drive himself and his car to their limits hundreds of times in the course of one short race. Some people don't make racing drivers purely because they lack this inner drive, this terrible competitive urge. They have all the other qualities in plenty, they can drive fast and handle a car well, and many of them have proved it by taking prizes in hill climbs and sprints and other short-distance events. But they can't force themselves to keep up to the feverish level of concentration demanded by a Grand Prix race.

Let me show you what I mean. If you could take a graph for a particular corner and you could plot how close a driver came to the limit on that corner, you'd see that the not-so-good drivers would come tearing up to the corner far too fast, they'd frighten themselves stup'd, get round the corner somehow and then carry on well below the limit until they recovered enough to try hard again. In other words, their line on the graph would be an erratic, wavy one. But take a top-class driver—his line would shoot straight up to just short of the limit and there it would stay. The other drivers may sometimes get closer to the limit than he does, but unless they can stay consistently closer to the limit than he does, they will never beat him.

You'll have noticed that I've been very careful to steer clear of the word "courage" when describing racing drivers. I think courage is the first requirement many people would think a racing driver needs, yet I'm not so sure. Courage is a suspect word to me, it's very difficult even to define properly. Six dictionaries



"Scab."

will give you six different explanations, all equally valid. My own definition is that courage is the ability to overcome the fear of something you think *might* happen. If you drive one type of car and you pass another car of the same type lying smashed at the roadside with a wheel missing, then it takes courage to go on. Or if a wheel comes off your car, it takes courage to go out again in a similar car.

It's much easier to say what courage is *not*. Whatever the public might think, courage isn't being brave enough to drive fast. If any racing driver needed courage to drive fast, then he'd be stupid to do so, unless he was some kind of masochist. If driving at 160 mph frightens you, you'll never make a racing driver and you've no business traveling at that speed. Why bother? I never started a race feeling afraid and I never went into a corner feeling afraid. There were times when I came *out* of a corner feeling afraid, because I'd done something wrong and nearly had an accident. There were times when things were really close and I felt properly frightened afterward. But fear is a bad counselor. It blunts your judgment and stifles your reactions. A driver who's afraid of driving fast has the dice loaded against him from the start.

In any case, fear tends to disappear in a real emergency. There's far too much to think about—what's gone wrong, what to do about it, how to avoid the crash, how to minimize its effects, and so on. The only time I remember being really frightened *before* it was all over was when my car's steering sheared on the banking at Monza at 165 mph, and then there was literally nothing I could do. Normally, centrifugal force would have carried me straight over the top of the banking; and if that started to happen, there was no avoiding action I could take. I could only sit there, absolutely petrified and quite helpless, waiting for the car to stop.

But at Spa, when I had my first bad crash, I wasn't at all frightened at the time. At first I thought I'd hit a patch of oil when the tail of the car started to slide out on the way into a very fast (140-mph) downhill bend. I turned the wheel hard over to put on full steering correction, and when the car refused to come round, I put the brakes on to try to kill some of my speed before I hit anything. At the same time, one of my wheels shot past me and I realized this wasn't part of the normal cornering procedure! Things were a little confused after that; I think I spun once and possibly twice, desperately trying all the time to lose as much speed as possible. If a crash is inevitable, the standard technique is to try to hit something solid with the back of the car, if possible, because that way, you have the seat to cushion you against the impact, instead of having to take the whole shock



"It sure gets lonesome out here on the prairie, don't it?"

through your arms. But in this case, there was no time—the next thing I remember is being on my hands and knees in the ditch at the side of the track and not being able to see anything. It was only afterward, when I thought a rib had pierced my lung, that I began to fear I might die.

I honestly think the greatest fear most drivers suffer from is the fear of being beaten. I know that if anyone got ahead of me in a race, it always made me drive faster, even if I knew he had a better car. It didn't upset me quite as much if the man who eventually won had a car that was definitely faster than mine, but I'd always try to beat him if I could, and I think most drivers feel the same. Even if they have no chance at all of winning, they'll still drive as fast as they can, in competition with their own ideals.

Of course, there are other kinds of fear. Before racing on a course like Spa, in Belgium, which is very fast and very difficult, where cars are going round the bends at more than 150 mph in places, there are times when most drivers realize the dangers they are about to encounter and they will admit to feeling worried. But when you're actually out on the track, you *must* leave your fear behind you or you'll be well on the way toward

having that accident you're worrying so much about. I know I used to worry more about mechanical failure, like the car breaking or a wheel coming off, than I did about making an error of judgment; and the only way to shut these thoughts out was to concentrate even harder on what I was doing. And it worked, very well, indeed, sometimes. At the moment just before the Spa crash, I can remember actually feeling pleased that I was losing control due to something falling off the car rather than as a result of a mistake on my part!

Many racing drivers affect a carefree attitude toward life, as though they don't really care about the sport or the dangers it involves. They seem to be simple, cheerful extroverts who laugh at the idea of death and who never think very deeply about anything. But this is only a facade, even though sometimes it's a very successful one. Racing drivers have to take serious risks, it's part of the business; and if they're going to cope with them, they have to be pretty serious and professional themselves. I don't mean they are all miserable, solemn people behind the cheerful face, but at least they're aware of the dangers surrounding them. Death hovers on the outside, watching every race, and every

driver has to be very careful not to invite him in by a single wrong decision or a moment's inattention; so racing drivers are far more careful than ordinary drivers to eliminate every unnecessary risk. Many go to incredible lengths to make sure they and their machines are as fit and as reliable as possible, and I think this is a very sensible attitude. To be a good racing driver, a man has to pay careful attention to every detail that could help him be that little bit faster round the course than the others. So the underlying personality is always a serious one, however well he covers it up.

The top racing drivers are such dedicated, professional artists that it can be easy to forget they're human beings, with their own violent likes and dislikes. I used to like any and every kind of motor sport, from Grand Prix racing to sports-car racing, from hill climbs to rallies; but not every driver feels the same. The late Mike Hawthorn loved Grand Prix racing, but he hated long-distance sports-car racing like the Mille Miglia and Le Mans, even though he won at Le Mans in 1955, driving a Jaguar. Fangio, who I think was just about the greatest Grand Prix driver ever and was world-champion driver five times in the seven years from 1951 to 1957, was never particularly happy or successful in other kinds of racing. Phil Hill, on the other hand, is happier in long-distance sports-car races than in Grand Prix events, even though he was world champion in 1961. You just can't generalize about racing drivers.

These are the qualities a racing driver must bring to racing—but what does he take away from it? What positive pleasures make men love the sport so much? I could fill a book with the reasons I loved racing, and I guess I'm pretty typical in that respect. I think the main attraction for me was the sheer exhilaration of the sport. The terrific feeling of well-being, almost like a drug, that came from going round a corner on the absolute limit of my capabilities, of leaving my braking to the last split second that could still let me stay on the track, and repeating these time after time, lap after lap. The satisfaction of doing better than you expected when the odds were loaded against you. The thrill, above all, of doing something to your own satisfaction. And on the days when things didn't go so well, the confidence that the next time would be better.

Success in racing means more than victory. More than anything else, it means the respect of fellow drivers, who know the same fears, the same goals, the same frustrations and the same thrills. If this means winning as well, fine—but winning on its own is not enough. No driver would be happy to become world champion, however well deserved, if he knew it was just because no one else had

a car that could compete with his.

This is really a personal standard. Most drivers finish a race knowing (whether they won or not) that they really deserved to win or that they didn't. I can think of plenty of races I didn't win that gave me more satisfaction than some I did win—purely because I knew I deserved to win them.

But when you do win, knowing that your victory is deserved, the feeling is something quite out of this world. When I won the 1961 Monaco Grand Prix, I was only a matter of seconds ahead of second man Richie Ginther in the faster Ferrari. I couldn't tell just how far he was behind on a tight, twisty, round-the-houses course like Monaco, so I could never relax—all I could do was go flat-out all the way and hope he wasn't catching up. In the end, I stayed in front until the end of the race, after driving right to the extent of my own limit for 90 out of the 100 laps of the race. I wasn't capable of giving any more, but it proved to be just enough.

The sensation afterward was quite indescribable. I've played golf once or twice, and whenever I hit the ball, there's usually a horrible noise and off it goes in completely the wrong direction. But every once in a while, there's a nice sharp click and it goes exactly where I want it to go. The feeling I had after a really tough race was just the same, multiplied a thousand times. It was mostly a mental reaction, with a tingling sensation in my hands and a surge of emotion that welled up inside me and made me almost want to cry with relief that the mental and physical strain was over and I had won after all.

Racing drivers play for high stakes. Even racing on closed tracks is far from completely safe. And racing on circuits is even less so. Although circuit races don't produce the same tight groups of cars hurtling round in close formation at top speed, as you can often see on banked tracks, they have problems all their own. Any circuit, even the wide-open airfield with flat grass borders to take care of drivers who overdo things, allows the driver to use only one thing to counteract the terrific centrifugal force that is seeking to send him and his car straight on to disaster—the frail and tenuous grip between his tires and the road. Beyond the weight of his car, he gets no help from gravity at all; and once he's in a slide, it's very difficult to stop the car's going right off the road. Certainly, a driver's in real trouble if he shoots off the top of a banked track, but this takes a lot more doing. And what about a circuit like Germany's Nürburgring, which is bordered by ditches and close-packed pine trees; or Monaco, with its sidewalks, lamp standards, walls and buildings; or the Targa Florio, with its sheer precipices? Add to this the fact that most

banked tracks are regular in their layout—while all the bends may not be absolutely identical in radius, angle and surface, they're usually pretty similar; whereas on a circuit, anything goes. A circuit like the Nürburgring has every kind of bend in its 170-odd corners—fast, slow, sharp, gentle, uphill, downhill—all following in quick succession. In pitting himself against the unknown, every racing driver runs the risk of dismemberment and death if things should go wrong. For this reason, many well-meaning people try to protect drivers against themselves by attempting to ban racing altogether. Every time a crash hits the headlines, you see the same old banners: "STOP THE RACE-TRACK CARNAGE" and "DON'T LET THESE YOUNG MEN KILL THEMSELVES." But smoking and traveling in airplanes killed off far more people than race-track accidents last year, and no one tried seriously to abolish cigarettes or air travel. And isn't there a deep need in many of us to go out and meet death face to face, with only our skill to protect us? Why else do people climb mountains or sail single-handed round the world? Of course, we don't want to kill ourselves—if we did, we could find many easier (and cheaper) ways of doing it—but if racing drivers choose to risk their lives, the choice is theirs to make.

This doesn't mean they are an irresponsible band of men playing Russian roulette. Every racing driver, like any artist, is striving after perfection in his own field and never quite attaining it. He is trying to take each corner perfectly; and if he ever succeeds, he'll go on trying to repeat it. People often say how boring it must all be, tearing round and round the same course for lap after lap. But it isn't. As you get to know the course better, your speed goes up and the course itself changes. You arrive at each corner more quickly, you go round more quickly and you come out more quickly. The straights become shorter and, as they are the one place on any racing circuit where you can make any pretense of relaxing, of taking stock of the opposition and of your own performance, the pressure hots up. Your braking becomes harder and the positioning of your car more critical. You face an ever-changing set of problems on which to exercise your skill, and the attendant danger adds a spice that other arts so sadly lack.

Even though a driver has been through a corner without any trouble for each of 100 laps, there's no guarantee that he'll get round without making a mistake on the 101st time or even that he will get round at all. Every time he comes to a corner, it's a new challenge against which he can measure himself. That's what motor racing is all about.



THE YES MENTALITY

respect a subordinate may reasonably be expected to show a superior.

For the sake of argument, let us accept the slightly unorthodox theory postulated in the *Journal of Business* by Robert Tannenbaum, who holds that authority stems from two sources. The first, which he calls "formal," originates "at the top of an organization hierarchy" and flows "downward therein through the process of delegation." The second, or "informal," source of the authority "possessed by an individual lies in the acceptance of its exercise by those who are subject to it," Tannenbaum says.

Whatever the source, the young executive must appreciate that his superior *does* have authority and that, all things being equal, it is accepted by others. As a junior, he is also required to accept that authority if he wishes to become a functioning member of the organization. It's entirely possible that the young executive might not personally like his superior—but the courtesy and respect due the latter are not necessarily based on any personal considerations. They are due, if for no other reason, because the superior has had considerably more experience than the junior; he has "been through the mill" and demonstrated his abilities. It is highly unlikely that the junior possesses anywhere near the seasoning of the superior. The former has much to learn—and the latter has much to teach him.

Here, again, we face a distinction—this time between legitimate requests for guidance from a superior and constant, unnecessary pleas for advice intended solely to feed the superior's ego and draw his attention to the adulation with which the junior regards him. Any boss worthy of the title will gladly give constructive counsel and assistance to a subordinate, for he knows that only thus will the subordinate realize his full potential. On the other hand, that same boss will not tolerate a subordinate who tags constantly at his heels, besieging him with needless questions and requests.

There is one reliable test a subordinate can apply to determine whether or not he's overstepping the line in this regard. Whenever he has a problem he is tempted to take to the boss, he should ask himself the following questions.

"Am I sure I can't answer this myself within the limits of my area of authority? Or, if I can't do it myself immediately, are there sources from which I can obtain the necessary information without 'going upstairs'?"

Only after exhausting all other available avenues should the junior go to the boss. A competent, mature senior executive will unquestionably award far more points for displays of initiative and self-

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reliance than he will for being bothered endlessly over trivial matters.

Straining to impress superiors with how long and how hard they are working is among the most common—and most transparent and annoying—tactics misguided subordinates employ to attract attention and curry favor. This hoary ploy seldom accomplishes much beyond irritating the boss, who can probably top any of his subordinates in hours of time and ergs of energy expended in doing his job.

The surest way the young executive can prove that he's really straining and thus gain approbation is by concentrating on his work, carrying out the tasks assigned to him and achieving whatever goals have been set for the activity under his control. Let him increase production, reduce costs, carry out his part of a program efficiently and on—or ahead of—schedule or otherwise give concrete evidence that he has worked hard, and he won't have to point any fingers at himself to be noticed. His accomplishments will flash all the signals and sound all the bells necessary to make the boss take notice.

Heaping praise on a superior's head is

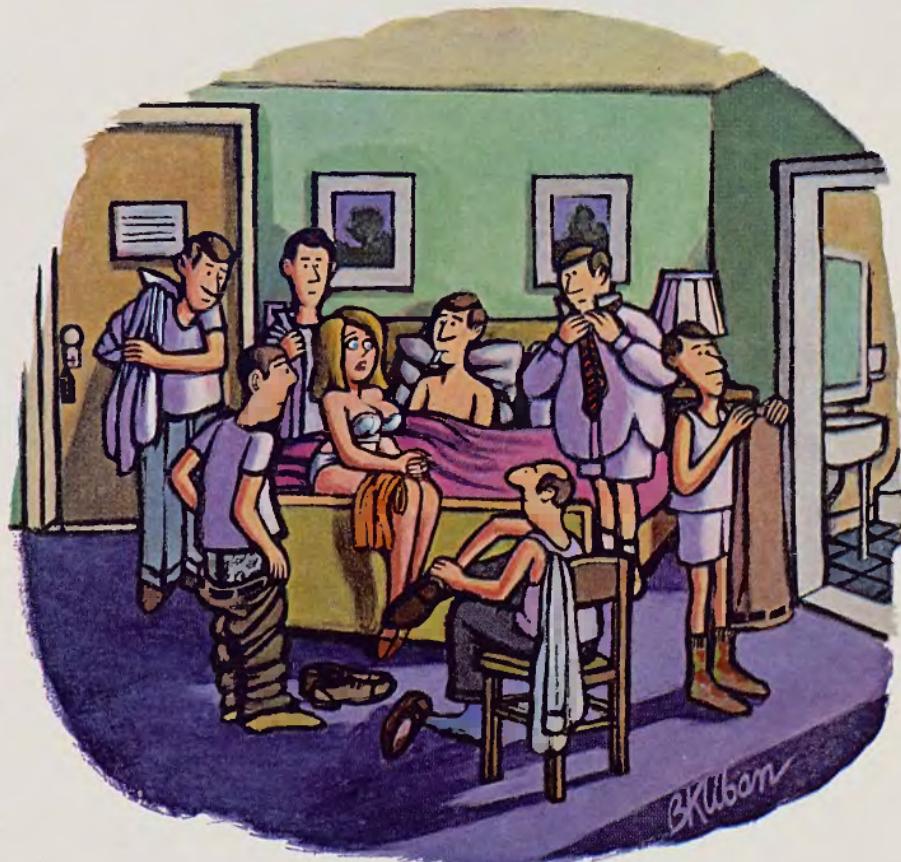
another familiar gambit used by soft-soap artists. Now, I do not intend to suggest that a subordinate should invariably avoid making any laudatory comment to his superior. Far from it, for there is nothing improper about passing complimentary remarks—subject to the results of a preliminary test.

Is praise justified from two standpoints: Has the superior really accomplished something warranting praise and, if so, is the subordinate qualified, and is it within his province, to pass judgment on it?

How often does the subordinate take it upon himself to give the boss a pat on the back? Does he do it only when it is appropriate, or habitually, grabbing at every opportunity to applaud his chief's actions? What is the manner in which the subordinate does the praising—is it simple, straightforward and sincere or is it treacly, grandiloquent and abased?

The right answers to these questions should be evident to even the tyro—and only if all the answers are right in any given situation should a subordinate express praise.

While we're on the subject of praising the boss, we might also consider the question of criticizing him. Situations—sometimes crucial ones—do occasionally



"... But can I be sure that you'll
still respect me afterward?"

arise when a subordinate has ample justification to criticize his superior. To refrain from doing so under such conditions is a passive—but still pernicious—form of apple polishing. How should a subordinate proceed? I can add nothing to the excellent advice William B. Given, Jr., chairman of American Brake Shoe Company, gave in a *Nation's Business* article.

"How do you criticize the boss?" he wrote. "A realistic answer: In about the same manner as you yourself would want to be criticized by a subordinate. Nobody particularly enjoys criticism. Yet, if you feel something the boss is doing or failing to do cramps your performance or that of someone else in your department, this means it is cramping his performance, too. You should be able to find an acceptable way to discuss it with him. Actually, this is not so difficult as it may seem; he may take it as a compliment that you feel free to criticize. If you are in doubt, do it."

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Given. A good executive—regardless of how high he is on the organization chart—will listen to justified constructive criticism that is properly presented. He knows that he is not infallible, that he can make mistakes that might cramp an individual's or a department's performance—and that eventually this will adversely affect not only his own performance but the welfare of the company as well. In the vast majority of cases, he will be grateful to have the error called to his attention and will gain respect for the subordinate who did the calling.

Returning to the mainstream of my discourse, an executive can avoid the perils of rubbing the peel from his career apple fairly easily. A sense of proportion and equilibrium and, above all, plain common sense are his principal defenses.

Any man who imagines himself a manager should start off on a job or career acutely conscious that an executive's purpose in business life is to help achieve

company goals—and not to become a teacher's pet to his superior.

Even though he might be the rawest beginner and a basket case insofar as common sense is concerned, he should—if nothing else—bear in mind that the superior whose favor and favoritism he curries may be shifted to another department, or leave the company, at any time. The departed superior's successor is not very likely to look with much sympathy upon a subordinate who has already labeled himself a toady.

But men with wider intellectual vistas and sounder perspectives are aware that, to succeed in any position of responsibility, an executive must work *with* people—and this most certainly includes those who are his equals. Furthermore, they know that the rule works both ways—if they are to accomplish anything at all, people must work with them.

Whether equals or subordinates, people are singularly unenthusiastic about working with anyone who is working solely for himself and only toward the goal of becoming the boss' *enfant gâté*. They will regard him with distaste and resentment—let us view human nature and human reactions with realistic honesty—and they will not find it difficult to contrive and spring a wide variety of deadly traps to rid themselves of his presence.

All things considered, I would hardly say that the executive who tries to truckle his way to the top has a very promising future in the business world. Even if men like these are lucky, the most they can look forward to is wedging themselves into some lower-middle-management slot and remaining there long enough to qualify for retirement benefits.

In my opinion, the executives most likely to succeed in business are self-made—in the sense that they rely on their own abilities and hard work to fuel their journey up the ladder. They disdain any thought of attaching themselves to vainglorious "patron" superiors. They would never dream of playing puppet or constantly scraping and applauding in an effort to ingratiate themselves with the boss.

The best men are those who would rather forgo personal benefit or even promotion than sacrifice their self-respect. They earn their promotions—and in the process they also earn the respect of others. On the other hand, the confirmed apple polisher seldom gains anything but contempt wherever he goes. True, if he persists in his habit energetically enough, he might well achieve one—albeit unplanned and unwelcome—result: He might polish off his entire business career. It is even possible for him to wind up applying his well-worn polishing cloth to the apples on a corner fruit stand!



*"As a matter of fact, Maisie, you've been
highly recommended to me."*

PAPER PLIMPTON

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equipment weighed down heavily on me.

When I arrived on Styron's lawn, I found that a large crowd had gathered. The news had traveled all over the island and I guess people had come to see the game for the same reasons the Spaniards are so attracted to bullfights.

Plimpton came running out onto the field. He looked twice as big as I remembered him from the night before. He was wearing a tennis shirt with a crocodile on it, tennis shorts and sneakers *without* socks. He started tossing the football around and I gulped. His time with Milt Plum hadn't been wasted.

We chose up sides. On my team was Styron, myself and a handful of children, including my 13-year-old son and my 12- and 10-year-old daughters.

Plimpton had a *Life* photographer, Adam Yarmolinsky's two sons, Kingman Brewster's son (of Yale) and three 12-year-old girls. It was a formidable team.

Plimpton won the toss and chose to kick. His toe touched the ball and it went spiraling high into the air.

"I've got it! I've got it!" I shouted. The ball started its descent as I waited, arms open. Then, plop! It went right through my arms and bounced on the ground, where my 12-year-old daughter picked it up and ran for four yards. My face was red as I went into the huddle. I could see Plimpton smiling maliciously on the line of scrimmage.

"Let's try a hand-off spinner pass over the center."

"What does *that* mean?" my son wanted to know.

"Beats me, but it sounds like something Plimpton would have called," I said.

I leaned over the center. "Thirty-four hut sixty-seven hut four hut hut, hut hut. Center the goddamn ball."

I started to go back, raised my arm to pass, when out of nowhere the huge hulking frame of Plimpton charged on top of me, slapping my shoulders with both his hands. I fell to the ground, where I wanted to remain forever. Plimpton picked me up gingerly. "You'll get used to it," he said, giving me a friendly jab in the arm.

"I'm sorry," I said to the team in the huddle.

"Call the play, man," Styron said.

"Fake reverse, then buttonhook over the right side or flare down the middle."

"Why don't you just call a pass?" Styron demanded.

"What, and have Plimpton think I don't know how to play the game?"

The ball was snapped back. I faked a reverse, pulled back my arm and Plimpton raced by; he took it out of my hand and ran for a touchdown.



"Melvin was a strange bedfellow long before he went into politics."

The people on the side lines were laughing hilariously.

"We want a new quarterback," my kids yelled.

"Play the line," Styron muttered.

I walked desolately down the field.

Fifteen minutes later, Styron threw my daughter a pass for a touchdown and the score was tied.

Now I could see that Plimpton was angry. He took the ball on the kickoff, but was tagged before he could get three feet. It was obvious they would go for the bomb. Plimpton went out for a pass and I followed him; the ball came high and he leaped into the air—I leaped with him. The ball came down; we both had our hands on it. Plimpton held it—I held it. Then I remembered who I was playing with and I let it go. Plimpton trotted for the goal line.

My whole team was up in arms. I was sent out of the game and replaced by Styron's gardener. I shuffled across the lawn, conscious of the onlookers' chuckling at my discomfort. I wanted to hold my hands over my ears.

Someone patted me on the back. "You did the best you could."

"Yeah," I said. "The best I could."

"Everyone has a bad day."

"Sure, everyone has a bad day." I blinked back a tear.

Then I looked out on the field. My team scored a touchdown, then another one, then three, then four. Plimpton couldn't get past scrimmage.

It suddenly occurred to me what was happening. The kids didn't know who Plimpton was. They were just playing it as if it were another game.

After it was over—we had won, 36 to 14—Styron drove me home.

"I played lousy. He knew I played lousy," I said.

"Forget it," Styron said. "You didn't do so badly, considering."

"Thanks, but I should never have played against him."

"Look, tomorrow it'll be all right."

"Sure," I said, because I already had in the back of my mind a new fantasy that could nurture my ego while my shattered spirits revived. My spies had told me, just a few days before, that Plimpton had secretly signed on to play with Lenny Bernstein's New York Philharmonic symphony orchestra. Formidable fellow that he was, he'd accepted a key position in the front line of the percussion section. Undaunted by thoughts of performing with these hard-core professionals of the musical arena, he had agreed to play the triangle. My dream was that someday, maybe even next year, I might get a job blowing triangle with the Boston Symphony. Then, toward the end of the season, when it was play-off time for orchestras—a sort of World Series of Sound—I might come up against the redoubtable Plimpton again. Triangle to triangle. Bernstein's Bombardiers versus Leinsdorf's Landsmen, with Buchwald and Plimpton leading the competing percussion sections in the triangle parts of the great classics of all time. It was a bold plan I'd made, a daring concept that was both exhilarating and terrifying. But I'd do it and I'd win. There we would be, each impeccably clad in a dinner jacket, holding aloft our instruments and triangleing at each other *mano a mano*. . . .

"Wake up," said Styron. "You're home."



OLD SYSTEM

(continued from page 144)

property disputes. His rents in Aunt Rose's savings bank.

Only Isaac became a millionaire. The others simply hoarded, old immigrant style. He never sat waiting for his legacy. By the time Aunt Rose died, Isaac was already worth a good deal of money. He had put up an ugly apartment building in Albany. To him, an achievement. He was out with his men at dawn. Having prayed aloud while his wife, in curlers, pretty but puffy with sleepiness, sleepy but obedient, was in the kitchen fixing breakfast. Isaac's orthodoxy only increased with his wealth. He quickly became an old-fashioned Jewish paterfamilias. With his family he spoke a Yiddish unusually thick in old Slavic and Hebrew expressions. Instead of leading citizens, he said *Anshe ha-ir*, Men of the City. He, too, kept the Psalms near. As active, worldly Jews for centuries had done. One copy lay in the glove compartment of his Cadillac. To which his great gloomy sister referred with a twist of the face—she had become obese again, fatter and taller, since those Adirondack days. She said, "He reads the Tehillim aloud in his air-conditioned Caddy when there's a long freight train at the crossing. That crook! He'd pick God's pocket!"

One could not help thinking what fertility of metaphor there was in the brains of all these Brauns. Dr. Braun himself was no exception. And what the explanation might be, despite 25 years of specialization in the chemistry of heredity, he couldn't say. How a protein molecule might carry such propensities of ingenuity, and an inspiring malice and negative power. Originating in an invisible ferment. Capable of printing a talent or a vice upon a billion hearts. No wonder Isaac Braun cried out to his God when he sat sealed in his great black car and the freights rumbled in the polluted shimmering of this once-beautiful valley.

Answer me when I call, O God of my righteousness

"But what do you think?" said Tina. "Does he remember his brothers when there is a deal going? Does he give his only sister a chance to come in?"

Not that there was any great need. Mutt, after he was wounded at Iwo Jima, returned to the appliance business. Aaron was a C. P. A. Tina's husband, bald Fenster, branched into housewares in his secondhand shop. Tina's plan, of course. No one was poor. What irritated Tina was that Isaac would not carry the family into real estate, where the tax advantages were greatest. The big depreciation allowances, which she understood as legally sanctioned graft. She had her money in savings accounts at a disgraceful two and a half percent, taxed at the full rate.

She did not trust the stock market.

Isaac had tried, in fact, to include the Brauns when he built the shopping center at Robbstown. At a risky moment, they had abandoned him. A desperate moment, when the law had to be broken. At a family meeting, each of the Brauns had agreed to put up \$25,000, the entire amount to be given under the table to Ilkington. Old Ilkington headed the board of directors of the Robbstown Country Club. Surrounded by factories, the club was moving farther into the country. Isaac had learned this from the old caddiemaster when he gave him a lift, one morning of fog. Mutt Braun had worked for him in the early Twenties, had carried Ilkington's clubs. Isaac knew him, too, and had a private talk with him. The old goy, now 70, retiring to the British West Indies, had said to Isaac, "Off the record. One hundred thousand. And I don't want to bother about Internal Revenue." He was a long, austere man with a marbled face. Cornell 1910 or so. Cold but plain. And, in Isaac's opinion, fair. Developed as a shopping center, properly planned, the Robbstown golf course was worth half a million apiece to the Brauns. The city in the post-War boom was spreading fast. Isaac had a friend on the zoning board who would clear everything for five grand. As for the contracting, he offered to do it all on his own. Tina insisted that a separate corporation be formed by the Brauns to make sure the building profits were shared equally. As head of the family, Isaac took the whole burden on himself. He would have to organize it all. Only Aaron the C. P. A. could help him, setting up the books. The meeting, in Aaron's office, lasted from noon to three p. m. All the difficult problems were examined. Four players, specialists in the harsh music of money, studying a score. In the end, they agreed to perform.

When the time came, ten A.M. on a Friday, Aaron would not do it, and Tina and Mutt also reneged. Isaac told Dr. Braun the story. As arranged, he came to Aaron's office with the \$25,000 for Ilkington in an old briefcase. Aaron, now 40, smooth, shrewd and dark, had the habit of writing tiny neat numbers on his memo pad as he spoke to you. Brown fingers quickly consulting the latest tax publications. He dropped his voice very low to his secretary on the intercom. He wore white-on-white shirts and silk-brocade ties, signed Countess Mara. Of them all, he looked most like Uncle Braun. But without the beard, without the kingly pariah derby, without the gold thread in his brown eye. In the externals, thought scientific Braun, Aaron and Uncle Braun were drawn from the same genetic pool. Chemically, he was the younger brother of his father. The dif-

ferences within were due possibly to heredity. Or perhaps to the influence of business America.

"Well?" said Isaac, standing in the carpeted office. The grandiose desk was superbly clean.

"How do you know Ilkington can be trusted?"

"I think he can."

"You think. He could take the money and say he never heard of you in all his life."

"Yes, he might. We talked about that. We have to gamble."

Probably on his instructions, Aaron's secretary buzzed him. He bent over the instrument and out of the corner of his mouth he spoke to her very deliberately and low.

"Well, Aaron," said Isaac. "You want me to guarantee your investment? Well? Speak up."

Aaron had long ago subdued his thin tones and spoke in the gruff style of a man always sure of himself. But the sharp breaks, mastered 25 years ago, were still there. He stood up with both fists on the glass of his desk, trying to control his voice.

He said through clenched teeth, "I haven't slept!"

"Where is the money?"

"I don't have that kind of cash."

"No?"

"You know damn well. I'm licensed. I'm a certified accountant. I'm in no position. . . ."

"And what about Tina—Mutt?"

"I don't know anything about them."

"Talked them out of it, didn't you? I have to meet Ilkington at noon. Sharp. Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

Aaron said nothing.

Isaac dialed Tina's number and let the phone ring. Certain that she was there, sitting there, gigantically listening to the steely, beady, metallic drilling of the telephone. He let it ring, he said, about five minutes. He made no effort to call Mutt. Mutt would do as Tina did.

"I have an hour to raise this dough."

"In my bracket, the twenty-five would cost me more than fifty."

"You could have told me yesterday. Knowing what it means to me."

"You'll turn over a hundred thousand to a man you don't know? Without a receipt? Blind? Don't do it."

But Isaac had decided. In our generation, Braun thought, a sort of playboy capitalist has emerged. He gaily takes a flier in rebuilt office machinery for Brazil, motels in East Africa, high-fidelity components in Thailand. A hundred thousand means little. He jets down with a chick to see the scene. The governor of a province is waiting in his Thunderbird to take the guests on jungle expressways built by graft and peons to a surf-and-champagne weekend where the executive, youthful at 50, closes the deal. But Cousin Isaac had put his stake



"Well, of course there's no one else, Harry!"

together penny by penny, old style, starting with rags and bottles as a boy; then fire-salvaged goods; then used cars; then learning the building trades. Earth moving, foundations, concrete, sewage, wiring, roofing, heating systems. He got his money the hard way. And now he went to the bank and borrowed \$75,000, at full interest. Without security, he gave it to Ilkington in Ilkington's parlor. Furnished in old goy taste and disseminating an old goy odor of tiresome, silly, respectable things. Of which Ilkington was so proud. The applewood, the cherry, the wing tables and cabinets, the upholstery with a flavor of dry paste, the pork-pale colors of gentility. Ilkington did not touch Isaac's briefcase. He did not intend, evidently, to count the bills, nor even to look. He offered Isaac a martini. Isaac, not a drinker, drank the clear gin. At noon. Like something distilled in outer space. Having no color. He sat there sturdily, but felt lost—lost to his people, his family, lost to God, lost in the void of America. Ilkington drank a shaker of cocktails, gentlemanly, stony, like a high slab of something generically human, but with few human traits familiar to Isaac. At the door he did not say he would keep his word. He simply shook hands with Isaac, saw him to the car, Isaac drove home and sat in the den of his bungalow. Two whole days. Then on Monday, Ilkington phoned to say that the directors had decided to accept his offer for the property. A pause. Then Ilkington added that no written instrument could replace trust and decency between gentlemen.

Isaac took possession of the country club and filled it with a shopping center. All such places are ugly. Braun could not say why this one struck him as especially brutal in its ugliness. Perhaps because he remembered the Robbstown Club. Restricted, of course. But Jews could look at it from the road. And the elms had been lovely—a century or older. The light delicate. And the Coolidge-era sedans turning in, with small curtains at the rear window, and holders for artificial flowers. Hudsons, Auburns, Bearcats. Only machinery. Stupid machinery. Nothing to feel nostalgic about.

Still, Braun was startled to see what Isaac had done. Perhaps in an unconscious assertion of triumph—in the vividness of victory. The green acres reserved, it was true, for mindless idleness, for hitting a little ball with a stick, were now paralyzed by parking for 500 cars. Supermarket, pizza joint, Chinese restaurant, laundromat, Robert Hall clothes, a dime store.

And this was only the beginning. Isaac became a millionaire. He filled the Mohawk Valley with housing developments. And he began to speak of "my people," meaning those who lived in the

buildings he had raised. He was stingy with land, he built too densely, it was true, but he built with benevolence. At six in the morning, he was out with his crews. He lived very simply. Walked humbly with his God, as the rabbi said. A Madison Avenue rabbi, by this time. The little brick synagogue was wiped out. It was as dead as the Dutch painters who would have appreciated its dimness and its shaggy old peddlers. Now there was a temple like a World's Fair pavilion. Isaac was president, having beaten out the father of a famous hoodlum, once executioner for the Mob in the Northeast. The worldly rabbi with his trained voice and tailored suits, like a Christian minister except for the play of Jewish cleverness in his face, hinted to the old-fashioned part of the congregation that he had to pour it on for the sake of the young people. America. Extraordinary times. If you wanted the young women to bless Sabbath candles, you had to start your rabbi at \$20,000, and add a house and a Jaguar.

Cousin Isaac, meantime, grew more old-fashioned. His car was ten years old. But he was a strong sort of man. Self-assured, a dark head scarcely thinning at the top. Upstate women said he gave out the positive male energy they were beginning to miss in men. He had it. It was in the manner with which he picked up a fork at the table, the way he poured from a bottle. Of course, the world had done for him exactly what he had demanded. That meant he had made the right demands and in the right place. It meant his reading of life was metaphysically true. Or that the Old Testament and Polish Ashkenazi orthodoxy was irresistible.

But that wouldn't altogether do, thought Braun, and recalled the white teeth and scar-twisted joking. "I fought on many fronts," Cousin Isaac said, meaning women's bellies. He had a sound American way of putting things. Had known the back stairs in Schenectady that led to the sheets, the gripping arms and spreading thighs of working-women. The Model T was parked below. Earlier, the horse waited in harness. He got great pleasure from masculine reminiscences. Recalling Dvorah the greenhorn, on her knees, hiding her head in pillows while her buttocks soared, a burst of kinky hair from the walls of whiteness, and her feeble voice crying, "Nein." But she did not mean it.

Cousin Mutt had no such anecdotes. Shot in the head at Iwo Jima, he came back from a year in the hospital to sell Zenith, Motorola and Westinghouse appliances. He married a respectable girl and went on quietly amid a bewildering expansion and transformation of his birthplace. A computer center taking over the bush-league park where a scout had him spotted before the War as ma-

terial for the majors. On most important matters, Mutt went to Tina. She told him what to do. And Isaac looked out for him, whenever possible buying appliances through Mutt for his housing developments. But Mutt took his problems to Tina. For instance, his wife and her sister played the horses. Every chance they got, they drove to Saratoga, to the trotting races. Probably no great harm in this. The two sisters with gay lipstick and charming dresses. And laughing continually with their pretty jutting teeth. And putting down the top of the convertible.

Tina took a mild view of this. Her fierceness was concentrated, all of it, on Braun the millionaire.

"That whoremaster!" she said.

"Oh, no. Not in years and years," said Mutt.

"Come, Mutt, I know whom he's been balling. I keep track of the orthodox. Believe me I do. And now the governor has put him on a commission. Which is it?"

"Pollution."

"Water pollution, that's right. Rockefeller's buddy."

"Well, you shouldn't, Tina. He's our brother."

"He feels for you."

"Yes, he does."

"He's heartless. Heartless. A heartless man."

"It's not true."

"What? He never had a tear in his eye unless the wind was blowing," said Tina.

Hyperbole was Tina's great weakness. They were all like that. The mother had bred it in them.

Otherwise, she was simply a gloomy, obese woman, sternly combed, the hair tugged back from her forehead, tight, so that the hairline was a fighting barrier. She had a totalitarian air. And not only toward others. Toward herself, also. Absorbed in the dictatorship of her huge self. In a white dress, and with the ring on her finger she had seized from her dead mother. By a *Putsch* in the bedroom.

In her generation—Dr. Braun had given up his afternoon to the hopeless pleasure of thinking about his dead—in her generation, Tina also was old-fashioned, for all her modern slang. People of her sort, and not only the women, cultivated charm. But Tina willed consistently to have none. Absolutely none. She never tried to please. Her aim must have been majesty. Based on what? She had no great thoughts. She built on her own nature. On a primordial idea, hugely blown up. Somewhat as her flesh in its dress of white silk, as last seen by Cousin Braun some years ago, was blown up. Some sub-suboffice of the personality, behind a little door of the brain where the restless spirit never left its work, had ordered this tremendous female form, all



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of it, to become manifest, with dark hair on the forearms, conspicuous nostrils in the white face and black eyes staring. The eyes had an affronted expression; sometimes a look of sulphur; a clever look—they had all the looks, even the look of kindness that came from Uncle Braun. The old man's sweetness. Those who try to interpret humankind through the eyes are in for much strangeness—perplexity.

The quarrel between Tina and Isaac lasted for years. She accused him of dumping the family when the main chance came. He said that they had all deserted him at the zero hour. Eventually the brothers made it up. Not Tina. She wanted nothing to do with him. But at first she saw to it that he should know exactly what she thought of him. Brothers, aunts and old friends told him what she was saying. He was a crook. Mama had lent him money; he would not repay; that was why she collected those rents. Also, Isaac had been a silent partner of Zaikas, the Greek, the racketeer from Troy. She said that Zaikas had covered for Isaac, who was a party to the state-hospital scandal. Zaikas took the fall, but Isaac had to put \$50,000 in Zaikas' box at the bank. The Stuyvesant Bank, that was. Tina said she even knew the box number. Isaac answered nothing to these slanders, and after a time they stopped.

And it was when they stopped that Isaac actually began to feel the anger of his sister. He felt it as the head of the family, the oldest living Braun. After he had not seen his sister for two or three years, he began to remind himself of Uncle Braun's affection for Tina. The only daughter. The youngest. Our baby sister. Thoughts of the old days touched his heart. Having gotten what he wanted, Tina said to Mutt, he could redo the past in sentimental colors. Isaac would remember that in 1920 Aunt Rose wanted fresh milk, and the Brauns kept a cow in pasture by the river. What a beautiful place. And how delicious it was to crank the Model T and drive at dusk to milk the cow beside the green water. Driving, they sang songs. Tina, then ten years old, must have weighed 200 pounds, but the shape of her mouth was very sweet—perhaps the pressure of the fat, hastening her maturity. Somehow she was more feminine before she became a grown woman. It was true she sat on a kitten in the rocker, unaware, and smothered it. Aunt Rose found it dead when her daughter stood up. But even this Isaac recollects with amused sadness. And since he belonged to no societies, never played cards, never spent an evening drinking, never went to Florida, never went to Europe, never went to see the State of Israel, he had plenty of time for reminiscences. Respectable elms about his house sighed with him for the past. The squirrels were

orthodox. They dug and saved. Mrs. Isaac Braun wore no cosmetics. Except a touch of lipstick when going out in public. No mink coats. A comfortable Hudson seal, yes. With a large fur button on the belly. To keep her, as he liked her, warm. Fair, pale, warm, with a steady innocent look, and hair worn short and symmetrical. Light brown, with kinks of gold. One gray eye, perhaps, expressed or came near expressing slyness. It must have been purely involuntary. At least there was not the slightest sign of conscious criticism or opposition. Isaac was master. Cooking, baking, laundry, all house-keeping, had to meet his standard. If he didn't like the smell of the cleaning woman, she was sent away. It was an ample plain old-fashioned respectable domestic life on an eastern European model completely destroyed in 1939 by Hitler and Stalin. Those two saw to the eradication of the old conditions, made sure that certain modern concepts became social realities. Maybe the slightly troubling ambiguity in one of Cousin Sylvia's eyes was the effect of a suppressed historical comment. As a woman, Braun considered, she had more than a glimmering of this modern transformation. Her husband was a multimillionaire. Where was the life this might have bought? The houses, servants, clothes and cars? On the farm she had operated machines. As his wife, she was obliged to forget how to drive. She was a docile, darling woman, and she was in the kitchen baking spongecake and chopping liver, as Isaac's mother had done. Or should have done. Without the flaming face, the stern meeting brows, the rigorous nose and the club of powerful braid lying on her spine. Without Aunt Rose's curses.

In America, the abuses of the Old World were righted. It was appointed to be the land of historical redress. However, thought Dr. Braun, new uproars filled the soul. All the material details were of the greatest importance, but still the large strokes were made by the spirit. Had to be! People who said this were right.

Cousin Isaac's thoughts: a web of computations, of frontages, elevations, drainage, mortgages, turn-around money. And since, in addition, he had been a strong, raunchy young man, and this had never entirely left him, though it remained (as witty comment), his piety really did appear to be put on. Superadded. The psalm saying at building sites. *When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers . . . what is Man that Thou art mindful of him?* But he evidently meant it all. He took off whole afternoons before high holidays. While his fair-faced wife, flushed with baking, noted, with the slightly Biblical air he expected of her, that he was bathing, changing upstairs. He had visited the

graves of his parents. Announcing, "I've been to the cemetery."

"Oh," she said with great sympathy, the one beautiful eye full of candor, the other fluttering with a minute quantity of slyness.

The parents, stilled in the clay. Two crates, side by side. Grass of burning green sweeping over them, and Isaac repeating a prayer to the God of Mercy. And in Hebrew with a Polish accent at which modern Israelis scoffed. September trees, yellow after an icy night or two, now that the sky was blue and warm, gave light instead of shadow. Isaac was concerned about his parents. Down there, how were they? The wet, the cold, above all, the worms worried him. In frost, his heart shrank for them, though as a builder he knew they were beneath the frost line. But a human power, his love, affected his practical judgment. It flew off. Perhaps as a builder and housing expert (on two of the governor's commissions, not one) he especially felt his dead to be unsheltered. But Tina—they were her dead, too—felt he was still exploiting Papa and Mama. He would have done it to her, too, if she had let him.

For several years, at the same season, there was a scene between them. The pious thing before the Day of Atonement was to visit the dead and to forgive the living—forgive and ask forgiveness. Accordingly, Isaac went annually to the old home. Parked his Cadillac. Rang the bell, his heart beating hard. He waited at the foot of the long enclosed staircase. The small brick building, already old in 1915 when Uncle Braun had bought it, passed to Tina, who tried to make it modern. Her ideas came out of *House Beautiful*. The paper with which she covered the slanted walls of the staircase was unsuitable. It did not matter. Tina, above, opened the door, saw the masculine figure and scarred face of her brother and said, "What do you want?"

"Tina! For God's sake, I've come to make peace."

"What peace! You swindled us out of a fortune."

"The others don't agree. Now, Tina, we are brother and sister. Remember Father and Mother. Remember . . ."

She cried down at him. "You son of a bitch, I do remember! Now get the hell out of here."

Banging the door, she dialed her brother Aaron, lighting one of her long cigarettes. "He's been here again," she said. "What shit! He's not going to practice his goddamn religion on me."

She said she hated his orthodox cringe. She could take him straight when he was in a deal. Or a swindle. But she couldn't bear his sentiment.

As for herself, she might smell like a woman, but she acted like a man. And in her dress, while swooning music came from the radio, she smoked her cigarette



after he was gone, thundering inside with great flashes of feeling. For which, otherwise, there was no occasion. She might curse him, thought Dr. Braun, but she owed him much. Aunt Rose, who had been such a harsh poet of money, had left her daughter needs—such needs! Quiet middle-age domestic decency (husband, daughter, furnishings) did nothing for needs like hers.

So when Isaac Braun told his wife that he had visited the family graves, she knew that he had gone again to see Tina. The thing had been repeated. Isaac, with a voice and gesture that belonged to history and had no place or parallel in Upstate industrial New York State, appealed to his sister in the eyes of God, and in the name of souls departed, to end her anger. But she cried from the top of the stairs, "Never! You son of a bitch, never!" and he went away.

He went home for consolation, and walked to the temple later with an injured heart. A leader of the congregation, weighted with grief. Striking breast with fist in old-fashioned penitence. The new way was the way of understatement. Anglo-Saxon restraint. The rabbi, with his Madison Avenue public-relations airs, did not go for these European Judaic, operatic fist-clenchings. Tears. He made the cantor tone it down. But Isaac Braun, covered by his father's prayer shawl with its black stripes and shedding fringes, ground his teeth and wept near the ark.

These annual visits to Tina continued until she became sick. When she went into the hospital, Isaac phoned Dr. Braun and asked him to find out how things really stood.

"But I'm not a medical doctor."

"You're a scientist. You'll understand it better."

Anyone might have understood. She was dying of cancer of the liver. Cobalt radiation was tried. Chemotherapy. Both made her very sick. Dr. Braun told Isaac. "There is no hope."

"I know."

"Have you seen her?"

"No. I hear from Mutt."

Isaac sent word through Mutt that he wanted to come to her bedside.

Tina refused to see him.

And Mutt, with his dark sloping face, unhandsome but gentle, dog-eyed, softly urged her, "You should, Tina."

But Tina said, "No. Why should I? A Jewish deathbed scene, that's what he wants. No."

"Come, Tina."

"No," she said, even firmer. Then she added, "I hate him." As though explaining that Mutt should not expect her to give up the support of this feeling. And a little later she added, in a lower voice, as though speaking generally, "I can't help him."

But Isaac phoned Mutt daily, saying, "I have to see my sister."

"I can't get her to do it."

"You've got to explain it to her. She doesn't know what's right."

Isaac even telephoned Fenster, though, as everyone was aware, he had a low opinion of Fenster's intelligence. And Fenster answered, "She says you did us all dirt."

"I? She got scared and backed out. I had to go it alone."

"You shook us off."

Quite simple-mindedly, with the directness of the Biblical fool (this was how Isaac saw him, and Fenster knew it), he said, "You wanted it all for yourself, Isaac."

That they should let him, ungrudgingly, enjoy his great wealth, Isaac told Dr. Braun, was too much to expect. Of hu-

man beings. He did not say how much money he had. This was a mystery in the family. The old people said, "He himself doesn't know."

Isaac confessed to Dr. Braun, "I never understood her." He was much moved, even then, a year later.

Cousin Tina had discovered that one need not be bound by the old rules. That, Isaac's painful longing to see his sister's face being denied, everything was put into a different sphere of advanced understanding, painful but truer than the old. From her bed she appeared to be directing this research.

"You ought to let him come," said Mutt.

"Because I'm dying?"

Mutt, plain and dark, stared at her, his black eyes momentarily vacant as he chose an answer. "People recover," he said.

But she said, with peculiar indifference to the fact, "Not this time." She had already become gaunt in the face and high in the belly. Her ankles were swelling. She had seen this in others and understood the signs.

"He calls every day," said Mutt.

She had had her nails done. A dark-red, almost maroon color. One of those odd twists of need or desire. The ring she had taken from her mother was now loose on the finger. And, reclining on the raised bed, as if she had found a moment of ease, she folded her arms and said, pressing the lace of the bed jacket with her finger tips, "Then give Isaac my message, Mutt. I'll see him, yes, but it'll cost him money."

"Money?"

"If he pays me twenty thousand dollars."

"Tina, that's not right."

"Why not? For my daughter. She'll need it."

"No, she doesn't need that kind of 245

dough." He knew what Aunt Rose had left. "There's plenty and you know it."

"If he's got to come, that's the price of admission," she said. "Only a fraction of what he did us out of."

Mutt said simply, "He never did me out of anything." Curiously, the shrewdness of the Brauns was in his face, but he never practiced it. This was not because he had been wounded in the Pacific. He had always been like that. He sent Tina's message to Isaac on a piece of business stationery, "Braun Appliances, 42 Clinton." Like a contract bid. No word of comment, not even a signature.

For 20 grand cash Tina says yes otherwise no.

In Dr. Braun's opinion, his Cousin Tina had seized upon the force of death to create a situation of opera. Which at the same time was a situation of parody. As he stated it to himself, there was a feedback of mockery. Death the horrid bridegroom, waiting with a consummation life had never offered. Life, accordingly, she devalued, filling up the clear light remaining (which should be reserved for beauty, miracle, nobility) with obese monstrosity, rancor, failure, self-torture.

Isaac, on the day he received Tina's condition, was scheduled to go out on the river with the governor's commission on pollution. A boat was sent by the

Fish and Game Department to take the five members out on the Hudson. They would go south as far as Germantown. Where the river, with mountains on the west, seems a mile wide. And back again to Albany. Isaac would have canceled this inspection, he had such thinking to do. He was so full of things. "Overthronged" was the odd term Braun chose for it, which seemed to render Isaac's state best. But Isaac could not get out of it. His wife made him take his Panama hat and wear a light suit. He bent over the side, hands clasped tight on the dark-red, brass-jointed rail. He breathed through his teeth. At the back of his thighs, in the neck, his pulses beating; and in the head an arterial swell through which he was aware, one-sidedly, of the air streaming, and gorgeous water. Two young professors from Rensselaer lectured on the geology and wildlife of the upper Hudson and on the industrial and community problems of the region. The towns were dumping raw sewage into the Mohawk and the Hudson. You could watch the flow from giant pipes. Cloacae, said the professor with his red beard and ruined teeth. Much dark metal in his mouth, pewter ridges instead of bone. And a pipe with which he pointed to the turds yellowing the river. The cities, spilling their filth. How dispose of it? Methods were discussed—treatment plants. Atomic power. And

finally he presented an ingenious engineering project for sending all waste into the interior of the earth, far under the crust, thousands of feet into deeper strata. But even if pollution were stopped today, it would take 50 years to restore the river. The fish had persisted but at last abandoned their old spawning grounds. Only a savage scavenger eel dominated the water.

Our star, the sun, flaming, causing the blue color. Radiating at so high a speed it seemed like steadiness. Or many kinds of dark, the sum of which was light. Light in the air, light in the water. The river great and blue in spite of the dung pools and the twisting of the eels.

One member of the governor's commission had a face remotely familiar, long and high, the mouth like a latch, cheeks hollow, the bone warped in the nose and hair fading. Gentle. A thin person. His thoughts on Tina, Isaac had missed his name. But looking at the printed pages prepared by the staff, he saw that it was Ilkington Junior. This quiet, likable man examining him with such meaning from the white bulkhead, long trousers curling in the breeze as he held the rail.

Evidently he knew about the \$100,000.

"I think I was acquainted with your father," Isaac said, his voice very low.

"You were, indeed," said Ilkington. He was frail for his height; his skin was pulled tight, glistening on the temples, and a reddish blood lichen spread on his checkbones. Capillaries. "The old man is well."

"Well, I'm glad."

"Yes. He's well. Very feeble. He had a bad time, you know."

"I never heard."

"Oh, yes, he invested in hotel construction in Nassau and lost his money."

"All of it?" said Isaac.

"All his legitimate money."

"I'm very sorry."

"Lucky he had a little something to fall back on."

"He did?"

"He certainly did."

"Yes, I see. That was lucky."

"It'll last him."

Isaac was glad to know, and appreciated the kindness of Ilkington's son in telling him. Also, the man knew what the Robbstown Country Club had been worth to him, but did not grudge him, behaved with courtesy. For which Isaac, filled with thankfulness, would have liked to show gratitude. But what you showed, among these people, you showed with silence. Of which, it seemed to Isaac, he was now beginning to appreciate the wisdom. The native, different wisdom of gentiles, who had much to say but refrained. What was this Ilkington Junior? He looked into the pages again and found a paragraph of biography. Insurance executive. Various Government commissions. Probably Isaac could have discussed Tina with such a



"It hasn't been easy, but so far we've managed to keep him fairly jolly."

man. Yes, in heaven. On earth they would never discuss a thing. Silent impressions would have to do. Incommunicable diversities, kindly but silent contact. The more they had in their heads, the less people seemed to know how to tell it.

"When you write to your father, remember me to him."

Communities along the river, said the professor, would not pay for any sort of sewage-treatment plants. The Federal Government would have to arrange it. Only fair, Isaac considered, since it took away to Washington billions in taxes and left small change for the locals. So they pumped the excrements into the waterways. Isaac, building along the Mohawk, had always taken this for granted. Building squalid settlements of which he was so proud. . . . Had been proud.

He stepped onto the dock when the boat tied up, and the State Game Commissioner had taken an eel from the water to show the inspection party. It was writhing toward the river in swift, powerful loops, tearing its skin on the planks, its crest of fin standing. *Trep!* And slimy black, the perishing mouth open.

The breeze had dropped and the wide water stank. Isaac drove home, turning on the air conditioner of his Cadillac. His wife said, "What was it like?"

He had no answer to give.

"What are you doing about Tina?"

Again, he said nothing.

But knowing Isaac, seeing how agitated he was, she predicted that he would go down to New York City for advice. She told this later to Dr. Braun, and he saw no reason to doubt it. Clever wives can foretell. A fortunate husband will be forgiven his predictability.

Isaac had a rabbi in Williamsburg. He was orthodox enough for that. And he did not fly. He took a compartment on the 20th Century when it left Albany just before daybreak. With just enough light through the dripping gray to see the river. But not the west shore. A tanker covered by smoke and cloud divided the bituminous water. Presently the mountains emerged.

They wanted to take the crack train out of service. The carpets were filthy, the toilets stank. Slovenly waiters in the dining car. Isaac took toast and coffee, rejecting the odors of ham and bacon by expelling breath. Eating with his hat on. Racially distinct, as Dr. Braun well knew. A blood group characteristically eastern Mediterranean. The very fingerprints belonging to a distinctive family of patterns. The nose, the eyes long and full, the skin dark, slashed near the mouth by a Polish doctor in the old days. And looking out as they rushed past Rhinecliff, Isaac saw, with the familiarity of hundreds of journeys, the



"Who says civilization's petty rules are suspended?"

grand water, the thick trees—illuminated space. In the compartment, in captive leisure, shut up with the foul upholstery, the rattling door. The old arsenal, Bannerman's Island, the playful castle, yellow-green willows around it, and the water sparkling, as green as he remembered it in 1910—one of the 40,000,000 foreigners coming to America. The steel rails, as they were then, the twisting currents and the mountain round at the top, the wall of rock curving steeply into the expanding river.

At Grand Central, carrying a briefcase with all he needed in it, Isaac took the subway to his appointment. He waited in the anteroom, where the rabbi's bearded followers went in and out in long coats. Dressed in business clothes, Isaac, however, seemed more archaic than the rest. A bare floor. Wooden, uncushioned seats, white stippled walls. But the windows were smeared, as though the outside did not matter. Of these people, many were survivors of the German holocaust. If Uncle Braun had not escaped through Manchuria, he, Isaac, might or might not have been such a survivor.

The rabbi himself had been through it as a boy. After the War, he had lived in Holland and Belgium and studied sciences, in France. At Montpellier. Biochemistry. But he had been called—summoned—to these duties in New York; Isaac was not quite certain how this happened. And now he wore the full beard in his office, sitting at a little table with a green blotting pad, and a pen and

note paper. The conversation was in the jargon—in Yiddish.

"Rabbi, my name is Isaac Braun."

"From Albany. Yes, I remember."

"I am the eldest of four—my sister, the youngest, the *muzinka*, is dying."

"Are you sure of this?"

"Of cancer of the liver, and with a lot of pain."

"Then she is. Yes, she is dying." From the very white, full face, the rabbi's beard grew straight and thick in rich bristles. He was a strong, youthful man, his stout body buttoned straining in the shiny black cloth.

"A certain thing happened soon after the War. An opportunity to buy a valuable piece of land for building. I invited my brothers and my sister to invest with me. Rabbi. But on the day. . . ."

The rabbi listened, his white face lifted toward a corner of the ceiling, but fully attentive, his hands pressed to the ribs, above the waist.

"I understand. You tried to reach them that day. And you felt abandoned."

"They deserted me, Rabbi, yes."

"But that was also your good luck. They turned their faces from you, and this made you rich. You didn't have to share."

Isaac admitted this but added, "If it hadn't been one deal, it would have been another."

"You were destined to be rich?"

"I was sure to be. And there were so many opportunities."

"Your sister, poor thing, is very harsh; 247



"Then how about next Christmas?"

but she is wrong. She has no ground for complaint against you."

"I am glad to hear that," said Isaac. Glad, however, was only a word, for he was suffering.

"She is not a poor woman, your sister?"

"No, she inherited property. And her husband does pretty well. Though I suppose the long sickness costs."

"Yes, a wasting disease. But the living can only will to live. I am speaking of Jews. They wanted to annihilate us. To give our consent would have been to turn from God. But about your problem: Have you thought of your brother Aaron? He advised the others not to take the risk."

"I know."

"It was to his interest that she should be angry with you, and not with him."

"I realize that."

"He is guilty. He is sinning against you. Your other brother is a good man."

"Mutt? Yes, I know. He is decent. He barely survived the War. He was shot in the head."

"But is he still himself?"

"Yes."

"Sometimes it takes something like that. A bullet through the head." The rabbi paused and turned his round face, the black quill beard bent on the folds of shiny cloth. And then, as Isaac told him how he went to Tina before the high holidays, he looked impatient, moving his head forward, but his eyes turning sideward. "Yes. Yes." He was certain that Isaac had done all the right things. "Yes. You have the money. She grudged you. Unreasonable. But that's how it seems to her. You are a man. She is only a woman. You are a rich man. She feels left behind."

"But, Rabbi," said Isaac. "Now she is on her deathbed, and I have asked to see her."

"Yes? Well?"

"She wants money for it."

"Ah? Does she? Money?"

"Twenty thousand dollars. So that I can be let into the room."

The burly rabbi was motionless, white fingers on the armrests of the wooden chair. "She knows she is dying, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes."

"Yes. Our Jews love deathbed jokes. I know many. Well. America has not changed everything, has it? People assume that God has a sense of humor. Such jokes made by the dying in anguish show a strong and brave soul, but skeptical. What sort of woman is your sister?"

"Stout. Large."

"I see. A fat woman. A piece of flesh with two eyes, as they used to say. Starving at the lucky ones. Like an animal in a cage, perhaps. Separated. By sensual greed and despair. A fat child like that—people sometimes behave as though they were alone when such a child is present.

So those little monster souls have a strange fate. They see people as people are when no one is looking. A gloomy vision of mankind."

Isaac respected the rabbi. Revered him, thought Dr. Braun. But perhaps he was not old-fashioned enough for him, notwithstanding the hat and beard and gabardine. He had the old tones, the manner, the burly poise, the universal calm judgment of the Jewish moral genius. Enough to satisfy anyone. But there was also something foreign in his way. That is, contemporary. Now and then there was a sign from the science student, the biochemist from the south of France, from Montpellier. He would probably have spoken English with a French accent, whereas Cousin Isaac spoke like anyone from Upstate. In Yiddish they had the same dialect—White Russian. The Minsk region. The Pripet Marshes, thought Dr. Braun. And then, returned to the fish hawk on the brown and chalky sycamore beside the Mohawk. Yes. Perhaps. Among these recent birds, finches, thrushes, Cousin Isaac represented a remoter ancestor or primitive stock—the archaeopixy of a cruder time. The scales, turning slowly into feathers, were heavy. Burdensome plumage for clumsy but powerful flight. Cousin Isaac with more scale than feather in his wings. The ruddy brown eye, the tough muscles of the jaw working under the skin. Even the scar was precious to Dr. Braun. He knew the man. Or rather, he had the longing of having known. For these people were dead.

"You can afford the money?" the rabbi asked. And when Isaac hesitated, he said, "I don't ask you for the figure of your fortune. It is not my concern. But could you give her the twenty thousand?"

And Isaac, looking greatly tried, said, "If I had to."

"It wouldn't make a great difference in your fortune?"

"No."

"In that case, why shouldn't you pay?"

"You think I should?"

"It's not for me to tell you to give away so much money. But you gave—you gambled—you trusted the man, the goy."

"Ilkington. So you believe I should pay?"

"Give in. I would say, judging the sister by the brother, there is no other way."

Then Isaac thanked him for his time and his opinion. He went out into the broad daylight of the street, which smelled of muck. The tedious mortar of tenements, settled out of line, the buildings sway-backed, with grime on grime, as if built of castoff shoes, not brick. The contractor observing. The ferment of sugar and roasting coffee was strong, but the summer air moved quickly in the damp under the huge machine-trampled bridge. Looking about for the subway entrance, Isaac saw instead a Yellow Cab

with a yellow light on the crest. He first told the driver, "Grand Central," but changed his mind at the first corner and said, "Take me to the West Side Air Terminal." There was no fast train to Albany before late afternoon. He could not wait on 42nd Street. Not today. He must have known all along that he would have to pay the money. He had come to get strength by consulting the rabbi. Old laws and wisdom on his side. But Tina from the deathbed had made too strong a move. If he refused to come across, no one could blame him. But he would be greatly damaged. How would he live with himself? Because he made these sums easily now. Buying and selling a few city lots. Had the price been \$50,000, Tina would have been saying that he would never see her again. But \$20,000—the figure was a shrewd choice. And orthodoxy had no remedy. It was entirely up to him.

Having decided to capitulate, he felt a kind of deadly recklessness. He had never been in the air before. But everyone had lived enough. Perhaps it was high time to fly. And anyway, as the cab crept through the summer lunchtime crowds on 23rd Street, there seemed enough of humankind already.

On the airport bus, he opened his father's copy of the Psalms. The black Hebrew letters only gaped at him like open mouths with tongues hanging down, pointing upward, flaming but dumb. He tried. He forced. It did no good. The Tunnel, the swamps, the auto skeletons, machine entrails, dumps, gulls, sketchy Newark trembling in fiery summer, held his attention minutely. As though he were not Isaac Braun but a man who took pictures. Then in the jet running with concentrated fury to take off—the power to pull away from the magnetic earth; and more: When he saw the ground tilt backward, the machine rising from the runway, he said to himself, in clear internal words, "Shema Yisrael," Hear, O Israel, God alone is God! On the right, New York leaned gigantically seaward, and the plane with a jolt of retracted wheels turned toward the river. The Hudson green within green and rough with tide and wind. Isaac released the breath he had been holding, but sat belted tight. Above the marvelous bridges, over clouds, you know better than ever that you are no angel.

The flight was short. From Albany airport, Isaac phoned his bank. He told Spinwall, with whom he did business there, that he needed \$20,000 in cash. "No problem," said Spinwall. "We have it."

Isaac explained to Dr. Braun, "I have passbooks for savings accounts in my safe-deposit box."

Probably in individual accounts of \$10,000, protected by Federal deposit insurance. He must have had bundles of these.

of the vault, the mammoth delicate door, circular, like the approaching moon seen by space navigators. A taxi waited as he drew the money and took him, the dollars in his briefcase, to the hospital. Then at the hospital, the hopeless flesh, and melancholy drug odors, the splashy flowers and wrinkled garments. In the large cage elevator that could take in whole beds, pulmometers and laboratory machines, his eyes were fixed on the silent, beautiful Negro woman dreaming at the control as they moved slowly from lobby to mezzanine, from mezzanine to first. The two were alone, and since there was no going any faster, he found himself observing her strong, handsome legs, her bust, the gold wire and glitter of her glasses and the sensual bulge in her throat, just under the chin. In spite of himself, struck by these as he slowly rose to his sister's deathbed.

At the elevator, as the gate opened, was his brother Mutt.

"Isaac!"

"How is she?"

"Very bad."

"Well, I'm here. With the money."

Confused, Mutt did not know how to face him. He seemed frightened. Tina's power over Mutt had always been great. Though he was three or four years her senior, Isaac somewhat understood what moved him and said, "That's all right, Mutt, if I have to pay, I'm ready. On her terms."

"She may not even know."

"Take it. Say I'm here, I want to see my sister. Mutt."

Unable to look at Isaac, Mutt received the briefcase and went in to Tina. Isaac

moved away from her door without glancing through the slot. Because he could not stand still, he moved down the corridor, hands clasped behind his back. Past the rank of empty wheelchairs. Repelled by these things made for weakness. He hated such objects, hated the stink of hospitals. He was 60 years old. He knew the route he, too, must go, and soon. But only knew, did not yet feel it. Death still was a rumor. As for handing over the money, about which Mutt was ashamed, taking part unwillingly in something unjust, grotesque—yes, it was farfetched, like things women imagined they wanted in pregnancy, hungry for peaches, or beer; or eating plaster. But as for himself, as soon as he handed over the money, he felt no more concern for it. It was nothing. He was glad to be rid of it. He could hardly understand this about himself. Once the money was given, the torment stopped. Nothing at all. The thing was done to punish, to characterize him, to convict him of something. But the effect was just the opposite. If she thought it made him suffer, it did not. If she thought she understood his soul better than anyone—his poor dying sister; no, she did not.

And Dr. Braun, feeling with them this work of wit and despair, this last attempt to exchange significance, rose, stood.

Then Tina's private nurse opened the door and beckoned to Isaac. He hurried in and stopped with a suffocated look. Her upper body was wasted and yellow. Her belly was huge with the growth, and her legs, her ankles were swollen. Her distorted feet had freed themselves from the cover. The soles like

clay. The skin was tight on her skull. The hair was white. An intravenous tube was taped to her arm, and other tubes from her body into excretory jars beneath the bed. Mutt had laid the briefcase before her. It had not been unstrapped. Fleshless, hair coarse, and the meaning of her black eyes impossible to understand, she was looking at Isaac.

"Tina!"

"I wondered," she said.

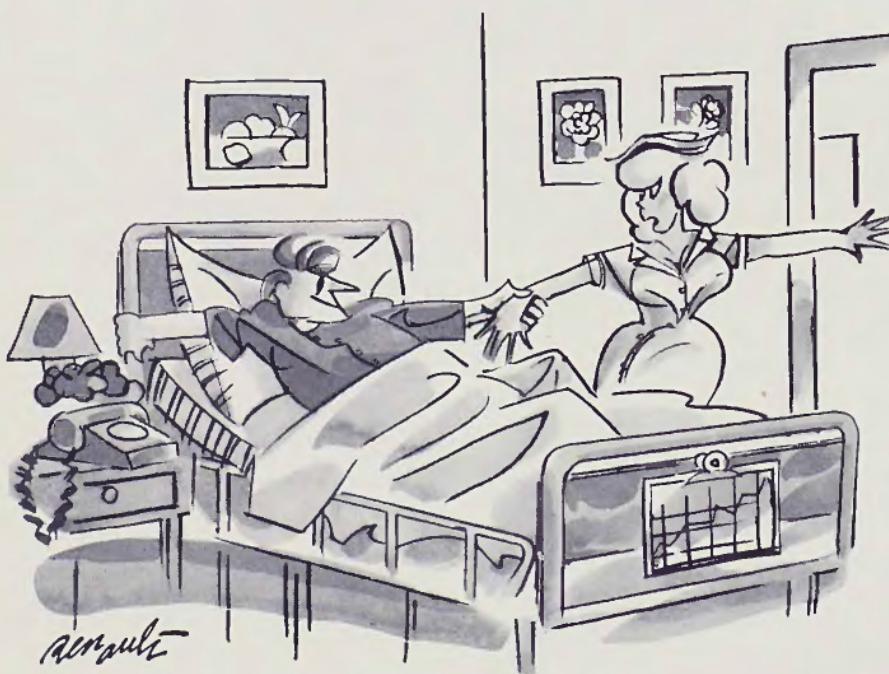
"It's all there."

But she swept the briefcase from her and in a choked voice said, "No. Take it." He went to kiss her. Her free arm was lifted and tried to embrace him. She was too feeble, too drugged. He felt the bones of his obese sister. Death. The end. The grave. They were weeping. And Mutt, turning away at the foot of the bed, his mouth twisted open and the tears running from his eyes. Tina's tears were much thicker and slower.

The ring she had taken from Aunt Rose was tied to Tina's wasted finger with dental floss. She held out her hand to the nurse. It was all prearranged. The nurse cut the thread. Tina said to Isaac, "Not the money. I don't want it. You take Mama's ring."

And Dr. Braun, bitterly moved, tried to grasp what emotions were. What good were they! What were they for! No one wanted them now. Some preferred the cold eye. On life, on death. Once humankind had grasped its own idea, that it was human and human through such passions, it began to exploit, to play, to disturb for the sake of exciting disturbance, to make an uproar, a crude circus of feelings. So the Brauns wept for Tina's death. Isaac held his mother's ring in his hand. Dr. Braun, too, had tears in his eyes. Oh, these Jews—these Jews! Their feelings, their hearts! Dr. Braun often wanted nothing more than to break with this. For what came of it? One after another you gave over your dying. One by one they went. You went. Childhood, family, friendship, love were stilled in the grave. And these tears! When the heart wept them, you felt you understood something. But what did you understand? Again, *nothing!* It was only an intimation of understanding. A promise that mankind might—*might*, mind you—eventually, through its gift which might—*might*, again!—be a divine gift, comprehend why it lived. Why life, why death.

And again, why these particular forms—these Isaacs and these Tinas? When Dr. Braun closed his eyes, he saw, red on black, something like the curving thread-like molecular processes—the only true heraldry of being. As later, in the close black darkness when the short day ended, he went out to have a look at stars. These things cast outward by a great begetting spasm billions of years ago.



"Please, Mr. Laufer! You're still on liquids!"



MIDNIGHT EXPLOSION

(continued from page 98)

beef and claret," a toast which, while damning the foe, celebrated in the same sentence the holiday roast beef of Merry England and the great red wines of Bordeaux. Scandinavians, less verbose, less formal and therefore more attuned to modern tastes in toasting, often dispense with all words and mix their liquor and love silently. A deep, fixed stare between toaster and toastee while the icy aquavit passes 'twixt cup and lips says far more vividly than any words, "Here's looking at you"; and, needless to say, the wordless toasts go on indefinitely. Many Scotsmen setting out on an evening of toasting come directly to the point, proudly waving their glasses to "A ram's horn filled with usquebaugh." Even Charles Dickens didn't hesitate to take the old English toast "May we never want a friend nor a glass to give him" and sensibly substitute the word "bottle" for "glass."

All toasts that are mixed, from martinis to mai tais, should be made to generous but mathematically exact measurements before pouring into shaker, bowl or glass. They should be served in generous-size prechilled glasses. All year long at bachelor parties, there are countless toasts to the bride and countless fireplaces where the glasses after each round are ceremoniously tossed. The purpose may, indeed, be worthy, but the glasses are frequently five-and-dime-store variety. For holiday toasting, drinking stemware should be the hand-blown type, the kind that you'd proudly hold aloft even when empty.

Although the pop of the champagne cork is always a signal for raising glasses, potables other than champagne are just as toastable—an *ouzo* on the rocks before a midnight buffet, a vintage port at the end of a sumptuous game dinner, a hot Scotch toddy in the wee hours of the dawn. But no matter what the holiday blowout, the host should plan on one special spirit or mixed drink for toasting—something from his cellar or liquor cabinet that proclaims, "Here's the very best."

Here's how.

BOURBON RUM PUNCH (24 punch cups)

1 quart plus 8 ozs. bourbon
1 pint light rum
8 ozs. apple brandy, calvados or apple-
jack
4 ozs. ginger-flavored brandy
1 pint fresh lemon juice
1 pint fresh orange juice
1/2 cup sugar
1/3 cup orgeat or orzata (almond syrup)
6 slices orange, each cut into quarters
4 slices lemon, each cut in half
1 quart iced club soda



"But, Excellency—I swear Time misquoted me!"

Prechill all liquid ingredients. Pour bourbon, rum, apple brandy, ginger-flavored brandy, lemon juice and orange juice over large block of ice in punch bowl. Add sugar and orgeat, stirring until sugar dissolves. Add sliced fruit. Let punch ripen in refrigerator 1 hour, if possible. Pour club soda into bowl. Stir lightly.

HAPPY MARNIER

1 1/2 ozs. Grand Marnier
1/2 oz. coffee liqueur
1 oz. freshly squeezed orange juice
1/2 oz. sweet cream
1/3 cup crushed ice

Put all ingredients in blender. Blend at low speed 10 to 15 seconds. Pour into prechilled deep saucer champagne glass. A sweet after-dinner or after-supper toast, replacing a dessert.

CHAMPAGNE FRAISE

4 ozs. iced *brut* champagne
1/2 teaspoon strawberry liqueur
1/2 teaspoon kirsch
Large fresh strawberry

Pour strawberry liqueur and kirsch into prechilled champagne glass. Measure half teaspoons precisely, don't overpour; their flavors will come through. Tilt glass so that liquors cover bottom and sides of glass. Add champagne. Float strawberry on drink.

SPARKLING GALLIANO

1/2 oz. Galliano
4 ozs. iced *brut* champagne
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
Cucumber rind, 1 1/2 ins. long, 1/2 in. wide
Pour Galliano and lemon juice into prechilled champagne glass. Stir. Add cucumber rind and champagne. Drink to the stars.

And there is no better complement to the spirit and spirits of New Year's Eve wassailing than a warmly offered and well-turned toast. Herewith, a dollop of piquant phrases to add to the festivities:

May we kiss those we please
And please those we kiss.

Here's to the curves men view with
delight;
The ones that are kept in drawers at
night.

Here's to the pictures on my desk.
May they never meet.

Here's to me.
I finally found what's unbelievable—
A sex-mad maid who's inconceivable.

Here's to Eve—mother of our race;
Who wore a fig leaf in just the right
place.
And here's to Adam—daddy of us all;
Who was Johnny on the spot,
When the leaves began to fall.

Here's to the game they call Ten
Toes:
It's played all over town.
The girls all play with ten toes up.
The boys with ten toes down.

Here's to the man who takes a wife,
Let him make no mistake:
For it makes a lot of difference
Whose wife it is you take.

Here's to love and unity,
Dark corners and opportunity.

Here's to fertility—the toast of agri-
culture and the bane of love.

Bottoms up!



DEATH WARMED OVER

(continued from page 102)

is he not beautiful? Shiver sweet agonies from this encounter.

But then, behold, at the penultimate moment, as death moves to cull you in, with camera and story and swift-edited art, we hand you yet another symbol: a cedar stake.

Death lies before you. The afternoon grows late. Now, here in the tomb, before the nightshades rouse up death disguised as Dracula, strike!

So you, the acting, as well as acted-upon, audience, seize the cedar stake, place it against the dread heart of Dracula and strike it, once, twice, three times with a sledge!

Bang! The echoes flee! Bang! The echoes run. Bang! The echoes die.

And Dracula is dead.

And for some little while this night, death, why, he is dead, too.

And with a great sigh, having bested the void two falls out of three, having buried the void in cedar shavings and wolfsbane, you leave the theater and, smiling, make your way home. At the price of a splendid lie, an incredible myth, you have borrowed a cup of immortality. Tomorrow, perhaps, you will find it mere water, bacterial and possibly fatal. But tonight, through the transmutation of materials, through light and power, through film and imagination, you are larger, stronger, more powerful, more beautiful than death.

These are the stuffs of dreams that went to make the best old horror films. How rarely today do we bother to act out the most solvent, the most creative and therefore our most curative dreams.

We have fallen into the hands of the scientists, the reality people, the data collectors.

I do not for a moment demean their function. They are the vital necessities without which we would remain ignorant. We need as much information about our universal situation as can possibly be found.

But once found, data must not remain data. Fact fused to fact must become more than those facts.

The horror film began to kill itself off when it began to explain itself. Fantasy, like the butterfly, cannot stand handling. Touch the wing the merest touch, brush some of that powder with finger tips and the poor thing won't fly again. You cannot explain a dream. The dream exists. It is. It cleanses itself. It is the mountain spring that, traveling dark distances underground, purifies itself. We do not know all the reasons. We will never know. But the modern horror film, by merely cutting back a man's skull bone to show us his transistorized Grand Guignol stage, all miniaturized in the frontal

lobe, bypasses the dream to capture and kill with facts, or things that appear as facts.

So the pure, delightful, strangely life-enhancing terror of *Frankenstein*, where we make the Monster and it acts at one remove from us so we can watch and learn from it, becomes the modern robot-brute of *Our Man Flint*. We stare incredulous as high-I.Q. modern man Flint roughly escorts his enemy into a public toilet, sits him on the bowl and cuts his throat, while toilet tissues fall in a dreadful snow about his feet.

Instead of imagination, we are treated to fact, to pure raw data, which cannot be assimilated, which cannot be digested. And, as most of us have already guessed, we already know the "facts" of our position as humans in this world. We do, indeed, know the facts of murder, torture, sickness, greed and death. We do not have to have the facts repeated in crude detail. Those who offer us the cut throat or the asphyxiated face stuffed in a plastic bag offer only reportage and not their reactions, their philosophy, about that reportage.

So the modern "horror" film, be it *Our Man Flint* or *Charade*, merely hands us a larger hair ball and demands that we cat-sick ourselves trying to eat it whole rather than dislodge it. We are asked to devour but are given no chance to vomit.

For what is sickness? Sickness is a way of becoming well. That is all it is. If we remain sick, we die. And any art that teaches only fact is a sick art and will sicken us and finally kill us or itself.

As I have said often to friends in affiliate art fields, your trouble is *you* want to give everyone polio. I wish to give them polio vaccine. One destroys. The other sickens us but to make us whole.

What are we saying here? Let me recapitulate. The basic facts of man's life upon earth are these: You will love. You will not be loved. People will treat you well. People will treat you badly. You will grow old. You will die. We *know* this.

You cannot tell a man that death and age are after him again and again all his lifetime without freezing his mind ahead of the reality. He must be told these truths by indirection. You must not hit him with lightning. You must polarize the lightning through transformers, which are the arts, then tell him to grab hold of the one-cent Electrocute Yourself for a Penny Machine. His hair may stand up, his heart beat swiftly as he juices his veins. But the truth, thus fed, will make him free.

Count Dracula, Baron Frankenstein, Dr. Jekyll and his friend Mr. Hyde, Dorian Gray and his portrait are all such agents of freedom. They take on the

problems of mankind and, by shaping them in symbols, enable us to act our feelings toward death, the strange evil in man that has provoked us from the Garden gate to the edge of space, and the mystery of our love in the midst of envy and destruction.

Any horror film that lingers only on that cedar stake plunged into the grisly heart of a vampire loses its chance to transcend raw fact. The symbolic acts, not the minuscule details of the act, are everything.

For the time being, we must wait in the wings with the Phantom while *Virginia Woolf*'s horror tale is acted out, even more frightening in some ways. For, while Count Dracula cannot be seen in a mirror, even as we watch, the four tormented men-boys in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, they are themselves invisible. They do not exist, even to themselves. They were never born. So they can never die. They are raw fact and only fact, which has no significance. Fact without interpretation is but a glimpse of the elephants' bone yard.

How much longer will American jack-daw intellectuals run about collecting reality, holding it up, declaring this to be the truth? One hardly dares guess. But a day must come when we turn full about to our intuitions, our collective creativity, our full rounded sufferance and digestion of facts to give us a full philosophy.

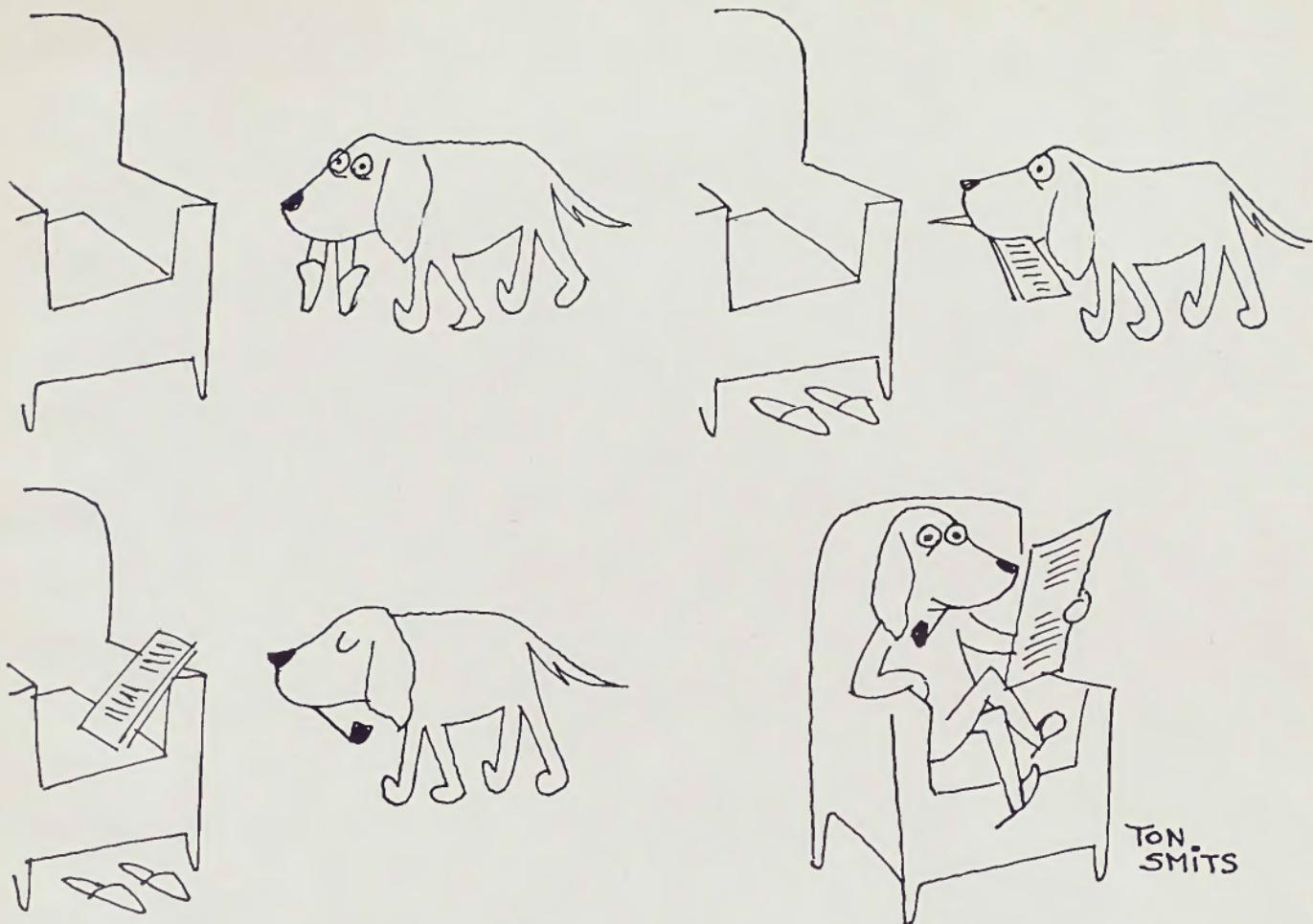
Meantime, we will have to suffer the book-burning intellectuals who, like Dr. Spock, fear Batman without having seen him; Dr. Wertham, who finds murder under every comic book; and the librarians who won't allow the *Oz* books on their shelves because "they are not good for children."

A new generation will scramble the sick bones of this one. And the health and strength of that generation will be built on the old ability to fantasize. To fantasize is to remain sane. The moment we hand over this tool to our bullying intellectuals of left or right, the sabertooth will come over the transom even as we lock the door.

Beneath our suitings, man the hairy anthropoid stands. Inhabiting cities, he saves up assassinations and rapes most foul, in order to be human. He cannot forever save hair as one saves string. The great bramblebush will choke him to death. He needs *Dracula*, then, and *Frankenstein* as depilatories. It is as simple as that.

The puritans are ever with us. The new scientific intellectual puritan will deliver us from evil, he says, by denying all of Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne and the headless horseman.

There is a scene in one of my *Martian Chronicles* where rocket men, come to Mars, sense there the fleeing spirits of all our best fantasy writers. Hid deep in the Martian hills, victims of the computcr-



data-fact-collecting age, the shades of Dickens and his Christmas Ghosts, Poe's falling House of Usher, Baum's Emerald City of Oz wait to be summoned back by a greater age of tolerance. A new age that will take raw fact in one hand and transcending intuition in the other. Only with a grasp on each rein can man move forward in space and time.

These characters of our needful dreams have been exiled not only by our blind intellectuals but by an even worse species of commercial fool, your fly-by-night on-the-cheap producer of such stillbirths as *The Monster of Blanket Beach* and *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. With canned laughter, or unintentional humor outcropped from vulgarity, they have driven our monsters off. The jackal has, indeed, bested the werewolf.

To these I say: Give us back our small fears to help us cure the large. We cannot destroy the large death, the one that takes us all. We need a tiny one to be crushed in our hand to give us confidence. The complete and utter truth, completely known, is madness. Do not kick us off the cliff and send us screaming down to that. For God's sake, give us our morsel of poisoned popcorn to munch in the cinema dark.

May the day be soon in coming when

the bright critics who damn Disneyland, for instance, without ever having seen it, and the moneygrubbing Munchkins who laugh all the way to the bank are equally banished from the wild strange gift of night we find in motion-picture houses, leaving this art form to people who, standing between the extremes, know how to shape the dream.

And on that day, not distant, the orangutan of Poe will vault from the shadows and stuff the doctoral nonsense wrong side up the chimney. The clockwork men and their dusty facts will lie unscrewed on the jungle floor. Kipling's Phantom Rickshaw will run them down. The very Emerald City they tried to dynamite will, falling, bury them with intuitions. And man the fact collector, hand in hand with man the secret creator, will move forward in one body, sensing and beautifully guessing.

Then we shall call the ghosts home and the dead will return to teach us about death. Dracula will fly the night and the mad Baron will pull that switch that should best be pulled only by God. Mr. Hyde will sprout hair only to lose it, only to sprout it yet again. And Dorian's portrait will grow old, then young, then old again forever, and so cycle in cycle, fact circling dream and dream circling

fact. Man, not the one thing but many, will continue his journey out of the Garden, on his way to becoming a thing he cannot now name nor know nor guess, but wish upon.

The motion-picture projector stops.

My TV special on horror films is over.

The small autumn leaves of film fly out the projection-room window into the night.

The lights come slowly on.

The great opera chandelier shivers above me, as if struck a blow with a sledge. It threatens to fall. I wait. The tremble of glass subsides.

I walk to the far exit. I nod to the high box, where the Phantom moves his hand in a shadowed farewell.

The doors fall shut.

I walk along the dark street, accompanied by those autumn leaves that nibble my shoes.

I turn the corner. The leaves settle. I am gone.

PULL CAMERA BACK ALONG THE EMPTY STREET.

IF YOU MUST HAVE A COMMERCIAL,
INSERT IT HERE.

THE END.



THE WAR OF THE TABLOIDS

(continued from page 164)

ladies'-room plumbing. Another one—the *News*—had a photographer with a fixed-focus lens strapped to his ankle take a vague shot of the lady as the first 2000 volts raced through her body.

The *Mirror* deplored this ingenuity as vulgar, then stole the photo and published it on the back page. Normally, this space was reserved for outdoor sports. So, too, with the Hall-Mills murder, where the tabloids fought one another for ownership of the story. This time, the *Mirror* won and managed to have the members of the plush Hall-Stevens family tried for the slaying of the Reverend James Hall and his choir singer, Mrs. Mills, who were found in a lovers' lane near New Brunswick, New Jersey, in a state of disarray. The *Mirror* played the story like Brahms' Fourth in ragtime, but, when a jury acquitted all hands, the tabloid suppressed the story that it was being sued; in journalese, an embarrassment of bitches.

The *Graphic* made the Creighton-Applegate case its own and, for this murder, used the composograph, which consisted of having shapely staff members pose in step-ins, then superimposing the heads of the female principals in the murder. Gauvreau, who was then editor of the *Graphic*, watched his circulation soar past the 700,000 mark and had visions of dispensing with ads for trusses and constipation aids.

All of which is an incredible footnote to journalism history, because, standing

alone, war is a contagious madness. However, when the struggle for survival is set within the swift rigadon of the times, it appears that New York staged a lemming migration to the edge of a cliff and had a desire to fall to death young. There was a mass aspiration to "live it up," to cultivate all the sweet sacrileges quickly and rush the wrap-up.

It was this that the editors sold to the readers. A flapper was expected to be long on gin and short on virginity. The car was the Oakland, with balloon tires. Rudy Vallee crooned *My Time Is Your Time* into a cheerleader's megaphone. Girls smoked straw-tipped Melachrinos and Charlestoned in stocking feet.

The attitude was jaded. A Michigan mother drew a life sentence for selling two pints of rye and, as a commentator wrote, she couldn't find sympathy under the Ss. John Gilbert, on a couch with Greta Garbo, swung his weight half on top of the lady for the big movie kiss and the female moviegoers sighed collectively. A bootblack polished shoes for ten cents and had \$80,000 in Wall Street stocks. F. Scott Fitzgerald, a novelist in his cups, waded in the fountain in front of the Plaza Hotel and couldn't make Walter Winchell's column. Clara Bow and Joan Crawford were the symbols of the self-designated Lost Generation, which danced its way through an apocalypse designed by Bacchus.

The mundane facts were that a hooker in a shot glass cost 25 cents; the same

thing in lisle stockings came to two dollars. Men wore double-breasted pearl vests and fraternity keys. Sensation was everything. The citizens drank, not to be sociable but to get drunk. They spent their money and their youth with equal profligacy. Somehow, cruelty became a joy and men who would not pay \$5.50 to see a chorus girl on stage would tip a morguekeeper \$20 to see one on a slab.

The *News* published silhouettes of revolvers with the words "Stop Selling These," and this reminded peaceful men that a gun can make a hero of a coward. They drank wood alcohol, knowing that it induced blindness and sudden death, because there was no other anesthetic less expensive. Young ladies became engaged to stage-door Johnnies so that they could sue later for breach of promise. Winning or losing the suit was of small import; the romantic details in the tabloids were the winning gambit.

My first assignment on the *News* was a whim of Joseph Medill Patterson, the publisher. In the summer of 1929, he ordered me to escort two men, attired in pajamas, on the streets of New York. Mr. Patterson, after some cogitation, had decided that all men should wear pajamas in the summertime. The PJ boys were two ciphers and I took them to Central Park, to the Bronx Zoo, Coney Island boardwalk, Grant's Tomb, Columbia University and St. Patrick's Cathedral.

In spite of our propaganda extolling the neatness of creased pajamas, we won no converts. Mr. Patterson, of course, confined himself to his double-breasted suit. Still, this was no more reprehensible than the whim of Jack Lait, who, when his turn arrived to become editor of the *Mirror*, suddenly discovered a town in the state of Washington named Walla Walla and, in editorials and little inserts, asked the readership to start saying Walla Walla—for no discernible reason. Arthur Brisbane imported two females of fearsome size, who chopped down a tree in Central Park. He published their photos with the caption: "Any red-blooded AMERICAN would be PROUD to marry either of these GIRLS."

There was a morning when nothing happened. The metropolis teemed with crooks, gunfire, cement obsequies, incest and politicians who kept \$200,000 in cash in tin boxes, but all of it had been printed before. Gauvreau, then editing the *Graphic*, sat at his desk writing 144-point headlines for the first afternoon edition, but none would sell a paper.

The optional course was to invent news. He called Arthur Mefford to his desk. "Meff," he said, "I want you to take this gun and go downstairs and around the back of the building. Climb the fire escape until you are outside my office window. Then fire a shot through the window into the ceiling. Understand me, Arthur. Into the ceiling."



Melford, a topflight rewrite man who enjoyed attributing unsolved crimes to the Detroit Purple Gang, asked why. The managing editor told him to go fire the shot, then come back for instructions. Meff did it. The blast and tinkling glass brought the editorial department into the boss' office. Gauvreau asked Harry Grogan, the art director, to send a photographer to take a picture of the fire escape, paint a dotted line up the steps and show a skulking figure in white firing through the window.

This, too, was done blindly. Then Gauvreau wrote a headline for the first edition, over the full-page picture:

UNDERWORLD TRIES
TO INTIMIDATE
THE GRAPHIC

Within the newspapers, we laughed so that we should not weep. Izzy Kaplan, a corpulent photographer on the *Mirror*, was charged with raping a girl who was in the darkroom to tell her life story. The editorial department got drunk at noon and attended Kaplan's trial at two p.m. The judge saw Izzy's protruding belly and dismissed the charge on the ground that the crime was physically impossible.

Tommy Flanagan was told by Lou Walker, picture editor of the *Mirror*, that the paper had lost all MGM advertising and to please hurry to the lobby of Loew's State and make a photograph that might win it back. The movie was *The Canary Murder Case*. Loew's had imported 600 canaries, which stood on perches with heads cocked, watching Flanagan pour a whole bottle of flash powder into a "gun." When it went off, so did the canaries. They died instantly. The photographer's defense: 600 simultaneous heart attacks.

Gladys Glad, "The World's Most Beautiful Woman," edited a beauty column for the *Mirror*. She had a wispy secretary named Sonny, a girl who arrived at nine a.m. to read the morning mail, written by females who were persistent in asking what to do about that pimple. At ten a.m., Sonny would be drunk. Miss Glad's husband, Broadway columnist Mark Hellinger, had a similar problem with his male secretary, and for a while, the Hellingers thought it might be a new love rite. However, diligent detective work revealed that Mark's secretary was getting intoxicated while trying to vulcanize a hangover. Sonny's case was more difficult. She arrived sober, ate bacon and eggs and fell over in a stupor. This mystified all hands, until it was learned that she had an agreement with the breakfast waiter to add a pint of gin to her four ounces of orange juice.

A Bronx reporter confided to me that he had two wives, two families. One was in New Jersey, the other in Connecticut. He kept them apart and spent midweek with one group, reserving weekends for

the other. The only reason he gave me the scoop was that he wanted to borrow five dollars to romance a girlfriend.

Borrowing was an art, since salaries were \$25 to \$60 a week for good reporters and all the way up to \$100 for a star. In time, each of the tabloids had its own loan shark, a slob who would lend five dollars for a week if the borrower agreed to return six. The users of this service were called the Six-for-Five Club.

The shark's most prosperous time came when a photographer on the *Mirror* bought a race horse. Everybody wanted to be told when it was ready for the killing. The photographer loafed his nag through a few trials, then phoned to give the gang the nod. That day everything, including the rent, went to the local bookie. The horse finished, which is about the kindest thing one could say. The owner begged forgiveness, claiming he had employed a cross-eyed jockey who couldn't count the furlong poles. The next time he said the horse was ready, there was a mass migration to the loan shark, who was so overwhelmed that he became choosy. The horse finished fourth. Real tears were shed by men who hadn't known they could cry. The third time it happened, the photographer walked the horse—silks and all—down East 45th Street and tied him to a hydrant. "He's all yours," he yelled up to the losers, and walked off.

After that, the editorial department joined the Monday-Before-Tuesday Club, an even more exclusive organization. To join, a busted reporter had to devise a phony assignment, write a cash voucher for five dollars or ten dollars and get an editor to sign it on Monday, the day before payday. The boss knew that there was no assignment, but he also knew that many of his boys were steeped in alcohol and alimony, and he felt stirrings akin to, but not quite, pity.

The *Mirror*'s cashier was a sweet man named Hobby, who looked like a dissipated Santa. He never questioned the vouchers. For years, he helped keep the reporters financially afloat. Gauvreau, who had cashed a few fictional vouchers himself, asked the reporters and the photographers to chip in a dollar or two to get a gift for old man Hobby. They did. One afternoon, when the cashier came down from his cage, the gang watched him browse among the afternoon papers scattered over the city desk as Gauvreau sneaked up behind him. He tapped Hobby on the back and the old man jumped like a diver trying to do a half gainer into a wastebasket. "As members in good standing of the Monday-Before-Tuesday Club," the boss intoned, "it is my pleasure to present to you this fine gold watch as a token of our collective esteem." The watch glittered silently in a blue plush case and Hobby looked and burst into tears.

The editorial department thought that

it was emotion, and it was. But not gratitude; fear. Hobby had been tapping the till for fives and tens himself. The difference was that he promised himself that he would repay the money, and reneged. He was over \$3000 into the Hearst coffers and this could have moved him to another type of cage. Few tabloid stories ended as happily as this one. The writers and editors worked on the plot and came up with the reasonable assumption that if the management tossed Hobby into the clink, they'd never get the money back. If they kept him on as cashier and put bells on his fingers, they could deduct \$20 a week for 150 weeks. It was so resolved, seconded and carried.

No one cared much about moral values. Honesty was the best policy for suckers. The successful gangster was the good guy; a casual conversation was a study in subtle semantics; the good girl was bad medicine; dying was the last thing a man wanted to do; a knowledge of libel laws and how to evade them was more important than an ability to spell; editors lost their minds trying to devise new sensations for their readers.

Phil Payne, an early editor of the *Mirror*, worked up a stunt guaranteed to draw 1,000,000 readers. He would take off from Old Orchard Beach, in Maine, aboard a clumsy aircraft called Old Glory, and fly to Rome. He would be the only person able to write an eyewitness account of this incredible adventure. The drumbeating before the event left New York nerve-racked and, when Old Glory finally rolled down the beach and lifted off the hard sand, the stunt reached the status of patriotism. Neither Payne nor the plane was ever seen again. The *Mirror* sagged to 550,000 readers.

On the afternoon *Graphic*, Bernarr Macfadden, the publisher, and Gauvreau, then the editor, worked to devise something that would not only get new readers but, more important, keep them. Gauvreau noted that the *News* was hanging onto readers by devising comic strips that had a continuity of thought. For example, one called *Gasoline Alley* introduced a woman who became pregnant, and 700,000 readers followed her hopes and miseries for nine months, until an infant named Skeezix was born.

Macfadden, who also published *True Story Magazine*, thought little of comic strips. Instead, he instituted a crusade to increase the five-cent fare to ten. This, he said, would reduce real-estate taxes in New York. Few of his readers, it seemed, had any interest in real estate, beyond walking across it. This project was abandoned and replaced by another sure winner: double-deck subway cars to reduce crowding. Macfadden had artists draw the proposed cars. It was applauded by all except sexual perverts, who respect crowded conditions. However, the

city engineer pointed out that the subway tunnels were not big enough for double-deck cars, and those on the second floor would have to travel lying down.

At once, the *Graphic* dropped that gem and substituted a Walk-to-Work Club, the effect of which was to draw even more readers to the *News*. Desperately, Gauvreau located a professor of brain breathing, who did a series of articles on inhaling through one nostril and exhaling from the other. This was to quicken the wits. No stunt, however, permanently increases circulation unless it is followed by one more sensational.

Macfadden found a narcotics addict who said he had been cured by certain occult exercises. He said he would cure all addicts who would meet him at the *Graphic* office on Hudson Street. That night, the editorial department was filled with raving maniacs, screaming and shaking with palsied fright. The city editor, William Plummer, called the police. It made a good story.

The real news of the day—any day—rated little space in the tabloids. There were small columns headed "News in Brief" and "World News." This was the material that would be found, in considerable detail, on page one of *The New York Times*, *The Sun* or the *Telegram*. None of the eight-column sheets ever got beyond a readership of 350,000 in those days, although they showed an advertising profit. The *Mirror* had 550,000; the *Graphic* held onto 600,000; the *News* passed 850,000. Yet, they were lean and hungry and often a Saturday edition was but 20 pages.

Gauvreau hit pay dirt with his "Lonely Hearts." This was a promotion scheme designed to bring together friendless men and lonely women. The *Graphic* began to publish panting letters from the old and the naïve. These were paired off with similar letters from the opposite sex. In a week, New York was, in the vulgarest sense, swinging. The *Graphic* was sweating and happy. Letters were pouring in, bunched in big gray sacks. Gauvreau hired Madison Square Garden for a Lonely Hearts Ball, primarily to show reluctant advertisers his newspaper's strong following.

It was a smashing success. Crowds of timid spinsters shrieked with ecstasy as professional "warmers" pressed aft against them. Bachelors learned that everything is free and widows made bold bids and found that they had not lost the touch. Later, a girl walked into Gauvreau's office and deposited an infant on his desk. "This," she said, "is a memento of your Lonely Hearts Ball." A mature woman was found murdered in New Jersey by a sex fiend. She, too, had been a member. The *Graphic* decided to drop the club and return to sex stories in which its involvement was less direct.

The readers grew as jaded as the

editors. They wouldn't buy mere sensation. The *Graphic* lost \$519,018 in 1924; \$1,579,470 in 1925; \$1,459,645 in 1926; \$1,074,888 in 1927 and \$563,796 in 1928. "If only we can get the losses down to \$10,000 a week," Macfadden told Gauvreau, "we'd be sitting pretty."

The struggle for 1,000,000 readers involved two newspapers that were not parties to the original war. These were William Randolph Hearst's morning *New York American* and his evening *New York Journal*. Both were standard-size newspapers with a flair for crusading and colorful writing. Imperceptibly, both inched toward the middle of the fight. They seemed beset by a notion that it was possible to maintain the best of the standard-size-newspaper policies while dabbling in the madness of tabloidiana. More and more, crusades and contests occupied the attention of the Hearst papers and special coverage for sensational stories became the watchword.

The dusty editorial offices on South William Street worked toward a peak of superlatives. The symphony of typewriters played night and day at allegro tempo. Damon Runyon, sitting with a porkpie hat back from his brow, the eyes squinting through an apostrophe of cigarette smoke, covered the big fights, the big trials and the executions at Sing Sing.

The *Journal* gave readers \$30,000 a week for solving crossword puzzles. It took aim at the *Graphic*, the evening tabloid, and reached for the jugular. Soon, both newspapers were in a dead heat, with 700,000 readers apiece, each clawing for supremacy. Second place was suicide. Each one piled sensation on sensation and both began to bleed. In a short time, the *Journal* ran through three editors.

Hearst came up with an idea. If the *Graphic* was a problem to his newspaper, then the solution would be to hire the cause of the problem, the editor. The small, slight figure of Emile Gauvreau stood before the Lord of San Simeon at Sands Point, and William Randolph Hearst studied it and burst into laughter. "So you're the *Graphic*," he said. "You have created an awful nuisance. It may not be an indictable nuisance, but it is irritating to the *Journal*." He hired Gauvreau, hastening the death of the *Graphic*, and placed him on the *Mirror* as managing editor.

It was a healthful change for the little man with the sardonic smile, but it didn't alter the battle. He was in his new office in 1929. The fight was five years old. The morning *World* was collapsing. So was *The Evening World*, *The Evening Mail* and the *Telegram*. The latter merged with one of the *Worlds* and became the *New York World-Telegram*, a Scripps-Howard newspaper. The *Herald* and the *Tribune* could not stand the pace and merged under the Reid family banner. Six fine newspapers had become two.

Gauvreau trained the *Mirror* artillery

on the *News*, but he was firing with a short fuse. The national advertisers, and some of the local merchants, staring through the debris and smoke, decided to capitulate to the *News*. Of the racy tabloids, it looked strongest. They had discarded the *Graphic* first, on the grounds that it wasn't quite a newspaper. It was a combination of Macfadden's *True Story Magazine*, noted for confession-type stories, and a pink-orange scandal sheet.

Of the remaining two, the *Mirror* seemed weaker. Mr. Hearst used cheap paper pulp and weak ink. As a picture newspaper, it required good halftone reproduction, and didn't have it. Only the *News*, backed by the *Chicago Tribune*, had good physical heft and good pictorial work. The millions of dollars poured into the *News*, backed by a group of smart editors, returned dividends.

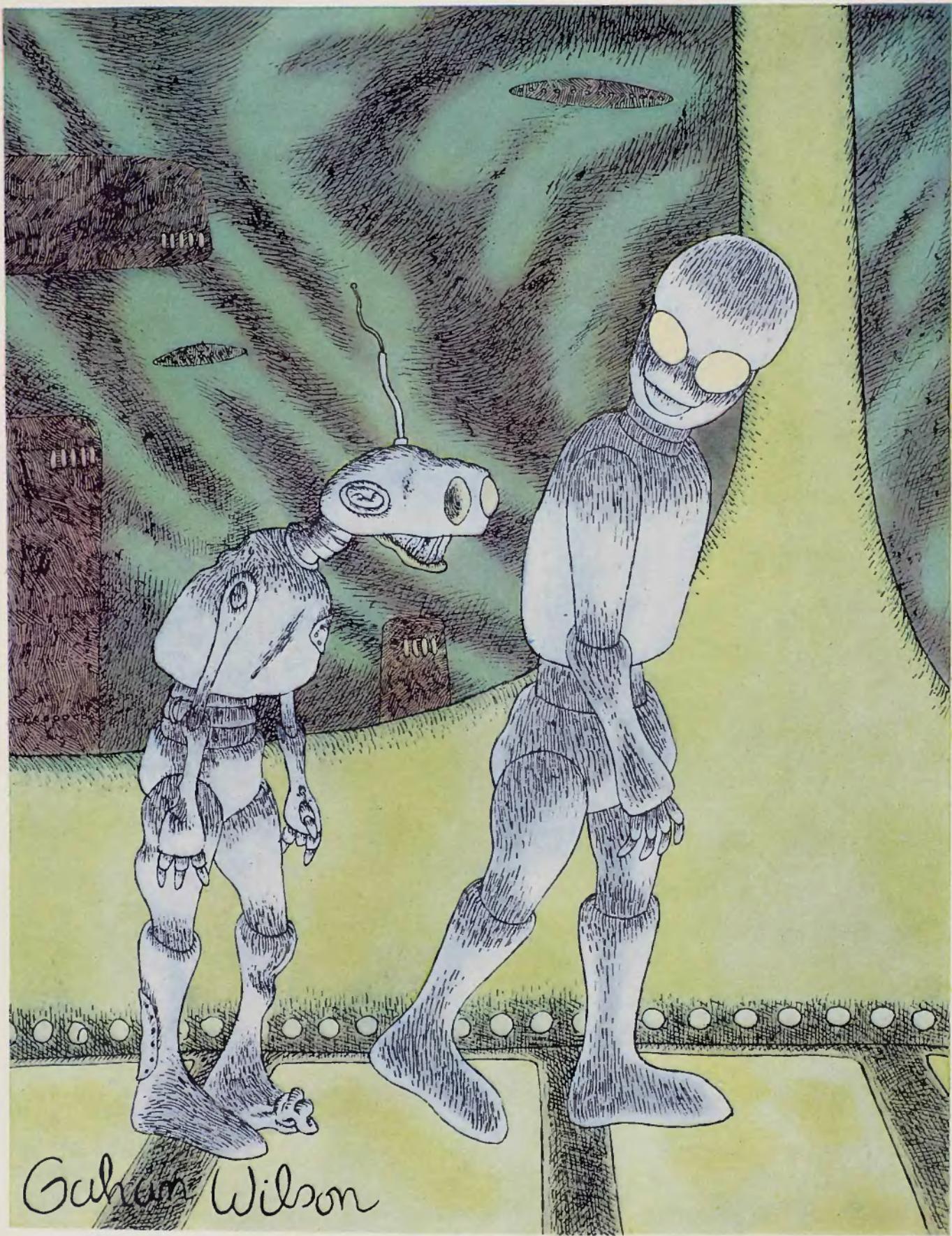
The more the other two retrenched, the more the *News* spent on story coverage. It bought editorial cars for reporters, purchased a plot on East 42nd Street to build a skyscraper, sent several reporters and writers out on any good story and bought photos from amateurs. One of its first big picture beats was the purchase of film from a survivor of the sinking liner *Vestris*. The tilting deck, the frightened faces, were beyond price.

Reporters such as Red Dolan, Jack Miley, Martin Sommers and John O'Donnell mastered the terse, hard-hitting style of the tabloid. In addition, the *News* had comic strips such as *Little Orphan Annie*, *Andy Gump*, *Moon Mullins* and *Smitty*—all with enormous followings. *News* photographers blustered their way through police and fire lines to get pictures and were not above stealing photos from frames in homes.

The Hearst executives consoled themselves by proclaiming that there was room in New York for two morning tabloids. There wasn't, quite. The *Mirror* held onto 600,000 circulation as the *News* passed the 850,000 mark. Both might have lived had the sole component been circulation. But it wasn't. The advertisers could make or break a paper, and they saw too many New Yorkers in subways and buses with both a *News* and a *Mirror* under their arms. In an overlapping circulation, the advertiser puts his money on the larger.

One of the concomitant factors in the contest for survival was the matter of the special writer, or columnist. This was a stylized editorialist with a big by-line, his own sacrosanct space and, often, his picture in the paper. He had a secretary, his name on delivery trucks and a permanent divorce from the city desk. Now and then, the big man condescended to stop by the rewrite battery to swap pleasantries and perhaps pick up an idea for another column.

A one-paper columnist might draw as little as \$100 a week in the era of the



*“... Of course, a new model can't expect to understand how it
is when they discontinue your line and parts get scarce!”*

tabloid terror or, syndicated, he might earn \$1000 for the same product. In the early days, sports columnists were not syndicated, and these included Paul Gallico of the *News*, Dan Parker of the *Mirror* and Ed Sullivan of the *Graphic*. Of the three, only Parker of the *Mirror* would remain at his post until the paper collapsed under him. Gallico went on to write novels and motion pictures; Sullivan became a Hollywood columnist, a Broadway columnist and, in time, a television personality.

If the war was unique, so was Walter Winchell. On the *Graphic*, the former dancer pecked at a typewriter, retailing Broadway gossip in terse sentences that closed with three dots. He was the first to devise this means of covering a variety of topics in one column. He also invented libelproof phrases like "Pfft!" to describe a couple contemplating divorce and "infanticipating" for a pregnancy.

He was short, sharp of feature and voice, fast of feet and mind. His following, almost from the start, was enormous. The average man read Winchell to divine the so-called "low-down" on Broadway characters; the Broadwayites read him to keep abreast of professional gossip; the gangsters read him to have something to discuss while sitting in a night club making a selection from the chorus line; newspapermen read him because he brought something new and powerful to their business.

Winchell's good friend was Mark Hellinger of the *News*. Hellinger had black, slick hair, pale-blue eyes, an ability to write fictional sob stories about poor butterflies who hovered too long over the flame of Broadway, and he drove a lavender Kissel. Hellinger started in 1923, when the *News* gave him an entire page in the Sunday editions. He was a devotee of O. Henry and De Maupassant and worked hard to devise a "snapper" ending to his stories. Later he was given a daily column called "About Broadway," but the *News* was not convinced that it needed a topflight Broadway columnist. Hellinger had a desk among many desks, no private office. He drank a fifth of brandy a day and called everybody "Pappy" or, if this was not the proper gender, "Kiddy." At bars and in barbershops, he paid all the checks, picking up tabs as though they were cash.

The two men were opposites and, on different tabloids, rivals. Still their friendship flowered. Winchell was unhappy on the *Graphic*. His editor, Emile Gauvreau, despised him. His publisher, Bernarr Macfadden, couldn't understand the triple-dot gibberish. The city desk envied him and magnified his mistakes.

The two original Broadway columnists worked the late tour together, moving from Guinan's club to the Paradise to Barney Gallant's in the Village, always listening, always asking questions. Winchell was a nondrinker and nonsmoker.

His mind remained keen at dawn; Hellinger squinted at the world through the bottom of a Hennessy bottle and made promises to pretty chorus girls to get their names "in the paper."

In time, both moved to the *Mirror*—Winchell first, in early 1929; Hellinger in November of the same year. The *Graphic* replaced Winchell with Louis Sobol; Hellinger's successor on the *News* was Sidney Skolsky, whose specialty was a character delineation called Tin Types. Winchell got to the *Mirror* in time to discover that he was working for the man he just left, Emile Gauvreau. Hellinger and Winchell had adjoining offices on the third floor—one flight above the editorial department—and averaged about \$500 a week for openers. In time, this moved to \$1000 a week because of King Features syndication. The *Mirror*, in grabbing both top columnists, thought that they would pull sufficient circulation from the *Graphic* and the *News* to tip the scales. They weren't quite that good.

Winchell was the stronger draw of the two and his spot on page ten was so well read that advertising on that page was sold at premium rates. For a long time, his nod of recognition or condemnation could make or break a man or a place. He had power and he was unafraid to use it. In time, he moved from Broadway events to national affairs and world politics. Hellinger wrote 5400 short stories, some of them two or three times, all with a surprise ending. Long before the tabloid war was over, he moved to the West Coast and became a writer-producer of motion pictures.

For a while, I worked with Hellinger as an assistant, taking story ideas and weaving them into his style of phrasing. Also, I wrote "Oddities in the *News*" for the Winchell Lucky Strike broadcasts, which always opened with the signature line: "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea, let's go to press . . . !" In a modest way, I would say that I knew these men, as I knew Gauvreau and Harvey Deuell and the others. Winchell wanted people to read him. Hellinger wanted people to love him. Each succeeded in his personal goal and failed to reach the other man's. Winchell was the perennial cub reporter, eager, inquisitive, searching. Hellinger was a soft touch who affected blue suits, blue shirts and white ties. If a story didn't tap him on the shoulder in his rounds, he could invent one. Or failing all else, a check mark would appear in the old scrapbook to indicate that this story was now being revised to be published the second time.

The *Mirror* was now ready to fight the final long battle with the *News*, but Gauvreau found, to his dismay, that he had a new general: Arthur Brisbane. He also had a world-wide economic depression and neither of these events could

be pleasing to a man with a Napoleonic complex and a loose forelock. Brisbane was a noted editor who was paid \$250,000 a year by Hearst. In fact, Brisbane had hardly settled himself in a big private office with secretaries and whirling dictation machines when "The Chief" twitted him with this message: "Dear Arthur, you are now getting out the worst newspaper in the United States."

Mr. Brisbane, a big bald dome shining behind the candid blue-eyed stare of an infant, had a minuscule sense of humor. He began to summon Gauvreau for daily orders, had his personal cartoonists in the *Mirror* art department and wrote incisive memos:

Will you inform the editor of the pink edition that we would make a better impression on business people if we had left out last night's picture of the lady who keeps a "gay house" in Chicago. At least off the front page. Also, she is hellishly ugly. Let us print photographs of as few prostitutes as possible unless they commit an interesting murder or otherwise force themselves into the news, as they are bound to do. I see also that the *News* used the word *adulterer* in a headline. Let them have it. That sort of thing will swing the church over to us. Stories of vice we want to tell coldly. By that I don't mean that we have to leave out the interesting facts, but we shouldn't tell the reader about it as though we were *enjoying* it. Also I notice we speak of Dutch Schultz as "the fat boy," but on page two we print a picture of him looking thin. Dig up a recent picture of this racketeer immediately.

An efficiency expert ordered the managing editor to suspend the junior men in every department and morale at the *Mirror* slid low. The "breakfast" editing of the paper by Brisbane forced Gauvreau and his city editor, George Clarke, to be cautious. They were trying to pre-edit Brisbane and the *Mirror* suffered.

Brisbane and his subordinates were not in perpetual disagreement. He backed his men when they made good moves. No one could accuse him of enjoying comic strips, but he felt that the acquisition of Ham Fisher and his *Joe Palooka* strip was a coup. Later, he felt equally smug about strips such as *Lil' Abner* and *Terry and the Pirates*. The *Mirror* had no radio columnist and Gauvreau hired Nick Kenny from the *News* for a reputed \$60 a week. The readers' letters column averaged four missives per day and I was assigned to "goose it." The U.S. fleet was in New York, so I wrote a fake letter, signed Irate Mother, and said that I would rather see my daughter dead than out with a sailor.

For a while, the readers averaged 1,300 steamy letters per day.

I also promoted contests, giving away \$40,000 a month in sable coats and Packard limousines in return for readership interest in pasting faces together that had been cut in three segments. All of these contests began simply, so that any reader, however dull, could solve them. Once I felt that we had the reader hooked, the succeeding photos became less amenable to plastic surgery and, before we published the final set, we had to make certain that a tie for first prize was impossible.

Between these chores, I was sent to Sing Sing to cover executions. The *News* sent George Kivel, a fat, jolly man who claimed that he was immune to the shock of watching sudden death but who always passed paper cups around among the reporters to be filled and refilled with bootleg whiskey an hour before the 11 p.m. meeting in the 12 church pews that, with the electric chair, constituted the death house.

The tabloids squeezed a lot of juice from these executions, referring to the pre-execution chamber as "the dance hall" and, although I never saw a man die any way except silently and well, their copy spoke of "the quavering, craven coward" being yanked toward the chair, "slavering at the mouth," as though there might be another aperture from which to slaver. Every detail was magnified—the "blue smoke curling from the back of his hand as his body cracked against the sturdy straps," "tears of remorse staggering down his cheeks" as the body was wheeled out for autopsy, etc., *ad nauseam*.

A sad-looking man named Albert Fish was so fascinating to readers that, before his execution, he was on the front page for a week. Mr. Fish lived near Gramercy Park and his weakness was eating little girls. He kidnaped them by promising them a ride home in a trolley car, killed them in his apartment and dismembered them in a bathtub. The parts were dropped into a barrel of brine. There they were marinated until sad Fish felt a sexual urge. Then he would eat a piece and attain an orgasm. His trial was, in a tragic sense, amusing, because the sad man was totally insane and New York State spent considerable time proving that he was aware of the nature and quality of his acts and that society would automatically be improved by his death. In Sing Sing, he was docile but, in the dead of night, felt the same urges. There were no little girls around, so he ate bedsprings and glass and was surprised to find, too late, that he achieved an identical result. The Sing Sing executioner, Mr. Robert Elliott, said that Fish could not be executed, because the bedsprings would short-circuit the chair. The State of New York had to retain the services of surgeons, who probed his belly

to remove old tacks, nails, bedsprings, glass and other ecstatic oddments. He was repaired in time for death, but Elliott swung the switch and stepped back, as though he feared the whole panel would blow up. Sad Mr. Fish asked a guard: "Will I have time to get a thrill out of the first shock?"

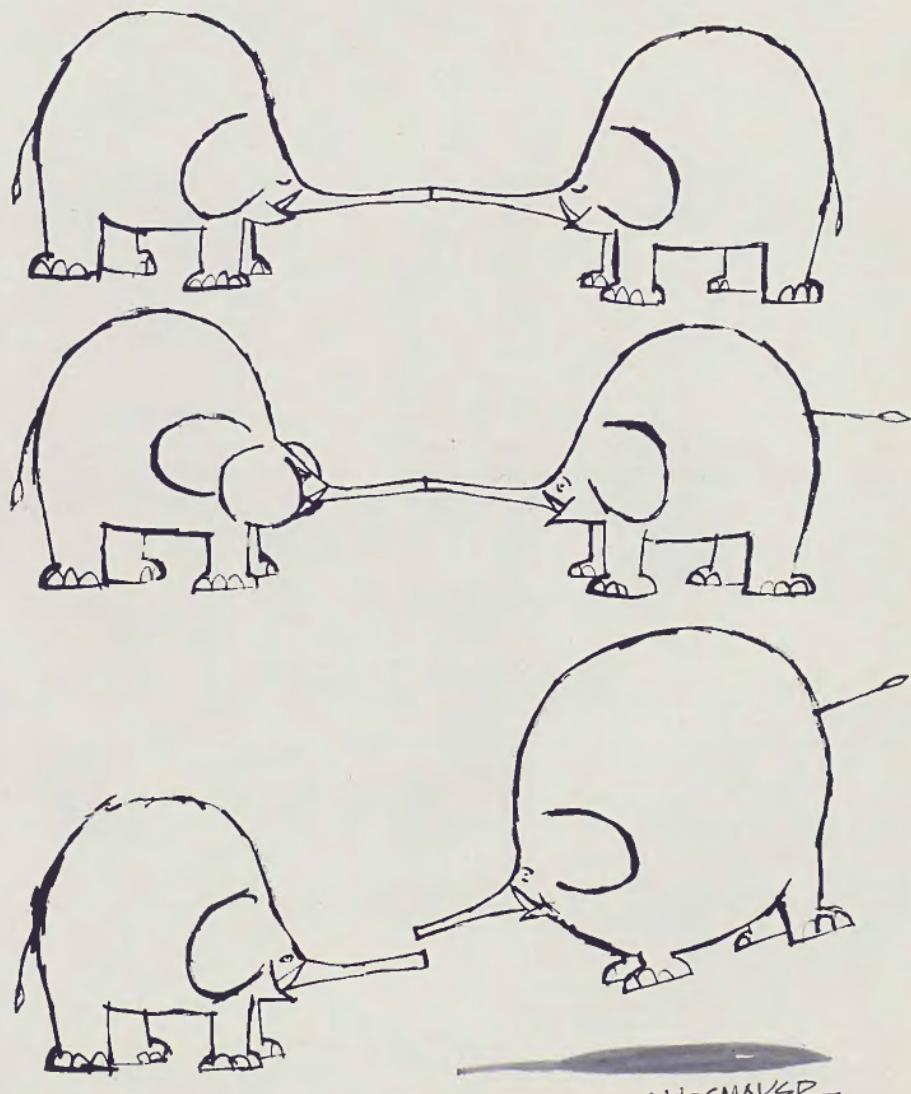
The handsome, paralytic governor of New York, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was running for the Democratic nomination for President, against Alfred E. Smith, when the *Graphic* expired. Macfadden, after the departure of Gauvreau, tried to bend the scandal sheet toward a conservative image. Newspapers in trouble can never be saved by changing faces. It alienates the remaining readers who buy it for what it is, not for what it can be. Macfadden filed a bankruptcy petition and the melting pots in the *Graphic* composing room began to chill. The thing had lived eight years—sex and fruit juice.

In this year, 1932, one of the survivors in this long game of *Ten Little Indians*—the *Mirror*—decided to fight harder for that elusive 1,000,000 circulation. In

February, it inaugurated a Sunday edition and appointed Jack Lait, an old Chicago police reporter with loose lips, as editor. Lait had confidence and a keen eye for a racy story.

In a short time, he was running the show. Emile Gauvreau, capitalizing on a trip he had made to Russia, wrote a book called *What So Proudly We Hailed*. It said kind things about the Soviet Union and made the U. S. appear provincial by comparison. William Randolph Hearst fired Gauvreau at once and appointed Lait to replace him. It was a dramatic scene, the limping genius walking around his office, meditatively rubbing his forelock, with subordinate editors crying, "If you go, Chief, I'm going, too." He went and they stayed.

Back in 1919, Carr Van Anda, managing editor of *The New York Times*, had taken a look at the *News*, an infant devoid of character and journalistic grace, and said: "This paper should reach a circulation of two million." In 15 years, it did. The *Sunday News* passed the mark in 1934 and showed a profit of \$3,300,000. Joseph Medill Patterson, the publisher,



was certain that the key to success was simplicity and boldness. He tried it in the magazine business and lost \$14,000,000 on a product called *Liberty*.

Over at the *New York Herald Tribune*, the lucid city editor, Stanley Walker, wrote: "In its handling of news, the Patterson tabloid is much less razzle-dazzle, much more conservative and factual, than it used to be. By 1934, it is neither conservative nor wild—just a jolly, rollicking brother of all humanity. It does not pretend to be a complete newspaper. It prints what interests the editors and throws the rest away."

The analysis is superficial but on target. In the same breath, Walker enumerated the *Mirror's* weaknesses. "It has little in it that isn't done better in the *News*. It is too bad that the *Mirror* feels that it must print strained and often inaccurate stories, although it is seriously handicapped by a lack of news services and the further circumstance that, although it has attained what ordinarily would be considered a splendid circulation, more than 500,000, the advertisers don't seem to like it."

Lait and the Hearst hierarchy refused to accept this thesis of doom. Circulation and advertising are Siamese siblings. They live together. They die together.

The World, under Pulitzer, lived well on 395,689 circulation and increased its profit by \$500,000. Walter Lippmann wrote scholarly editorials and Frank Sullivan could make page one with a story of a rooster who laid eggs. *The World's* words had plumage, but when the price went from two cents to three, circulation dropped. This frightened advertisers. The paper went back to two cents, but the blood pressure dropped to 285,882 and death from shock ensued.

Both *Worlds* and the *Telegram* were sold to Roy Howard for \$5,000,000. With the Associated Press franchise, he drew two aces—columnist Heywood Broun and book reviewer Harry Hansen. Broun, a stout, sweaty man, was organizing the American Newspaper Guild. Lee Wood, executive editor of the new *World-Telegram*, was expected to fight Hearst's *Journal*, with its big circulation and meager advertising, but he didn't. He drew a bead on the old lady of Broadway, *The Sun*. Keats Speed, the managing editor of *The Sun*, was possessed of a notion that his *Sun* could hang onto a steady and literate 300,000 persons. The paper's motto was: "If you see it in *The Sun*, it's so." One day the paper published its own obituary.

The long war had been decided, but

the warriors acted as though it hadn't. John C. Martin, publisher of the *Post*, cut the paper down to tabloid size and tried to make it dignified. It was an impeccable lady dressed like a whore. J. David Stern hurried to New York, bought the *Post*, ran it back up to eight-column size, fired almost everyone who walked across his line of vision and made the sheet a political liberal. The *Post* would live through the tabloid era and become a tabloid again. Many times, in the heat of battle, what others accepted as a death rattle was only the clanking of old *Post* presses, grinding out an assortment of columnists superimposed by exposés. It had a greater will to live, and less to live for, than stronger newspapers. A few brawny ones died that first year of struggle, 1924. Frank Munsey bought *The Evening Mail* and merged it with *The New York Telegram*. Sixty days later, he sold his *Herald* to the Reid family, which owned the *Tribune*.

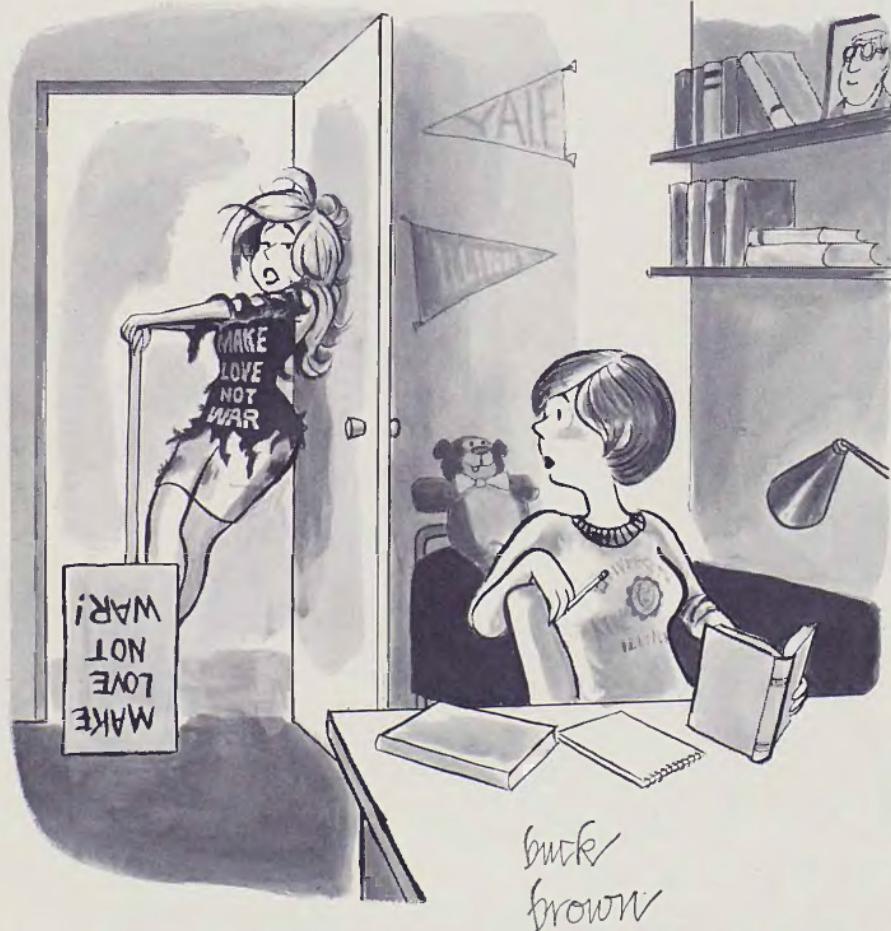
The marvel of the 1930s was that Hearst had three newspapers in New York that, collectively, lost money. The *Mirror* was agonizingly slow as it fought toward a break-even point. The *Journal*, which had flashy make-up and name writers, had a circulation of 600,000 and earned a profit, but it had to fight hard for its daily bread. The *American*, which had fought Pulitzer's morning *World* before the turn of the century, had emerged victorious but exhausted. It had picked up *The World's* classified advertising, but the winner had the longest death scene of all.

• • •

The personnel in this war was expected to be eccentric. Drunks bounced from one protagonist to another. Reporters' wives left them regularly. An editor or photographer or columnist who slept with chorus girls was rated by the number of times he managed to sneak their photos into the paper. Tom Cassidy of the *News* pounded out a story with his eyes closed, his breath reeking of cheap booze. "I can't fire him," city editor Deuell said, "because the stories he writes make sense and are well phrased. We may be living in a time when talent despises itself."

Walter Howey, a *Mirror* editor with one suspicious eye and a friendly one made of glass, stalked the city desk, devising ways of "screwing" everybody. His solitary loyalty was to William Randolph Hearst and his nefarious schemes were sometimes aimed at friendly Hearst editors who stood between him and The Chief. He spent his off-duty hours trying to devise a way of sending a photograph over a telephone wire.

In the early post-War years, Gene Fowler was managing editor of the *American*. This gentle heart spent his time standing in the doorway of his office plunking sad songs on a mandolin,



"Guess who's been to her last protest rally?"

His behavior, at times, was no further outside the realm of the rational than the others'. He fired Walter Davenport for describing the grand marshal of a suffragette parade as "riding on a dappled gray horse." The horse was white. Davenport's alibi was that he covered the parade from a Fifth Avenue saloon and the bartender seldom washed the front window.

A man who murdered his wife insisted on surrendering to Jim Hurley, fish-and-game editor of the *Mirror*. The killer was a garage mechanic who came home to find his wife devoting considerable energy to a strange man. He shot her and tied her lover to a chair, bunched newspapers under it and lit the papers.

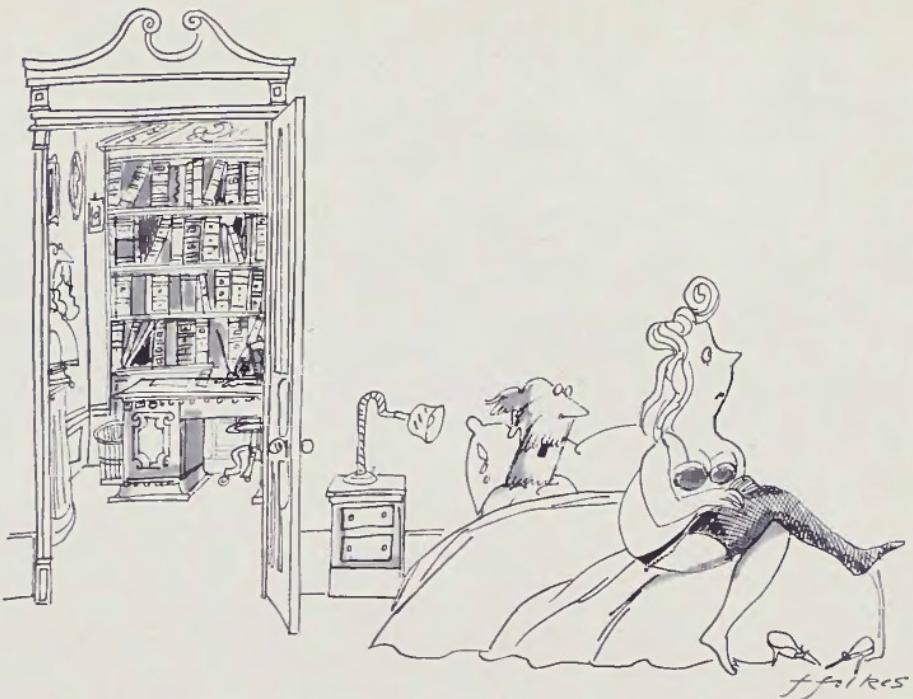
"I wasn't mad at him," the husband said, "just her. So I figured I never got anything out of life except reading your column, and I might as well drop over and give you the scoop."

Hurley watched the man lift a warm gun from a pocket. "This," Hurley said softly, "is the outdoor-sports department, mister." He pointed to the city desk. "Indoor sports are over there."

Red Dolan, star reporter of the *News*, was chronically late reporting to the office, and Harvey Deuell sentenced him to Ship News. This entailed getting aboard a Coast Guard cutter at five A. M. with \$35-a-week misfits and sailing to The Narrows to climb aboard big liners for interviews with notable passengers. He begged for mercy, pointing out that the new assignment was "for kids." Besides, if he arrived one minute late, the cutter would be gone. He might even have to sit up all night to make it.

Deuell was adamant. "I'm going to teach you to be on time, Red," he said, "and you're going to stay on this lousy assignment until you learn." Dolan obeyed. On the first morning, he made the cutter on time. Aboard the *Ille de France*, he met Joseph P. Kennedy, a big stockholder in motion-picture productions, and Gloria Swanson, a big movie property. Kennedy poured the drinks, Miss Swanson answered the questions and Dolan sailed up the harbor in style. In parting, the Boston banker offered Dolan \$300 a week to write motion pictures. Back at the *News*, Red consulted with Jack Miley in the men's room. Should he or shouldn't he?

He should. Pumping liquor from the bilges, he returned to the city room to tell Mr. Deuell where to put the Coast Guard cutter. He went West to drink and write movies. One day, laughing at a joke, he had a spasm and died of a heart attack. In New York, Dolan's sister held services for the last of the star reporters in an East Side apartment. His confreres were solemn, looking at Red's blue urn on a mantel. It contained his ashes, and a few rounds of drinks did not soften the doleful air. The lady tipped the urn to show that it was empty.



*"Well, let's put it this way, Miss Bentinck.
Every time you make an experiment,
you don't discover the atom bomb."*

"Isn't that just like Red?" she said. "Late again."

If it is true that the protagonists were eccentric, so, too, were the personalities who made the news. The *Journal* carried a story that the underworld, trying to spare itself the embarrassment of leaving clues in killing off rival gangsters, had bought itself a crematorium in the Catskill Mountains. The story was accurate, but the law saw nothing unusual about it and advised reporters to try "minding your own damn business."

A lusty old realtor named Edward Browning married a girl named Peaches Heenan, 16, and presented her with a duck on a leash. Daddy Browning was fond of adopting very young girls. A society man, Kip Rhinelander, eloped with a Negro girl and insisted that she was Indian but didn't know it. On his wedding night, he ordered her to execute an Indian war dance around his bed.

Mark Hellinger stood in freezing rain on East 43rd Street as a hearse brought a casket and pallbearers in swallowtail carried it up a brownstone stoop. He carried his fedora over his heart. This was the daily delivery of gin. Owney Madden, the gangster, thought that New York was going crazy. He fled to Hot Springs, never to be seen again.

Mayor Jimmy Walker, who awakened one morning still wearing pearl-gray spats—and a monumental hangover—had to greet an intrepid pilot at city hall at ten A.M. "What's the name of his plane?" his Honor asked. "The Winnie

Mae," an aide whispered. "Stop shouting," the mayor replied. On the steps of city hall, Walker couldn't think of a thing to say except that he ached all over, but he finally intoned: "The Winnie Mae, the Winnie Must, the Winnie Did." The journalists said the line was immortal.

A pretty girl accused President Warren G. Harding of being the father of her baby. Harding died in San Francisco. A Boston newspaper with a clear beat on the story pushed the page-one form onto a dumb-waiter on the fourth floor. The dumb-waiter was at the fifth floor. The editors braced themselves when the building rocked, then went out quietly to get drunk.

The tabloids ruined the life of Rudolph Valentino by referring to him as the world's greatest lover. Until he read about it, the movie star hadn't thought of questioning the matter. Senator Tom Heflin of Alabama fired a shot into his coattails and told voters it was done by Catholics who wanted Alfred E. Smith to be President. In a serious vein, he warned the electorate that, if Smith became the Chief Executive of the United States, the Pope would build a tunnel between Rome and Washington and Smith would have to traverse it once a day to get his orders from his Holiness.

Some did not laugh. Victor Watson, an editor at the *American*, took an elevator in the Abbey Hotel and leaped from a high window. Men were selling apples on cold street corners. Barbers placed

hot towels on the faces of those about to be shot. Unemployed women who couldn't stand the open solicitation of men bought a time-payment record player and advertised private dance lessons. Eddie Cantor, a hit in *Whoopee*, went hitless in Wall Street. On cold days, men and women begged the price of a ticket to a movie and remained inside all day.

Brisbane didn't laugh. He sat atop the Hearst editorial structure like an organist in a choir loft, and he couldn't make music. The dissonance began to affect him. "The trouble with these people," he wrote, referring to advertisers, "is that they don't know our problems. I should like to see *them* try to get a million readers with such news as they describe. They ought to know that when I get a million and a half more readers, I'll tone the whole thing down, make room for more advertising and be smug, like Captain Patterson. Pulitzer did it. He was yellower than Hearst once, but now they're canonizing him. This is pure hypocrisy."

This is the epitaph of the champion. He rationalizes. As Brisbane's newspapers lost more and more money, he found smaller and smaller villains. One afternoon he turned a vindictive eye on the comic strip *Mickey Mouse* and ordered it to be deleted at once. "Children," he wrote, "can be better occupied reading Sir James Jeans about the world we live in. Throw that rat out!"

At no time did any of the warriors glimpse the impossibility of their posture. No one could hang onto 1,000,000 readers without descending to the gutter. No advertiser would spend money on a gutter paper. While the *News* was publishing a novel called *Ex-Wife*, the *Mirror* was paying James Whittaker to sit home and write a competitive serial called *Ex-Husband*. Fading beauties were offered \$10,000 to write their candid memoirs; an eyewitness account of a murder was worth \$50. Reporters were told that getting the news was not enough. They were ordered to steal photographs, ransack rooms for diaries, hide witnesses and lie to their competitors. Rewrite men who were stuck with mundane material were told, "Think about an angle." Editors who whined about ethics were told, "Think about your kids." Photographers were ordered to get cheesecake photos: lots of legs and, if possible, partially covered bosoms.

None of it worked. It lifted the blood pressure but not the circulation. The situation deteriorated to the point where friendly newspapers fought one another. The *Mirror* and the *American*, blood brothers, began to race each other to the newsstands in the Bronx and Brooklyn. This final struggle for survival was ridiculous and tragic. The dollar each lost came from the same wallet, but the news handlers glared at each other and sometimes kicked bundles of opposition

morning newspapers down sewers. An *American* reporter, Martin Mooney, was arrested and sentenced to 90 days for not telling a grand jury what he knew, if anything, about the connection between the numbers racket and a Tammany politician, James J. Hines.

This was in the nature of a final symptom in a long illness, because there was a time when no court would have the temerity to incur the wrath of Mr. Hearst and Mr. Brisbane. The lower courts had sniffed the decay, detected the toothlessness and cuffed the press lords with impunity. Suddenly, without warning, the Hearst empire looked at its ancient "flagship," the *American*, and wrote "-30." Arthur Brisbane preached a doleful eulogy: "That's nothing," he said. "Do you fellows know what will happen if Mr. Hearst dies? Do you know? I'll tell you what will happen. The executors and the banks will look over this chain of publications and kill and sell every newspaper which doesn't show a profit. Think about that. A lot of fancy editors will be looking for work."

The thing he said was true. Every death left at least 500 starving pallbearers. There were fewer newspapers to absorb them. Some, like Joel Sayre, John McNulty, the younger Lardners, Gene Fowler, Gordon Kahn, Red Dolan and Martin Sommers, could move to another pew and start meditating over magazine articles, books or motion pictures. To the few, the expiration of a beloved sheet was a blessing, because it kicked their coattails toward higher incomes. But the average mourners—district men, city-desk men, copy cutters, compositors and pressmen—found standing room only at the back of the temple, and they wept for themselves and their children. There was no pension plan. No dole. No severance pay. No sympathy. Some swallowed their pride and pounded out copy for public-relations firms. Others got jobs writing speeches for politicians. A few applied for employment in big corporations as "statisticians." Overnight, each time it happened, the world became a cold and black cinder and the man awakened to find himself blind and emasculated.

Toward the close of the 1930s, the *Mirror* began to show a profit. It was as though part of a head and one nostril had appeared on a sea of red ink. It was a less violent paper than it had been. The wire desk began to "sell" stories of a hike in utility rates—formerly regarded as dull stuff—to the make-up editor for page-two display. Hitler's momentarily inoffensive war against the French and the British on the western front was worthy of a page-one headline. The sex and crime material was still present, but it didn't dominate the paper. A steady clientele of 690,000 readers kept the presses whirling and a stream of automotive advertising, in addition to some

national and local advertising, tickled the *Mirror's* cash registers.

And yet this abused carbon copy of the *News* remained pale and barely decipherable. It had the same character as a rusty weather vane. The editorials were written by John R. McCrary, who had a degree in architecture from Yale. The daily viewpoint swung and was dependent upon the opinions of the Hearst hierarchy, sitting in plush offices on Eighth Avenue at 57th Street. The feel of the paper was as bad as ever. Rubbing it between the fingers caused the ink to bleed. The pages were opaque even without holding them up to a light. Stereotyped reporting and pedestrian photos became the *Mirror's* signature.

Success was a matter of how many Indians were left. In the morning field, there were now four—the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *News* and the *Mirror*. There were enough readers, enough advertising, to support these. Barely. If one newspaper became a little more prosperous, it could be disastrous for one of the remaining three. The balance was so delicate that the *Herald Tribune*, with a new and sophisticated face, was losing money to the *Times*.

In the evening field, the 1940s closed with three newspapers of the original big six still publishing and a new baby, *PM*, struggling in an incubator. The war of the tabloids was over—or almost so—but some of the dying fought death as though a miracle were impending.

The threat of a strike by the American Newspaper Guild, the mail deliverers, printers, pressmen and engravers, turned the publishers' spines to gelatin—because they knew that a shutdown of operations, even a short one, could reduce the Indians to three. They had learned, in an earlier strike against the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, that when a newspaper stops publishing, even for a short time, a percentage of the readers turns away permanently. The longer the paper is in limbo, the more readers it loses.

And yet the union contracts were staggered so that when negotiations with one were completed, another, with bigger demands, fell due. This kept the publishers negotiating for long periods just to keep publishing. If one of the unions struck, members of the others would not cross a picket line. This involved a complete shutdown. The publishers tried to band together, proclaiming that if one newspaper did not publish because of a strike, the others would not publish. In retrospect, it appears that both unions and management were long on threats and short on foresight. Neither side displayed a sense of public service or responsibility to the readers. It was a grudge fight. These tend to become feuds, which, in turn, beget murder.

Economically, the balance between

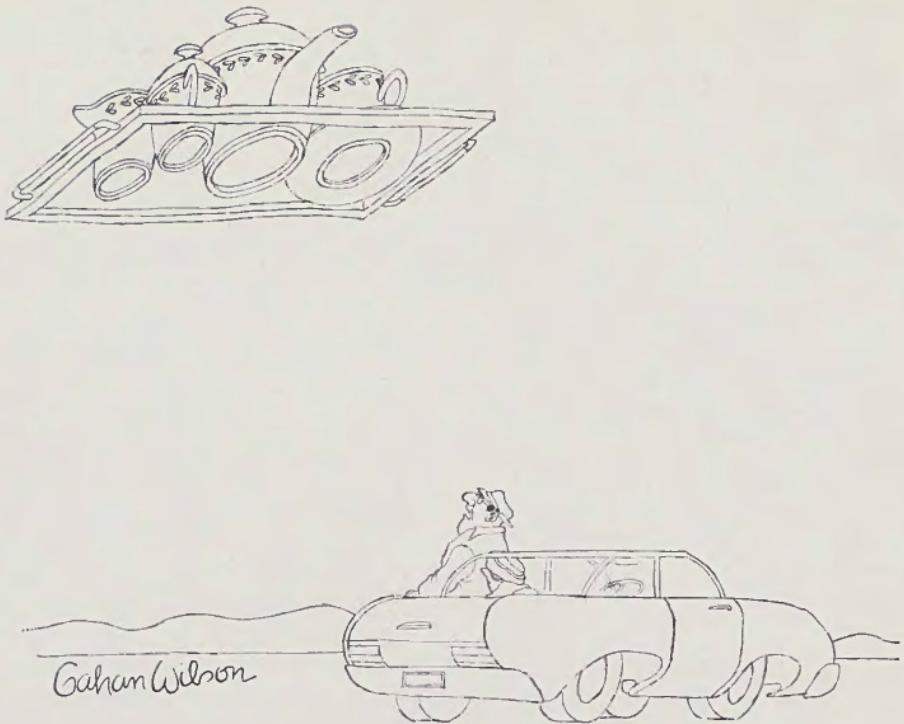
health and disaster was too finely drawn. Whether or not a massive strike occurred, it is probable that one or two more of the survivors had to expire. The money of John Hay Whitney was funneled into the *Herald Tribune* when the Reid family gave up. Politically, the paper remained Republican, but it spoke smugly out of many sides of its mouth. The physical make-up was changed so many times that readers had to study the mastheads on newsstands to find out which was the *Trib*.

The *Times* maintained its sedate character and became a newspaper's newspaper, to be studied by city desks all over America for "folo-up" stories. The more it spent on domestic and foreign coverage, the more circulation and advertising it attracted. It was no Administration's "boy" and its readers sensed this. In the early 1950s, the surviving newspapers agreed that the *Times* was no longer a party to the war; it had such a large readership (700,000 daily) and so much money that its virtue was unassailable.

The *News* was selling 2,250,000 copies daily and 3,392,000 on Sunday. In a page-three box, it often told its readers, loudly, that it had spurned a number of pages of advertising because it had more than it could handle. It was not unusual for the *News* to whip out a main news section on Sundays of more than 100 pages.

The *Mirror*, chinning itself with 850,000 daily readers, passed the 1,100,000 mark with its Sunday newspaper. It didn't have the strength to climb higher and it didn't dare loosen its grip. The editorial department was gloomy with rumors that the Hearst Corporation was about to stop publication, about to sell to a private group, about to merge with the *New York Journal American*. Veterans took to boasting about how many weeks' severance pay they had coming "if the roof falls in." These rumors reached the advertisers, and publisher Charles McCabe issued periodic denials that the *Mirror* was going to do anything but keep getting out a paper as best it could.

The *Post* crusaded up and down the alleys of New York, indicting such circulation grabbers as Walter Winchell and Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City with "inside" stories. Its daily copy read like a necklace of editorials of many hues. It wore its liberalism like a personal copyright. If the founder, Alexander Hamilton, could have seen the *Post*, he may have permitted Aaron Burr to shoot him again. *PM*, on the other side of town, was a War baby. Marshall Field, a Chicago store owner, spawned *PM* on the premise that there was room for a well-written tabloid. He had Jimmy Cannon writing "The Sergeant Says" while Cannon was still in the U.S. Army, and he had Bob Brumby, a Georgian of considerable talent, writing a Broadway column. The rewrite battery



"I'm afraid they've decided to stop kidding around!"

was so clever that *PM*'s most ardent fans were writers on other newspapers.

This was also true of the *World*. But while it is flattering to hear the applause of confreres, no one has been able to transmute it into cash. Field's resources kept *PM* alive for several years, but the ratio of advertising to circulation kept falling and the publisher watched himself pour treasure from other enterprises into a sparkling cipher. The journalistic gentry predicted that, in the battle, *PM* would survive and the *Post* would die. The millions who rode the subways decided to the contrary, and *PM*'s sudden death in the afternoon induced an assortment of editors and reporters to repair to local taverns for the treatment of chronic depression. In the surviving newspapers, *PM*'s demise caused an aura of fatalistic pessimism to engulf city rooms.

The *World-Telegram* was gathering a new set of heads for thinking. The old ones were tiring of the fight. It had turned out to be a 40-year war. Roy Howard and his bow tie were seen at the weekly lunch of the Dutch Treat Club, but not at the office. New men reached for the helm, but the ship was becalmed. The circulation would run in the lee of 425,000, then sink a little.

The *New York World-Telegram* and *The Sun* never shouted. Perhaps that was a weakness. It maintained a dignity, using big black type only when a reporter came in with an exclusive story of substance. In the summer, the paper sampled the waters of New York and found them still polluted. Ward Morehouse, a toothless tiger,

talked of the theater as though it had died in his youth. Frank Farrell brightened a page with New York jottings. Editorials were carefully qualified and screened by the bosses. Joe Williams, a veteran sports columnist, was becoming dyspeptic. Only Willard Mullin and his cartoons caught the eye.

The *Journal American* had the best shoot-the-works city desk. It seldom held its fire. Paul Schoenstein, as managing editor, could make spot decisions. Edward Mahar, a snowy-haired city editor, had the affection of his staff and the reporters took turns "going to hell for him and back again." Basically, the *Journal American* was practicing tabloid journalism without a license. The district men and the stringers still prowled, looking for the news beat, as though it might hold for a day instead of the usual 20 minutes. William Randolph Hearst, Jr., accompanied by Bob Considine and Frank Conniff, formed a task force that flew to the corners of the globe for the exclusive story. For a long time, they rode high. The staff often fought the world of narcotics or a psychopathic bomber and assumed other police chores. The stories were so spectacular that the district attorney's office didn't know whether to pin a medal on the editors or indict them for obstructing justice.

The make-up of the paper was exciting. The *Journal American* never conceded that there could be a day on which nothing happened. And yet circulation was down to 506,000 and only 640,000 on Sunday. Inside, there was

the drawing power of Dorothy Kilgallen, Bob Considine, the masterly illustrations of Burris Jenkins, Jr., a sharp critique of television and radio by Jack O'Brien, social news by Cholly Knickerbocker and the last of the truly Broadway columns, by Louis Sobol. The paper had the unctuous character of a Catholic faro dealer. But it was broke. The *J. A.* was taking more and more money from other Hearst properties. The flagship in the Hearst chain was now the kept woman. She wasn't even young.

• • •

Newspaper doctors always issue optimistic reports. No matter how ill the patient or how well founded the doleful rumors, they proclaim that the sheet will live, will flourish. It was so with the *Mirror*. Circulation was up, within 150,000 of the coveted 1,000,000, but the death rattle could be heard in the presses. The *Mirror* had been better off with 600,000 circulation when the *News* had 1,200,000. Then, it was at least running two to one behind its free-spending rival. With 850,000 against 2,250,000 for the *News*, it was losing ground and advertising.

On the afternoon of October 16, 1963, the *Mirror* gave up. Those who had been with the paper since its birth in 1924—Mort Ehrman, Aaron Altman, Dan Parker, Selig Adler—gathered around the bulletin board and adjusted their spectacles as a management notice was tacked. After this day's run, the obituary said, the *Mirror* would cease publication. Nobody wept. Some seemed dazed. Some phoned home. Some went next door to Sam's for a double.

The shock jarred newspaperdom in waves. The intensity was in proportion to the distance from East 45th Street, New York. Some of the daily features had been sold to the *News*. All this meant was that the *Mirror* could not be sold. The city, already full of good reporters and photographers and editors with long-standing records of unemployment, now had several hundred more. The mechanical unions were hit, too. Many of their members took their journeyman's card and left for friendlier climates. None of the union leaders believed that they were forcing weak papers to the wall; all of management had a contrary view. Salaries had gone up, in some instances, 300 percent over 1924. Working hours had dwindled. Fringe benefits were up. The retail price of papers had arced from two cents to ten cents, but the price of pulp had risen, too. There was one unheftable factor: education. During the 40-year war, the people had become better informed. In 1924, most workers had elementary-school educations. In 1964, the generation had 12 years of formal education and more. These people, as readers, were more analytical. They could spot trash and sensation as such. They had stopped

voting for the editor's political candidate in 1936, when 94 percent of the press favored Alf Landon against Franklin D. Roosevelt. They heard newscasts in their automobiles, saw television broadcasts at home. More of them read news magazines. They were sophisticated. The tabloids (and I include the *Journal American* in the group) could not rise to this level. They pandered to an older generation and, like the newspapers themselves, such readers diminished. The young "gum chewers" still favored the tabloids, but advertisers questioned their power to purchase products and services.

The final shot was fired on April 25, 1966. Two afternoon papers and a morning paper merged, giving each a one-third interest in a solid property. The *World-Telegram* and *The Sun* (Scripps-Howard) gave up its independence to blend its copy with the *Journal American* (Hearst) and the *Herald Tribune* (Whitney). Thus, three Indians became one. Problems with the Newspaper Guild and other unions did not permit the three to capitalize on a combined circulation of 1,180,000.

After four and a half months of debate and settlements, the new paper was published and, after some curiosity sale, it settled to a circulation of 700,000. It might properly have been called *The World-Telegram, Sun, Journal American and Herald Tribune*. The triad publishing group settled on *World Journal Tribune*, but the inescapable fact is that seven big newspapers had, in four decades, become one. The *Post*, now the arch rival of the combine, had picked up only 22,000 readers in the final stages of the war—from 320,000 in 1963 to 342,000 in March 1966.

When the smoke cleared and peace had been restored, there were only two p.m. papers—*W. J. T.* with 700,000 readers, and the *Post* with 350,000. In the morning field, the *News* had 2,250,000 and *The New York Times*, 767,000. An assortment of 13 newspapers in the great metropolis of New York had been reduced to four, with a total readership of 4,000,000.

In the suburbs, small papers began to flex their muscles. Hackensack, New Jersey's *The Record* had 146,000; *The Jersey Journal* (New Jersey) had 95,000; the *Long Island Press* held 338,000; *Long Island Star-Journal*, 97,000; Newark (New Jersey) *Star-Ledger*, 246,000; *Newark News* 283,000; *Newsday* (Long Island) 414,000; and, in addition, an old sloth, *The Wall Street Journal*, had stirred itself when the War was almost over and now had 989,000 readers.

These were all within the so-called New York metropolitan area, which is within a radius of 60 miles from Times Square. They totaled more than 2,500,000—all of it siphoned from what the New York press lords regard as their eminent domain. And there were additional small

and healthy newspapers in Westchester and Essex, Nassau and Monmouth. Readers were becoming "local." Many seemed more interested in a Main Street bargain in beef and a benefit dance in a village firehouse than in editorial thunder.

The proliferation of the pygmies ensured the death of the giants. One more newspaper had to go. The *World Journal Tribune* had a dual problem: unions and personality. It shared the former with the *News*, the *Post* and *The New York Times*, all of whom found themselves in the untenable position of bargaining with rapacious union leaders every few months. One would hardly conclude an agreement with the engravers when he would be facing the mail deliverers or the Newspaper Guild across the table. These would barely be settled when the printers or the pressmen would follow. Each watched the "package" given to the others and the succeeding bargainers asked for more.

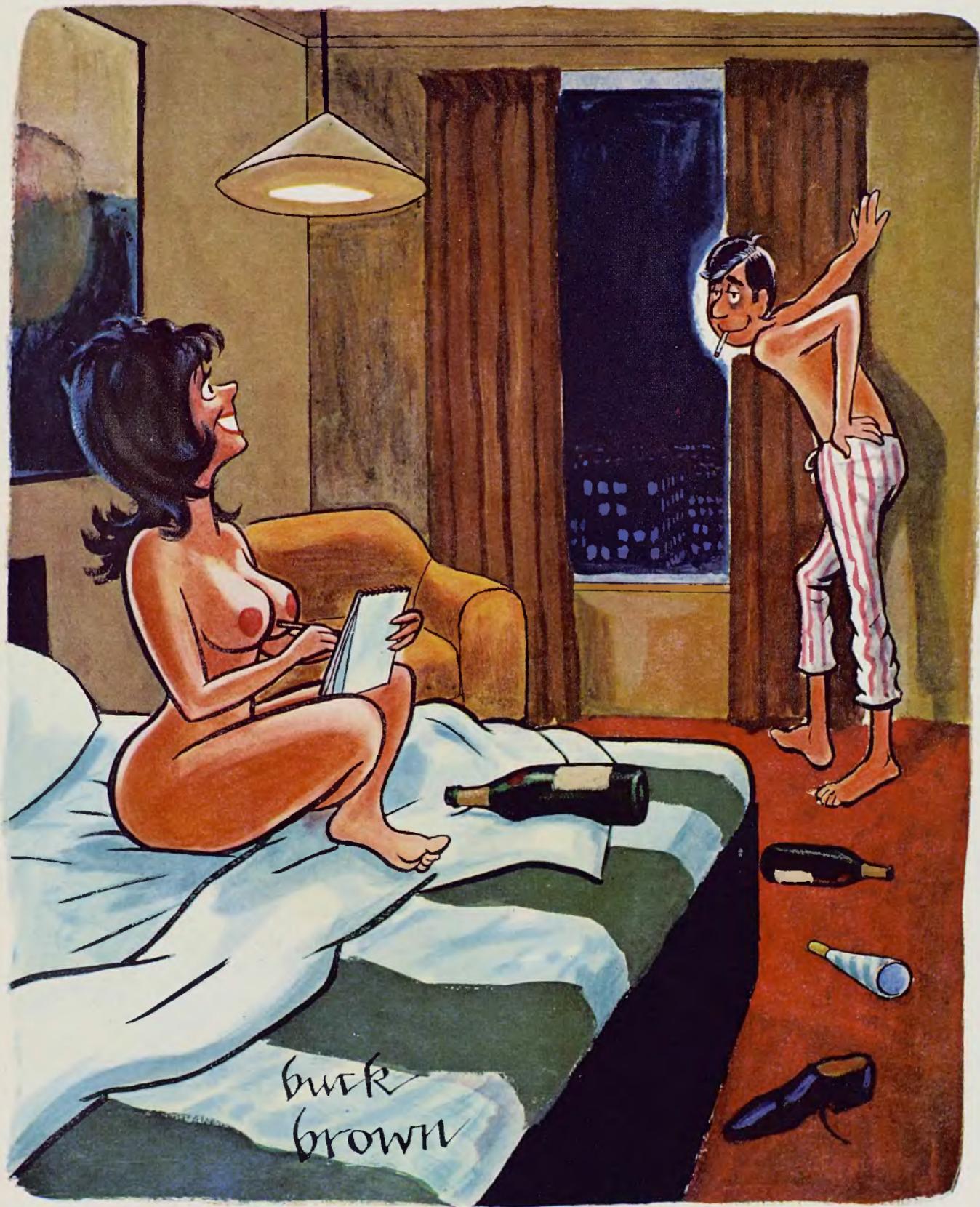
The *News* and the *Times* could endure the squeeze for a while. The *Post* hung on because the will of its publisher, Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, was that the paper would continue. It was ironic that this sheet, the perennial sick sister, was destined to survive no matter how outrageous the demands of the unions, no matter how minuscule and exclusive the advertisers became.

But *W. J. T.* had to try to live with unions and with itself. Some observers felt that the character of the paper was taking on the shades of the old *Journal*; others felt that the Scripps-Howard group was dominating the editorial department. Frank Conniff, columnist and assistant to William Randolph Hearst, Jr., was its first and final editor. He is a damn-it-to-hell-full-speed-ahead man, but he found it impossible to please all three partners and a dozen unions. Conniff was in a hospital with an ulcer when the publishers saw a statement by Bertram Powers, head of the Printers Union, that he was not prepared to heed any sob stories of financial loss on *W. J. T.*, that when he negotiated, he expected the same fat contract he had just signed with the *News*. Abruptly, publication stopped. The union leader never reached the *W. J. T.* office. The newspaper expired at the age of eight months. Seven big newspapers had become three, then one, and now the one had burst like a bubble.

Meditating, it seems a long way back to that summer dawn of 1929 when I walked the streets of New York as a copy boy. Those big presses and I had hummed with hope. Jeff Burke had dozed at the city desk of the *News*. Now he slept permanently, along with Gauvreau and Deuell and Macfadden and Brisbane and Fowler and Hellinger and—

But that's another list of statistics.





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how about '71, '72 and '73?"*



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THE CASE FOR LOBBIES

(continued from page 178)

some sensational revelation. But, basically, it's wrong. Most lobbyists are scrupulous persons who confront a Congressman openly with a point of view—and often with important information on legislative matters. There is nothing sinister about them. Most lobbyists wouldn't dare offer a bribe for a vote. The majority probably never even think of doing so. Most couldn't pull it off if they tried. Any lobbyist stupid enough to attempt a bribe would find few, if any, takers. A couple of gas-industry blockheads tried it about ten years ago on the late Senator Francis Case, a conservative, thoroughly honest South Dakota Republican. They proposed \$2500 ostensibly as a campaign contribution to sew up the wrong man. Senator Case exposed them publicly. The facts are, without a doubt, that probably every U.S. Senator would have rejected such an offer instantly. The result in the gas case was that President Eisenhower was forced by the pressure of public opinion to veto the legislation the gas lobby had so heavily espoused.

Incidents like this are rare. On the whole, lobbying is a respectable practice. In fact, it is often a useful one. Senators and Representatives cannot hope to know everything about all the major legislation they have to consider, unless the proposal goes through one of the two or three committees of which the legislator is a member. Scores of major bills and thousands of lesser ones are introduced each year. We are not Renaissance men. We often rely on information and recommendations of other committees—and frequently on data from lobbyists. As a Senator, I always appreciate useful, reliable information from experts, and some lobbyists are experts in their fields. They are usually devoted entirely to one issue or cause, and facts on their subject spew from them as from a computer.

Often, the contribution of lobbyists to the successful passage of important legislation is considerable. It was, after all, civil rights lobbies that developed much of the hard, factual material that helped build support for civil rights legislation. Education lobbies helped pass breakthrough programs in school aid at all levels. Advocacy by lobbies for the elderly, the trade-union movement and other liberal groups made Medicare possible—after a 20-year struggle.

Ironically, it was a lobby's bungling—not the genius of Congress—that, more than anything, made Medicare a stronger, better measure than it otherwise would have been. That the lobby in question was one of the slickest, best-financed in the nation—the American Medical Association—only heightens the irony. The A. M. A. spent millions of dollars (it has been the "spendingest" lobby

in Washington in recent years) to convince Americans that Medicare would lead them down the dreaded road to socialized medicine. This scare campaign finally lost its bite, and the A. M. A. took a new approach. In late 1964 and early 1965, it unleashed a radio-TV-newspaper-magazine blitz, covering Capitol Hill like a fog, to convince legislators and the public that the Medicare bill advocated by the Johnson Administration should be defeated because it did not cover doctors' bills.

The A. M. A. was right. It made its case so well that Congress, instead of killing the bill, as the A. M. A. wished, added to the measure an optional provision covering doctors' bills. As a supporter of Medicare for more than 20 years, I found myself silently thanking the A. M. A. for its unwitting assistance. In my opinion, over the years the A. M. A.'s House of Delegates, the lobby's ruling clique, has misrepresented most of those who comprise its membership.

Not only do the Goliaths of lobbying trip occasionally over the intricate wires of their own strategy but now and then they are felled by a determined David with a sling of justice. The powerful American Meat Institute threw all the techniques of modern lobbying into its campaign against a humane-slaughter bill in 1958—advertising, professional lobbyists, public-relations campaigns, even a suite of lavish entertainment rooms at a leading Washington hotel. Among legislators, this sort of social lobbying is called the "indigestion circuit." Its premise is that the way to a Congressman's vote is through his stomach. The lamb intended for the slaughter was the Humane Society of the United States, chief backer of the bill. With modest funds and no paid lobbyists, the Humane Society and its army of amateurs—Americans whose common cause was simple, humane concern—loosed an unprecedented flood of mail on Congress and stormed Capitol Hill with ardent, dedicated members. They reached both the public and the Congressional conscience with articles and photos of the needlessly cruel treatment of animals in slaughterhouses and packing plants; struggling, screaming hogs pulled by moving cables through the shackling pen, then aloft to the killing floor; dumb cattle stunned by the brutal poleax before the death blow. They urged, as a simple alternative, electrical stunning methods and anesthetization. Congress was impressed by their sincerity and their good sense. The House passed the Humane Slaughter Bill by an overwhelming voice vote, and the Senate quickly registered its approval, 72-9. David had flattened Goliath.

In Washington, there's a lobby for just about everything—the doctors, the businessmen, the unions, the farmers. The American Legion, when it relaxes from

asserting its 150-percent red-blooded Americanism, does a responsible job for veterans. There are lobbies, too, for hundreds of smaller special-interest groups.

With so much activity and pressure directed at public officials, you might say, "there ought to be a law." As a matter of fact, there is. There has been a long history of attempts to regulate lobbies through investigation and legislation. In 1913, a committee of the House of Representatives investigated the National Association of Manufacturers. It turned up evidence that the NAM carried several Congressmen and the chief page of the House on its payroll—and influenced appointments to strategic committee posts. One Congressman, clearly culpable, resigned as a result. In 1928, a general lobbying probe led to the introduction of the Lobbyist Control Bill, a meritorious legislative proposal passed in the Senate but smothered in the House. Since then, there have been investigations of the utility lobbies, of the distribution of some publications of lunatic right-wing organizations, of the influence on military procurement of retired Army officers lobbying for defense contractors, and of the pressure brought by foreign lobbyists in connection with domestic legislation, to mention a few. There was one probe by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that led to the introduction of a bill by the chairman, Senator William Fulbright, to tighten registration requirements under the Foreign Agents Registration Act. But the Fulbright bill, like so many others, passed one house only to die in the other.

Responsible lobbying groups themselves have instituted procedures of self-regulation and have set high standards of conduct for their representatives. On the other hand, some groups, through their lobbyists, have committed unscrupulous distortion of facts and information for shortsighted, selfish ends. Such, I believe, was the behavior of the automobile industry in attempting to suppress information on the lack of safety features in American automobiles—and in trying to prevent passage of legislation to compel manufacturers to make their automobiles and tires less dangerous. Such, also, has been the behavior of the cigarette industry—in attempting to distort findings of objective research in the relationship between smoking and such diseases as cancer and heart trouble.

The most important single piece of legislation dealing with the matter was the Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act of 1946, which required anyone engaged in lobbying to report his expenditures and activities. However, no limit was set on the amount spent or the techniques used. The secretary of the Senate and the clerk of the House of Representatives receive and publish these reports, but they lack the staff to check them out or to assure maximum compliance. It

seems to me that a much more effective way of handling this problem might be to turn the entire job over to the General Accounting Office, an agency directly responsible to the Congress, which has the necessary staff and facilities to assure compliance with the law.

Complicating the picture was a United States Supreme Court ruling in 1954 that held that a lobbyist is someone who collects or receives money for the principal purpose of influencing legislators by direct contacts—leaving uncovered and unregulated the mammoth and sometimes very effective nationwide campaigns of the "new lobby," relying mostly on the media and the mails to press a cause.

The real, general abuses in political pressure today—except for occasional cases of personal corruption—stem from these spare-no-expense, no-holds-barred publicity and public-relations campaigns that excite voters to turn the heat on legislators. Abuses of distortion, exaggeration and oversimplification are inherent in such campaigns. But little can be done about them, for to prohibit or to control them rigidly would abridge the constitutionally guaranteed rights of Americans to advocate what they believe is their interest and to oppose what they believe is not. This is a right to be protected zealously. It is precious enough to be preserved intact, despite the occasional abuses it might engender.

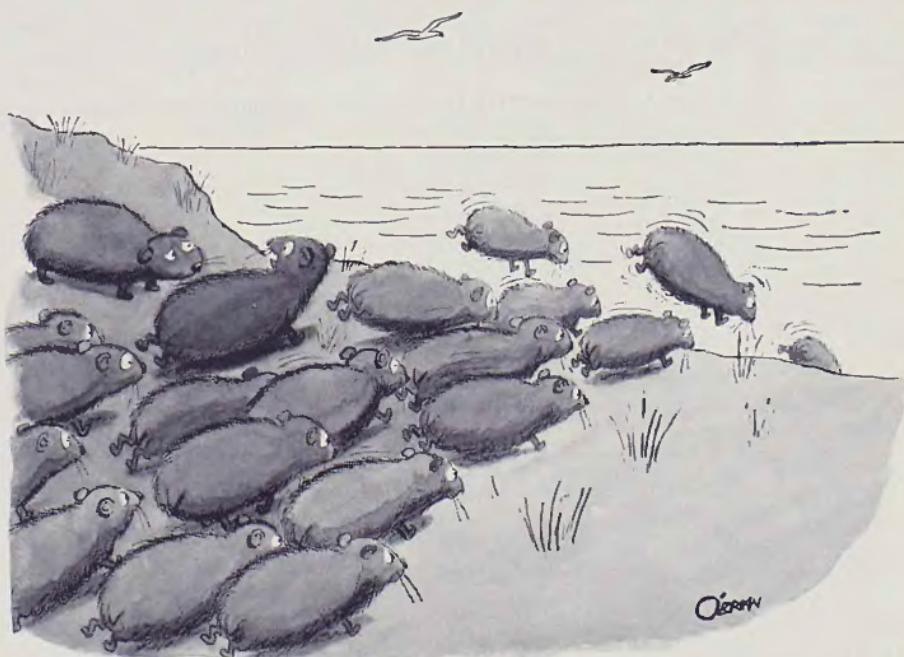
For decades, legislators and editorial writers have bemoaned the existence of pressure groups—an exercise in futility, for they are as inevitable as daybreak. Whether we like it or not, lobbying is here to stay. Indeed, lobbies and pressure

groups are now an integral part of our political process, and I'll leave it to others to inveigh against them. In a democracy, where each citizen's view is of equal importance, like-minded individuals are bound to organize to increase the volume of their voice.

At present, the individual Senator or Representative is far from powerless when he feels pressure groups threatening legitimate necessary legislation. As a United States Senator, I have access to one of the best forums in the nation—the floor of the Senate. Without abusing the right, I can rise to my feet any time during a Senate session and bring pressure of my own on a pressure group. I can wonder if a pressure group truly represents, in its propaganda statements, the sentiments of its membership. (I am convinced some of them do not.)

Large and rich lobbies are as entitled to express their views as are small and poor ones. Though we may regret the discrepancy, we cannot muffle one without gagging the other. I have enough faith in my colleagues and in other elected officials to assume they are more impressed by the rightness of an argument than by the size, wealth and membership of its protagonists.

There is no discount on democracy. While we must police and punish corruption, we cannot and should not police free expression of ideas—or the right to petition our Government. Occasional cynical misuse of these rights is part of democracy's price. It is a very small price, however; and I, for one, will run the risk of paying it.



"Chicken!"

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

WE ENTER OUR ADVENTURE THROUGH A GARRET DOOR AS ANNIE VISITS HER FRIEND WANDA HOMEFREE'S PAD IN THE VILLAGE, ... NOT THE OLD VILLAGE BUT THE NEW VILLAGE; FOR AS YOU NO DOUBT KNOW, THE NEW VILLAGE IS ON THE NEW LOWER EAST SIDE, WHICH USED TO BE THE OLD LOWER EAST SIDE. HOWEVER, THE NEW VILLAGE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE AND THE OLD VILLAGE ON THE LOWER WEST SIDE ARE NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE REAL VILLAGE, WHICH IS IN SAN FRANCISCO, WHICH IS ANOTHER STORY WHICH WE'D RATHER NOT GO INTO NOW.









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